THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JULY, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Mr. Roosevelt and the Nature "Fakirs"

It has been a very merry controversy that has been waging as the result of the magazine article interview in which the President had a characteristic fling at the nature "fakirs." Mr. Roosevelt had a good deal to say about the animal story in general, paid a few unctuous compliments, and singled out for attack Charles G. D. Roberts, Ernest Thompson-Seton, and, in particular, the Rev. William J. Long. Mr. Long has retorted. He characterises the President's way of attacking him as "a little cowardly, just as when he hides behind a tree and kills three bull elks in succession, leaving their carcases to rot in the woods." He also maintains that Mr. Roosevelt has declared that he would "get even" with him for having called him a game-killer rather than a naturalist, and that this is his method of doing so. The President, on his side, professes indignation at the idea of Mr. Long's books being put in the hands of school children by school authorities. He says: "If the child mind is fed with stories that are false to nature, the children will go to the haunts of the animal only to meet with disappointment. The result will be disbelief and the death of interest."

Excepting this educational complication, which undoubtedly has its serious aspects, the entire question of bogus natural history was pretty well threshed out four years ago, with Mr. Burroughs as chief thresher, and Mr. Long and Mr. Seton, the principal threshees. Mr. Burroughs has since devoted an entire volume, *Ways of Nature,* to setting forth his views and conclusions as to the intelligence of the lower animals; it should be read by everybody who is interested in this controversy in particular or in natural history in general. Speaking of this intelligence, he says (in the chapter What Do Animals Know?):

> Animals take the first step in knowledge—they perceive things and discriminate between them; but they do not take the second step—combine them, analyse them, and form concepts and judgments. . . . We may ascribe intelligence to the animals in the same sense in which we ascribe it to a child, as the perception of the differences or of the likenesses and the relations of things—that is, perceptive intelligence, but not reasoning intelligence. . . . If a fox would bait poultry with corn, why should he not, in his wild state, bait mice and squirrels with nuts and seeds? Has a cat ever been known to bait a rat with a piece of cheese?

This is the view all responsible naturalists take, expressly or impliedly, of animal intelligence. If children, adult or juvenile, must have animal stories, involving personification, let them read Kipling's, which are vivid and suggestive, without pretending to be "true"; or William A. Fraser's *Sa' Zada Tales;* or, better yet, his *Mooswa,* which gives in the form of a story a truthful description

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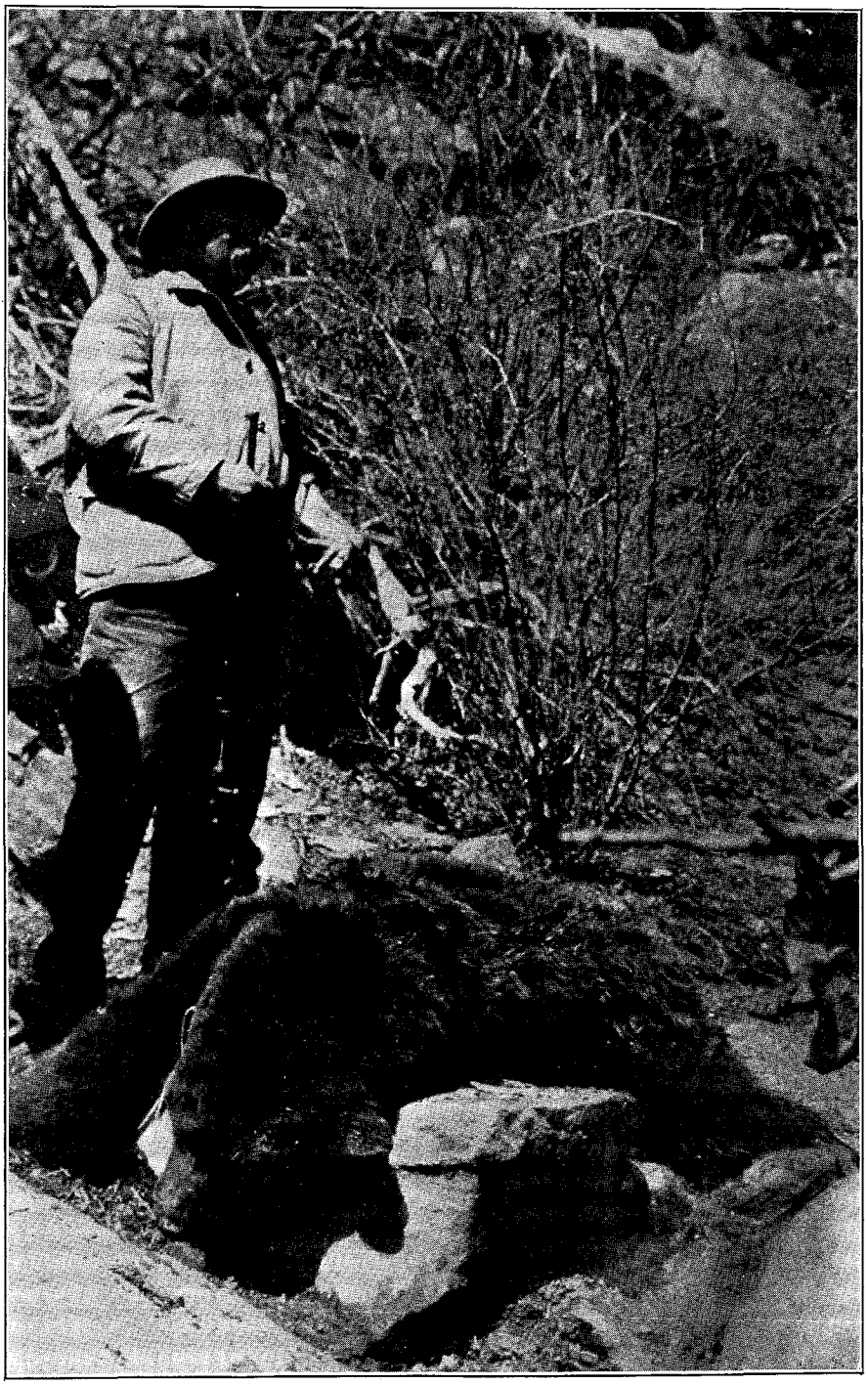

THE PRESIDENT IN CHARACTERISTIC SURROUNDINGS

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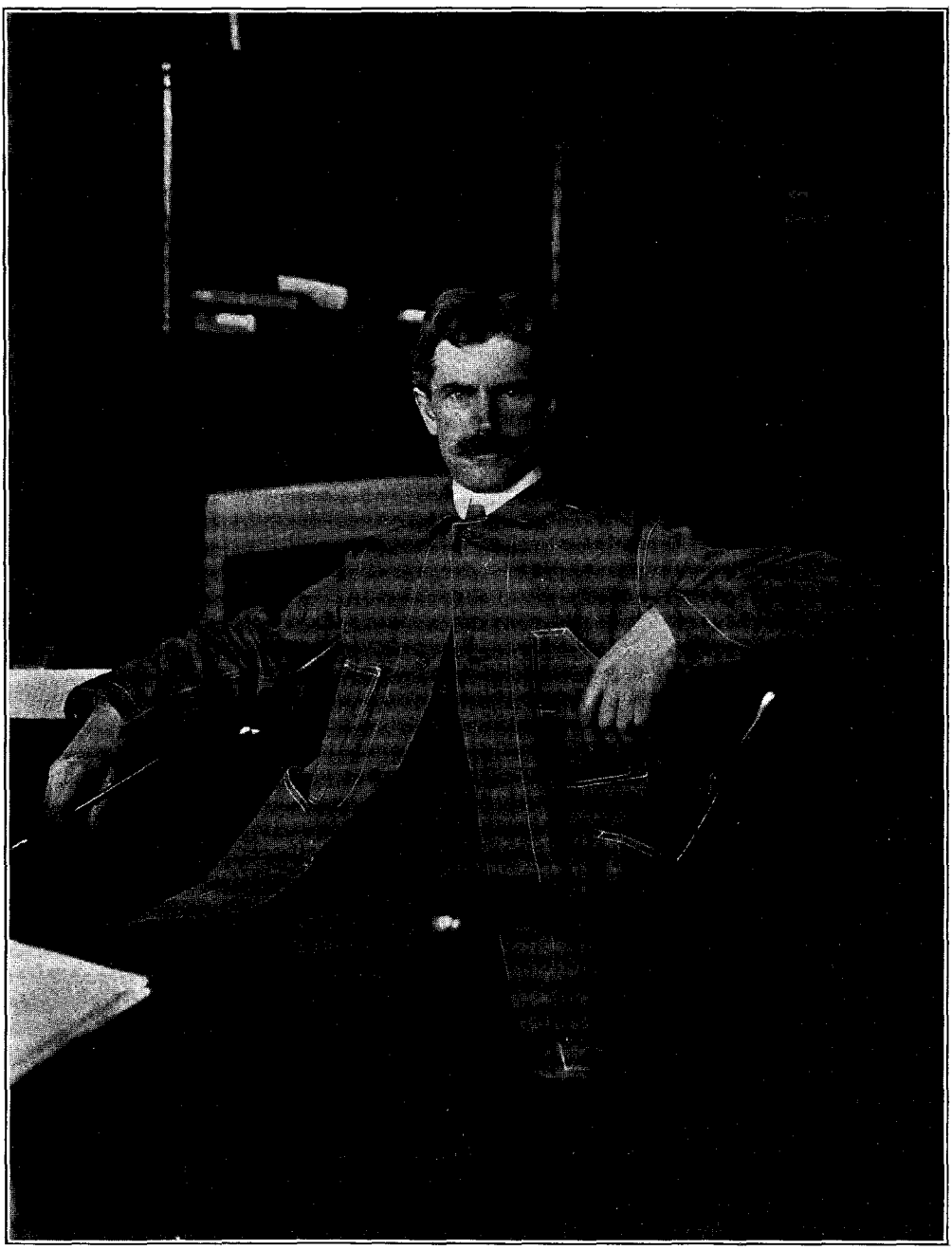

W. J. LONG

Mr. Long was singled out for special attack in the President's interview on the "Nature Fakirs"

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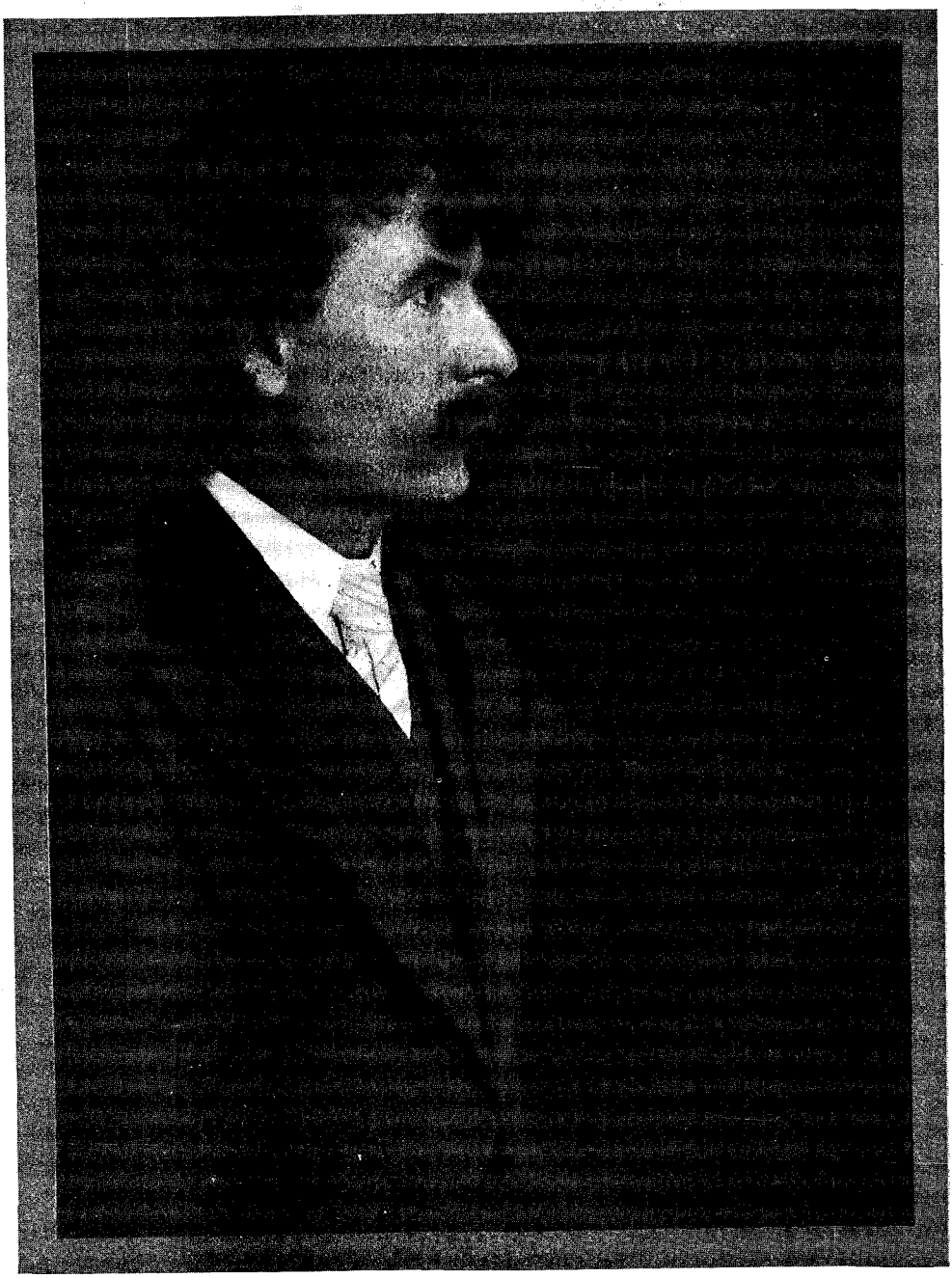
of the characteristics of many of our native animals. Mr. Roosevelt himself, in his hunting stories, sets down a great deal of accurate and interesting natural history. The stories are not at all like his messages to Congress. In the first place, they are shorter. Then, again, he does not solemnly assure us that there are



ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON

Mr. Seton is one of those writers whose books Mr. Roosevelt regards with disfavour

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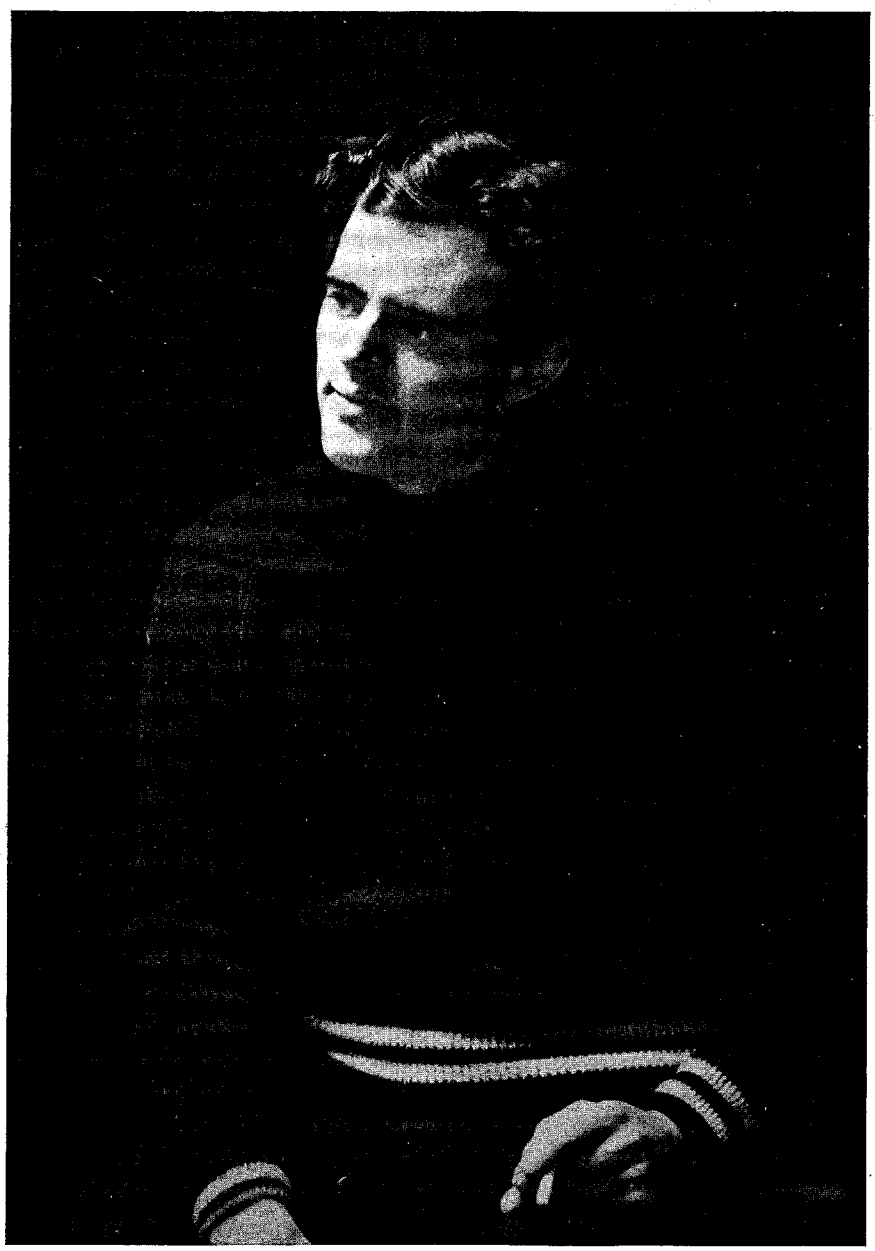
big bears and little bears, old bears and young bears; nor does he admonish us that it is our duty as American citizens to remember that it would be neither patriotic nor wise to attempt to brain a very large bear with a palm-leaf fan. For thirty years and more, and always from the viewpoint of the born naturalist, who is also keenly appreciative of the beautiful, Mr. Burroughs has been writing, with singular literary grace and directness, about birds and animals. Every



JACK LONDON

Mr. London in his reply to the President's criticisms has adopted the *tu quoque* method of retort

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CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

one of his dozen or fifteen books is well worth reading. It is unnecessary to mention Thoreau or Coues or St. John or Ridgway or Muir or Gilbert White. And of the younger contemporaries there are Bradford Torrey and Dallas Lore Sharp, both charming writers and accurate and painstaking observers. Then there are Olive Thorne Miller, Mabel Osgood Wright, William T. Hornaday, Frank M. Chapman, Daniel G. Elliot and a dozen others. All of these are interesting and authoritative natural history writers, who do not find nor make occasion for drawing upon their imaginations, nor for becoming hysterical or mawkish in writing about animals.

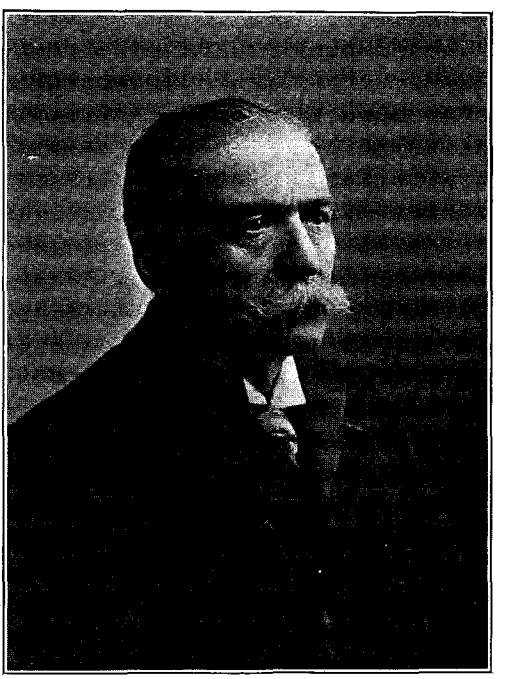
❧

A Modern Vatel

If there is one chef in the world to-day of predominant reputation it is M. Escoffier. Indeed, it was Kaiser Wilhelm himself who dubbed him "the emperor of chefs." The way it happened was this: the Kaiser was to pass two days on board the great Hamburg-American liner *Amerika* at Cuxhaven, therefore the management of the Carlton Hotel, which maintains the restaurant on board this vessel, sent M. Escoffier, who is the chef at the Carlton and Ritz hotels in London, to take charge of the highly important task of providing the emperor with truly imperial fare. So well was the royal diner pleased that on leaving the ship he presented the chef with a scarf pin consisting of the imperial arms set about with diamonds. A curious coincidence came out in the course of the conversation between these two great men in their different departments. It seems that M. Escoffier, who in 1870, at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War, was chef of the general quarters of the Army of the Rhine, was taken prisoner by the forces of the grandfather of the present emperor at Metz. "If I had only known you at that time," said Kaiser Wilhelm, "I should have had you set free!"

❧

At the opening of his career M. Escoffier spent ten years at the Moulin Rouge, a restaurant of the first class in the Champs Élysées during the First Empire. After the Franco-Prussian War he was for a time chef at the Grand Hotel, Monte Carlo, and at the Grand Hotel National, Lucerne. There are very few lovers of good living to-day who have not heard of M. Escoffier, and there are



M. ESCOFFIER

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very few informed Americans who would think of visiting London without going to the Hotel Carlton for at least one dinner prepared by this great cook. It is he more than anything else that has given this hotel its international reputation and made its name synonymous the world over with perfection of cuisine.

In *The Slim Princess* Mr. George Ade has been guilty of writing a story which must be included in that very large school of books which draw their suggestion from *The Prisoner of Zenda*. But Mr. Ade, in what is apparently an apologetic spirit, introduces the element of burlesque. This we are ready to accept as "extenuating circumstances." Frankly, *The Slim Princess* is worth reading. It will furnish an hour's very passable entertainment. The hero is a young American of engaging appearance, whose chief possessions are his cheek, his unsurpassed command of slang, and some eighteen millions of dollars of Pittsburgh

George Ade in Zenda Vein

GEORGE ADE

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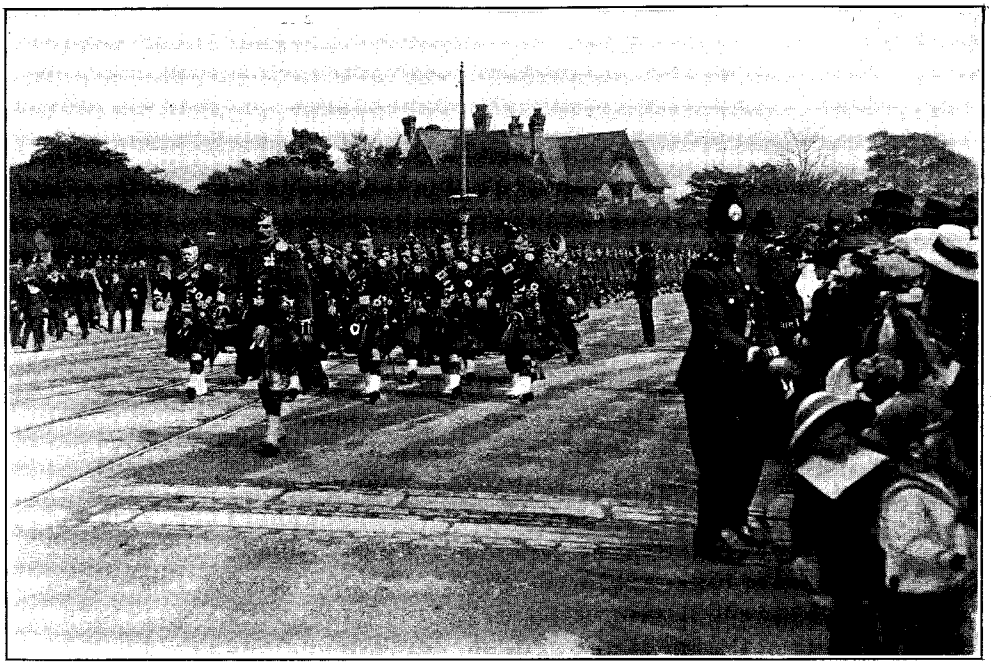
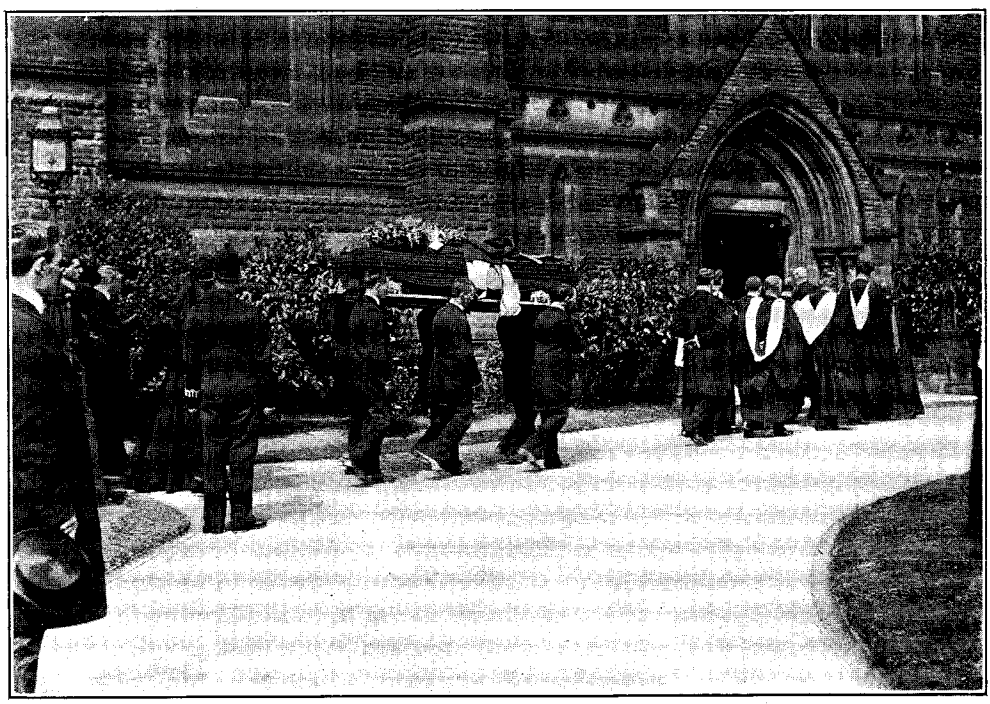


THE FUNERAL OF IAN MACLAREN.

The Liverpool Scottish Volunteers, of whom Dr Watson was the chaplain



THE FUNERAL OF IAN MACLAREN

At the church

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origin. He seeks relief from the importunities of the Federal grand jury and the attention of the ten-cent magazines of his own land, which write him up under the title of "The Shameless Brigand of Bessemer," in the Turkish state of Morovenia, a country "in which both the mosque and the motor car now occur in the same landscape." The heroine is the Princess Kalora, the daughter of Count Selim Malagski, the Governor-General of Morovenia. In spite of rare personal charms, according to the ideas which hold in the Occident, Kalora's future seems to be hopeless owing to her inability to develop that plumpness which is the very basis of the Oriental idea of feminine pulchritude. Now it comes to pass—but we shall not anticipate.

❧

"Be Pitiful"

Ten years ago, when the late Dr. Watson was in the United States on his first triumphant visit, he was asked to autograph, in a book in which many literary celebrities had written, the sentiment which meant the most to him. He wrote: "Be pitiful, for every man is fighting a hard fight." Now, to every one whose acquaintance with Dr. Watson was in any degree personal this sentiment will seem so well chosen and characteristic that none other could possibly do. But it had more than a personal significance. It explains not only the charm and sincerity of his work, but also the limitations that have been alleged against that work. It was comparatively easy for the gentleman who, with his tongue in his cheek, wrote *The Unspeakable Scot* to wax merry over what he called "the mawkish sentimentality of Drumtochty and its people." It probably never entered the mind of George Douglas that when he wrote *The House with the Green Shutters* he owed a debt—a debt of suggestion, at least—to the author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. It was not that Dr. Watson did not see the darker side of Scotch life, and understand the more sinister shadows of the Scotch character. When *The House with the Green Shutters* appeared he said, with a touch of sadness, that he could have drawn the picture in darker lines. But to what purpose? Would any one be the happier? Would it not be best to be pitiful? Was not every man "fighting a hard fight"?

❧

A friend once said of Dr. Watson that while he had met men who could surpass him in telling a single story, he had never found any one with such an inexhaustible fund of humour and anecdote at his constant command. Of him as a *raconteur* it used to be said that in the early morning his stories were mostly English—stories of business life and of his travelling experiences in England; that about noontime he would turn to America and his lecturing tour there as his theme; but that in the evening, in the mellowness of his heart, he would indulge in the broadest Scotch dialect. This saying was characteristic of his broadness and his variety of interests. His capacity for work was as great as his capacity for pleasure, and very few of the professional literary men of his day were so well equipped for the business of writing. Not only had he been a close student of the best English stylists, not only did he know his Thackeray, Lamb, Pater, Stevenson, and Hazlitt, but his range of reading in French literature had been enormous. Above all, he delighted in Balzac, whom he studied continuously, and his last novel, *Graham of Claverhouse*, was suggested by the work of the author of *The Human Comedy*.

❧

Many of our readers will remember the extraordinary welcome given Dr. Watson when he last arrived in New York. The Sunday morning that he preached in the Fifth Avenue Church the crush there was terrific. He chose as his subject the parable of the Prodigal Son, and delivered a sermon of great passion and power. After the service he was sought out by a reporter from one of the New York yellow newspapers.

"In your sermon about the Prodigal Son this morning, Dr. Watson," insisted the reporter, "you of course had in mind as the two brothers young Mr. Rockefeller and So-and-So," mentioning the prisoner on trial in the very scandalous

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criminal case that was then holding the attention of the country.

"My dear sir," said Dr. Watson, "I preached that sermon years before I knew of the existence of either of the two."

Those who knew Dr. Watson best testify to his lovable qualities, his sympathy and helpfulness. He was a high-minded gentleman in the truest sense. His literary success came suddenly and at a time in his life when he might easily have been tempted to turn aside from his vocation and follow the new path so plainly open to him. But he never hesitated, but went on with the work of his laborious parish until failing health necessitated his retirement last year.

W. W. JACOBS

"Short Cruises"

We are acquainted with one pronounced pessimist, who maintains defiantly and aggressively that he never reads anything in the nature of modern fiction. "Except, of course," he adds, "the short stories of W. W. Jacobs, which certainly make me laugh." Now, this is precisely what Major Arthur Pendennis said of the novels of Charles Paul de Kock. We are inclined to believe that there are a number of men who are of the same mind in regard to the work of Mr. Jacobs. Yet we do not think that his most ardent admirer, after having laid aside one of his books for three days, would be able to give more than the vaguest description of the tales contained therein. To this rule there are, however, several exceptions. "The Monkey's Paw," as grewsome a story as has appeared for years, was one. The initial story in the new collection, which bears the general title *Short Cruises,* is another. If *Short Cruises* had no other merit, it would be worth reading for the delightful humour of "The Changeling."

Equal Pay for Women Teachers

In our opinion, Governor Hughes has acted with no less wisdom than courage in refusing to sign the so-called White Bill, providing that the men and women teachers of New York City shall receive exactly the same pay for exactly the same work. To the general principle of equal pay for equal work, irrespective of sex, we very cordially subscribe. But why should the Legislature at Albany force this measure upon New York City, while declining to interfere with the local school system of any other city, town, or hamlet in the State? Of course, the women say that all great reforms must begin some-

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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

where rather than everywhere. This is true enough; but as to the principle of equal pay, why should it go into effect in the one city which pays its women teachers more highly than they are paid in any other part of the country? Why not begin in Buffalo, or Syracuse, or Hornellsville, or White Plains? The reason is rather obvious. The country legislators are always willing to impose upon New York City burdens of taxation which they would never dare to think of thrusting upon their own locality. For that matter, the question is really national in its importance, and we should suppose that the proper place to begin was Philadelphia. In that remarkable town, which can squander millions upon fraudulent contracts and give away other millions in valuable franchises for the benefit of grafters, women teachers are wretchedly underpaid, not only as compared with men, but as compared with women in other cities throughout the country. Furthermore, teachers in Philadelphia have no fixity of tenure. They may be appointed or dismissed at the whim of a supervisor; and altogether, the conditions there are utterly destructive of personal dignity and self-respect.

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The question of equal pay for teachers brings to mind a very serious problem which is likely in the future to cause grave concern. This problem concerns the inherent evil of a civil service in the several States. In New York, for instance, not only teachers, but firemen, policemen, and other persons in the public employ, form a very large body numerically. They are protected against removal except for serious cause. They hold their positions for life, and they have retiring pensions. The evil of which we have spoken is found in the fact that great numbers of these civil servants, by combining together and by uniting all their friends in their behalf, and by collecting large sums of money, may procure special legislation from the State Legislature to the disadvantage of the majority of other citizens. We have seen instances of this in the attempts of the police to organise a lobby at Albany, and now we see another instance in the lobby of the women teachers. There is no such danger possible in the national civil service; for there a Cabinet officer with a stiff backbone can crush this sort of thing at once. Secretary Cortelyou did it when the rural letter-carriers neglected their duties and descended upon Washington *en masse* to force an increase in their pay. Mr. Cortelyou promptly discharged the lot, and that ended the whole matter. But no such efficiently drastic action can be looked for from the wambling members of a State Legislature, who are eager to curry favour, to get on the popular side, and to neglect the public interest on behalf of some special group of civil servants.

Personally, we must confess that the noisy, obstreperous, and unwomanly conduct of many of the females who overran the Albany Legislature during the passage of the White Bill has estranged our sympathy from their cause. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they made themselves conspicuous nuisances, with very slight regard for the proprieties of life. Had they been men they would have been clubbed out of the Capitol by the police. Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer in a letter to the New York *Times* has very truly said that such conduct as this must tend to impair their moral influence with the children whom they instruct. Mrs. Meyer even went so far as to say that in her opinion the leaders in this movement who left their legitimate work in order to hang around the legislative chambers and buttonhole assemblymen and senators ought to be promptly discharged, *pour encourager les autres*. We should hardly go so far as this; but there is a good deal in it all the same.

Fusca Latinitas

Classical scholars are aware that after ancient Rome ceased to be really Roman or even Italian, and became cosmopolitan, a subtle change crept over the Latin language. Hence, in the first century after Christ, there began the period which is technically called the Period of Spanish Latinity. Somewhat later came the Period of African Latinity. Now, as everybody knows, Latin has remained in a very true sense a living language, and therefore continues to exhibit, like every other living language, new shadings and new phases. We feel proud, as the result of some recent investigation, to announce that it has now entered the Period of Afro-American Latinity. Our researches are not entirely completed, yet we venture to publish one important document bearing upon this point, as evidence of good faith. It is apparently a poem, and is printed upon the Commencement programme of Lincoln University, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, which is, we believe, an Afro-American institution of the higher learning. We confess that we have not yet arrived at a satisfactory interpretation of the first strophe; but that is all the more reason for publishing the text at the present time, so that scholars more acute than we may help us out by labouring *noctesque diesque*. The text has been carefully verified by a friend of ours, and we print it here precisely as it stands in the original.

CLASSIS CANTUS

I

In Hoc Signo Vinces
Ex Capite,
Est Mea Muneres
In Omni Re,

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MAURICE MATERLINCK

A. DE MATTOS

MATERLINCK AND HIS ENGLISH TRANSLATOR

Et Cum Natur Dies,
In Sæcula Usque
Desemur Sub Omnes,
Cunctis Vale.

II

Alma, Cara, Mater,
Noster Opus
Jam Nunc Absolverer,
Tristis Plenus,
Semper Te Putarer
Cum In Mundo Sumus,
Amarem Te Semper,
Tibi Vale.

III

Nos Ad Quoddam Tempus,
Studimus Hic,
Cogitans Hodernus
Ex Nocte Hac,
Nunc Ea Veniverat
Ferens Nobis Lætum
Id Omnibus Placet
Cunctis Vale.

A Slight Anchronism

If the republication as a book by itself of a story that after serving its purpose in a magazine is printed and circulated widely in a volume of short stories be legitimate, then Conan Doyle's *The Croxley Master* should receive a cordial welcome. *The Croxley Master* is easily the best among the tales in its field that have appeared of recent years, and as a story of the prize-ring pure and simple is a pleasant contrast to many others—Mr. Jack London's greatly over-estimated *The Game*, for example. But the particular point to which we wish to call attention in regard to Conan Doyle's book is that the publishers, for the sake of some sort of illustration, have palmed off as a cover-design for a story dealing with the last fifteen years the old print of the battle between Humphries and Mendoza, which was executed toward the end of the eighteenth century.

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ONE OF THE THREE

IN modern times three men have been willing to lay bare to the world their moral and spiritual nakedness, with the sincere desire to conceal nothing and to tell the entire truth. The first of these three men was John Bunyan, the English Puritan. The second was Jean Jacques Rousseau, the French sentimentalist. The third was Joris Karl Huysmans, the Flemish mystic, who died only a few weeks ago. Bunyan stands by himself; while there is a certain intellectual kinship between Rousseau and Huysmans. The confessions of each are deeply interesting, though in different and peculiar ways.

Bunyan was the simplest of the three. A robust, sturdy English villager, there is no subtlety in his revelations. They afford rather the picture of a strong character rent and tortured by the horrors of Calvinism—the writhings of a conscience overborne by a conviction of guilt, the reeling of a brain goaded almost to madness by that powerful imagination which underlies the apparent stolidity of the Anglo-Saxon. Bunyan, when a very young man, had been what he himself would have called "godless." In an age when Puritanism was beginning to cast its sombre shadow over English life, he

JOHN BUNYAN

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took his pleasure with his village equals, romping about the Maypole, drinking flagons of old ale, playing hockey and tip-cat on the village green, and sometimes interlarding his rustic speech with mighty oaths. This seems to have been the extent of his moral laxity which afterward racked him with an almost unbearable remorse. There came to him a conviction that he was a sinner beyond all others. He was like the Stoics of ancient times, *quis paria esse ferre placuit peccata.* A fearful struggle went on within him. He felt that he was suspended over the very depths of hell. His reason staggered at the awfulness of his condition as he himself beheld it. A few sentences which he afterward wrote, with the vigorous simplicity of a Defoe, enable us to look into the working of his mind:

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

But my original and inward pollution — that, that was my plague and my affliction; that, O say, at a dreadful rate, always putting forth itself within me; that I had the guilt of, to amazement; by reason of that, I was more loathsome in my own eyes than was a toad; and I thought I was so in God's eyes, too; sin and corruption, I said, would as naturally bubble out of my heart as water would bubble out of a fountain. I thought now that every one had a better heart than I had; I could have changed heart with anybody; I thought none but the devil himself could equalise me for inward wickedness and pollution of mind. I fell, therefore, at the sight of my own vileness, deeply into despair; for I concluded that this condition that I was in could not stand with a state of grace. Sure, thought I, I am forsaken of God: sure I am given up to the devil, and to a reprobate mind; and thus I continued a long while, even for some years together.

Bunyan's spiritual tortures ended when there came to him a belief that by a special miracle of grace his sins had been forgiven. The sanity of his race and nation really saved him. From that time he was the man whom we all know, touched by a certain loftiness which gave to his humility and rusticity a distinction of their own. When he recorded his spiritual autobiography he had become assured and calmed. His own sufferings had made him charitable toward the sins of others. He was a religious fanatic whose fanaticism was kindly and serene. Suffering himself from persecution, he uttered no complaint and said no ill of others. He had passed through the fire, and had at last attained in this life to some of the glory which illumines the Beautiful City of his great allegory. But the interest of his self-analysis in *Grace Abounding* is personal and religious. He

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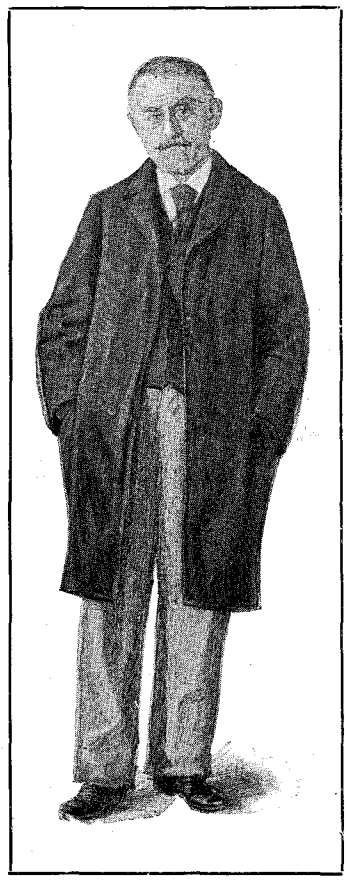
who reads it in the twentieth century finds it curious but hardly comprehensible.

Far different is our feeling when we take up the *Confessions* of Jean Jacques Rousseau. In him and in his book, underneath the vague philanthropy, there is to be found the cry of an intense individualism which has since permeated and given character to all succeeding literature. Rousseau expressed more than any other writer who had yet appeared, the warmth of a romantic imagination, a love of nature, and an abounding sentiment, all of which were new to his contemporaries. The so-called emancipation of the ego, which we find to be the keynote in so recent a writer as Maurice Barrès, is even stronger in Rousseau—stronger, indeed, than in Walt Whitman. Listen to this passage from the first page of Rousseau's *Confessions:*



J. K. HUYSMANS

I purpose an undertaking that never had an example and whose execution never will have an imitator. I would exhibit to my fellows a man in all the truth of nature, and that man—myself. Myself alone. I know my own heart, and I am acquainted with men. I am unlike any one I have ever seen; I dare believe unlike any living being. Let the last trumpet sound when it will, I will come, with this book in my hand, and present myself before the sovereign Judge. I will boldly proclaim: Thus have I acted, thus have I thought, such was I. With equal frankness have I disclosed the good and the evil. I have omitted nothing bad, added nothing good. Such as I was I have exhibited myself, despicable and vile when so; virtuous, generous, sublime when so. I have unveiled my interior being, such as Thou, Eternal Existence hast beheld it. Assemble around me the numberless throng of my fellow-mortals; let them listen to my confessions, let them blush at my depravities, let them shrink appalled at my miseries. Let each of them, in his turn, with equal sincerity, lay bare his heart at the foot of Thy throne, and then let a single one tell Thee, if he dare, *I was better than that man.*

When set beside this intense and even passionate assertion of egoism, even Walt Whitman's famous lines seem almost tame and lacking in aggressiveness:

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.
I loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.
One world is away and by far the largest to me, and that is myself,
And whether I come to my own to-day or in ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.
My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time.

We shall not, in fact, read Rousseau's *Confessions* rightly unless we perceive that fundamentally they were not written to gratify the craving of a morbid mind for self-exposure. We must see in them a revolt against convention—a defiance of classicism as truly as the classicism of the Renaissance was a defiance of scholasticism. Too many readers go through the *Confessions* simply to pick out here and there those passages which are as-

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tonishing and sometimes disgusting in their frankness and their lack of shame. It has been even said that Rousseau was a mere *poseur;* that he distorts the truth, and that his supreme desire is to titillate his readers. Some would see in him that species of hypocrisy which M. Taine describes as the exact converse of the hypocrisy of Englishmen. The English hypocrite pretends to be better than he is. The French hypocrite pretends to be worse. The one makes an insincere cult of virtue; the other with equal insincerity makes a cult of vice. To the latter class many critics would assign Rousseau; yet there is no good reason for this view. Such inaccuracies as have been detected in his book are only such inaccuracies as are unavoidable when one attempts to recall exactly the happenings of years gone by.

On the other hand, there is much evidence to prove the essential truth of his extraordinary narrative. But the real point is not to be found so much in the nature of the man himself and in his morals as in the underlying motive which led him to expose himself so utterly. His vicious practices, his acts of baseness and his morbidity are quite beside the question. Too much has been made also of the peculiar feeling which he entertained toward women and which led Mr. Morley to write of the *Confessions:* "We seem to move not in the star-like radiance of love, nor even in the fiery flames of lust, but among the humid heats of some unknown abode of things not wholesome or manly." This subject need not be considered here. Whatever was the nature of Rousseau's temperament, it was an essential part of his unique and curious nature; and we may let it pass with Mr. Morley's dictum to the effect that "if he had been devoid of this feeling about women, his character might very possibly have remained sterile. That feeling was the complementary contribution, without which [there is] no fecundity." Suffice it to say that it is in Rousseau's individualism that we find a key to all the greatest modern literature which has since appeared, perhaps no less to the naturalistic than to the romantic and emotional.

Both Bunyan and Rousseau wrote autobiography in strictly autobiographical form. Huysmans wrote his self-revelations through the medium of fiction. This in one sense diminishes the direct and personal appeal to the reader, and of course renders it impossible for us to regard the incidents and episodes as representing actual facts. Moreover, the self-analysis is carried on through several volumes, corresponding to the different stages of moral experience through which the writer passed. Yet it enables him to use his ingenuity and skill as a writer to great effect. Even Rousseau brings to the *Confessions* something of the art of the novelist in the grouping of his details, the cleverly suspended attention, and the striking climax. Huysmans, ostensibly writing fiction, is still more free, and, in essentials, no less truthful. Certainly nothing stranger and nothing more poignant has appeared in our generation than the slow progress from crass sensualism to mysticism described by Huysmans in the person of an individual who in some books appears as Des Esseintes, and in others as Durtal. That this personage is always Huysmans himself there can be no doubt. The facts of his life, as they are generally known, accord sufficiently well with the content of his novels to make this a moral certainty.

Huysmans was a Fleming by descent, though born in Paris. He had inherited a vein of genius from his ancestors, some of whom won fame as artists in the Flanders of the seventeenth century. His early novels seemed to class him merely as a follower of Zola, of whom he was the friend as well as the literary disciple. In fact, his novels *Marthe, Les Sœurs Vatard* and *En Ménage,* which appeared between 1877 and 1881, differ only from the works of Zola and the Goncourt brothers in being more frankly nauseous. Huysmans sounded even lower depths than any that were known to Rousseau. He rakes the gutters. He peers into the foulest corners of low life. He takes a cynical delight not merely in the vices, but in the miseries and the anguish of the most sordid households and the most hopeless harlotry. But even then he had not reached the limits of perversity. Beyond physical degradation there lay neurotic and intellectual derangement to which he

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passed with an unflinching purpose to cultivate sensation to the point of enervation. In his novel *A Rebours,* which is unique in literature and to which Max Nordau devoted whole pages in his study of degeneration, Huysmans shows us one whose half-insane imaginings astonish us by the perversion of genius which they display. This creature, Des Esseintes, lives in rooms enclosed one within the other, illumined by artificial light which streams through globes filled with yellow water and containing mechanical fish that move slowly among bits of floating seaweed. His room is made to smell of tar, and he eats thin slices of buttered roast beef dipped in tea. Here he experiments with the theories of Symbolism. He endeavours to make one sense convey to him the impressions which belong to another—translating taste into sound, and smell into sight.

Wishing to hear music, he summons its sensations by drinking drops of curious liqueurs, whose effect upon the taste excites in his mind sensations analogous to those produced by different instruments of music—dry curaçoa recalling the clarinet, gin and whiskey the trombone, anisette the flute, and Chios-raki and mastic the cymbal and the kettledrum. When he longs for the effect produced by pictures, he obtains it through his sense of smell, mixing together the perfumes that bring up before his depraved imagination landscapes or city scenes, the dressing-room of the theatre, or the surgeon's clinic where ulcers and festering wounds attract his thought. His morbid ingenuity evokes from every scent an optical sensation, from the smell of stephanotis and ayapana to that of ordure and of human sweat.

It is evident that a state of mind which had arrived at this extreme of abnormality must either deteriorate still further into stark madness or must experience a reaction. The latter is what actually happened to Huysmans—for we may as well drop the fictitious name which so thinly disguised the writer's personality. The reaction did not come all at once, but it was exhibited in a gradual deflection from the physical to the psychical. Huysmans, by a strangely tortuous course which lay through Satanism, Rosicrucianism and astrology, came at length within the influence of religion. The diabolical Black Mass, curiously enough, turned by repulsion toward the purity and repose of the great Church which has among its ministrations a remedy for every wounded soul. At first it was the beauty and the haunting mystery of its externals which appealed to the artistic side of his strange nature. Then he came to feel the rest and the ineffable tranquillity of faith itself. His later books describe with infinite minuteness his slow and toilsome progress up the heights. Doubting often, despondent, tempted by the memories of sensuality, he still pursued this upward course until, at last, in life, as in his books, he cast aside the burden of his sinfulness and would, had he been strong enough, have sought to enter one of the holy Orders. But, as he said of his other self, Durtal, he was too much a man of letters to be a monk, and too much of a monk to be a man of letters. Finally he became an oblate attached to the Benedictines, bound by no vows, yet freely offering the sacrifice of a pure life and of good works. After this he returned no more to his former wallowings, but gave in his death an example of Christian fortitude that was very striking. Afflicted with a disease of the eyes, he spent long weeks with his eyelids sewed together, only to be told, by those who knew, that partial blindness must be his forever. Finally there developed a cancerous growth which slowly ate away a portion of his face, causing him infinite agony and making him a piteous sight to all his friends. Yet he uttered no complaint, and lived his last few months, courageous and unflinching in the presence of lingering death.

Some years ago the present writer drew a sort of parallel between M. Huysmans and George Moore, in which the following sentences occurred:

Mr. Moore's affinity with Huysmans does not go further than a certain sensuous sympathy. He could never follow him in that curious transformation of which I have elsewhere written, because he has never followed him to the full in the unrelieved brutality that was the essential condition of an ultimate reaction. Mr. Moore must remain intellectually apart from any actual translation of thought into action; he must go on stirred by strange

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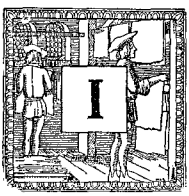
thoughts, forever sensitive to the subtlest æsthetic influences, but to the very last resisting absolutely any impulse toward a definite and final *rangement.*

Not long after this opinion appeared in print, George Moore did apparently follow in the steps of Huysmans, giving himself out to be a devout Catholic and showing a great interest in ecclesiology. So acute a critic as Mr. James Huneker pointed to this fact, in refutation of my judgment regarding the two men. Time, however, has shown that I was right. George Moore dabbled for a while in religion which he could not understand, just as he dabbled for a while in Celtic literature which he could not read. In both he was essentially meretricious, and it was not long ere he cast both aside. But in Huysmans we find a genuine evolution the record of which, though it be often painful, is profoundly and vitally sincere. What he wrote will not have the same influence which the insistent egoism of Rousseau effected, since it was given to a world to which that teaching was already quite familiar. Yet his strange books must always remain among the most remarkable that any modern man has ever penned—sometimes crude and sometimes nobly eloquent, replete with an excess of learning, yet animated always by genuine emotion, and giving a sure proof that the lasting things of this life and the next are those which concern, not the mortal body but the immortal soul.

Harry Thurston Peck.

ANALOGIES OF A DISAGREEABLE HEROINE



IT seems a pity to add a word to the discussion of any Ibsen character, but since my plea is solely on behalf of peace hereafter, I shall venture to do so. I have chosen Hedda Gabler because she is generally regarded as the most disagreeable of all Ibsen-kind and because she has been violently assailed or with equal violence "interpreted" any time these fifteen years. In spite of the attacks and the even deadlier explanations, the play has been successfully presented on the American stage on several occasions. I have happened to see it only twice—once with Mrs. Fiske scolding vinegarishly in the title rôle, and again, more recently, with Madame Nazimova singing approximate English and inventing a character of whom the late Henrik Ibsen had never dreamed. Nevertheless, the words of the dramatist were there, and they spoke for themselves through all disguises, holding the interest of friends and foes alike, Philistines and illuminati, the people who thought they knew what he meant and the people who didn't care. No doubt the excellent gentlemen who were the most vituperative in the capacity of critics were the most enraptured as playgoers. For a gift like Ibsen's enlivens these jaded folk far more than they are willing to admit. Deeply absorbed at the time in the doings of his disagreeable characters, they afterward define their sensation as one of loathing, and they include the playwright in their pious hatred, like newsboys at a melodrama pelting the man in the villain's part. It comes from the national habit of making optimism actually a matter of conscience, and denying the validity of any feeling unless it is a sleepy one. Conscience, it would seem, is a moral armchair heavily upholstered.

Now, of course, if a man's own wits are precisely on the level of the modern American and English stage, there can be no quarrel with him for disliking Ibsen. If there is no lurking discontent with our stage and its traditions and with the

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very best plays of Anglo-Saxon origin produced in this country during the last ten years, an Ibsen play will surely seem a malicious interruption. What in the world has a good, placid American audience to do with this half-mad old Scandinavian? He writes only for those who go to the theatre to be disturbed. Instead of beginning with love in difficulties and ending with a happy marriage, he begins with happy marriages and ends with the very devil. Considering the unerring sagacity with which all good-looking walking gentlemen select their wives, this is nothing short of blasphemy. And where are the signs by which a plain man may tell the virtues? The bloom of innocence is not the mark of a pure soul, but of no soul at all. The more respectable a character, the more apt he is to drive somebody to suicide. There are no villains to hate. Hate centres on entirely blameless people, who do their duty and break no commandments, on good husbands, God-fearing parsons, leading citizens, and the like—safe, practical folk living within the law and having the goodness that gets on in the world. The vices, according to Ibsen, are often the highly successful moralities of the moment, and the virtues are seldom quite respectable. He is concerned with good and evil as purely personal affairs, for which there is no recipe in any moral cook-book. He assumes that everybody has his own little moral workshop.

All of which seems commonplace enough to those who remain to some degree *feræ naturæ*—that is to say, a bit restive under social imperatives, or at least mildly inquisitive toward the totem poles of the particular horde, clan, phratry, "better element," world power, village congregation, club, class, home circle or moral chorus, wherein they find themselves imbedded; but it is very baffling indeed to the peaceful group-thinker. Nothing so makes a man's head spin as to detach his mind from the social mass with which it has coagulated in his middle age. And the twinge of an unused spiritual muscle is generally defined as a prick of conscience. There is no doubt whatever from the point of view of the best families, the solid citizens, those "whom the nation delights to honour," and the "backbone of this republic," that the spirit of an Ibsen play is immoral, indecent, perverse, and morbid. It was his purpose to have it so. Indeed, people are not nearly so uncomfortable as he meant them to be.

But to return to the ignominious chronicle of Hedda Gabler, that needless Norwegian young woman who, after five acts in demonstration of her superfluity, commits suicide at the fall of the curtain. No character to speak of, no respect for the gods of others or power to make a god of her own, a few appetites, but without will either to gratify or to subdue them, hence buzzing with little discontents and self-pityings in foolish maladjustment to the predestined pint pot—she is like, well, almost anybody at some stage of life, and like a good many quite ordinary folk all through, except that she killed herself, while they, with no more reason, go on living. To be sure, matters did seem rather desperate—married to Tesman, for instance, that utter doctor of philosophy, ash-man of modern "original research," to be found in any American college catalogue. A single hour of him is bad enough, as every one knows who has met him anywhere outside a bibliography, for he is the product of that love for "German thoroughness" which never asks what the thoroughness is all about or what other faculty than memory the thoroughgoing creature possesses, but gives the name of scholar along with goodness knows what pink-lined hoods, doctorates, fellowships, chairs, stools, alcoves, and pedagogical perches to any academic beetle who gathers into shapeless little fact-heaps or monographs the things that a scholar would throw away. A life of incessant wiving and mothering of Tesmans (the lower academic organisms breed rapidly between monographs) might well stretch out in rather appalling eternities, especially to a highly strung young woman of the sort that demands much and gives *nothing*.

For Hedda lacked those impulses which help some women to pass the time even when they have married Tesmans. She had not that ferocious nest-making passion which often serves as well to keep a woman busy as romantic love, religion, or the spending of money,

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and which might have wreaked itself for forty years on dusting Tesman furniture. Nor could she throw herself, as women do in our own little university Tesmanias, into societies of literary endeavour, genealogical congratulation, sex-patriotism; or move in solid phalanx upon the works of William Shakespeare, cheered onward by the pale but unscathed gentleman in the low collar who had read the bard; or lead "the literary life" (short stories with sweet endings, full of "uplift," for wonderfully homogeneous magazines); or read papers at the Woman's Auxiliary Annex of that local Simplified Spelling Lodge of which Tesman would assuredly have been an active member. In other words, she lacked not only the heroism of perfect domesticity, but the fire of parochial ambition.

Desperate as the case was, there might have been something to do had there been any heart for it, but Hedda was one of those *sub voce* insurgents who wait until insurrections become respectable—would have liked to murder Tesman if murder were in good repute, saw nothing wrong in adultery, but did think it impolite. She wanted firebrand joys, if only they did not raise the social temperature. She thought she had ideas of her own merely because she lacked the ideas of other people and would like to do a "beautiful deed," the measure of beauty being its distance from the standard of the neighbourhood. In short, she felt the glamour of the unconventional, believing even that an intoxicated gentleman, instead of being sent home in a cab by those whom he annoyed by his stertorous breathing, talked like an Horatian ode, or danced blithely, "with vine leaves in his hair," on a Grecian vase in bas-relief. So Lövborg seemed to her a man who lived his life, which he passed either in getting drunk or being petted by women for staying sober. He happened to be a man of talent, too, but she cared little for that, valuing him merely as a fallen angel. But he, though glad enough to take Byronic advantage of any fallen angel point of view of any pretty woman, and liking the "vine leaves in his hair" and other euphemisms, turned for any real help in his work to another sort of woman, one less fearful of her neighbours' tongues. Hedda envied the other woman's influence, but would not have paid the other woman's price.

How to have a hand in Lövborg's life without doing anything for Lövborg, how to be a power in her little world along the line of least resistance? Well, she could at least keep him in his fallen angel state, and by encouraging him to drink and burning his manuscript show herself not altogether impotent for good or evil and incidentally avenge herself on the other woman; and by urging him to a "beautiful deed"—that is, to kill himself—she could do something for the picturesque. Nobody need know, and her revolt against circumstances being a private affair, she would still be respectable. But circumstances shifted, and she must either figure in a vulgar scandal or do the bidding of an intriguing admirer, who had found her out. So she killed herself, following still the line of least resistance. Never was suicide less horrifying. So little of value was there in her that it seemed less like taking human life than like removing débris. Her soul, if she ever had one, had long since gone to the button-moulder.

And who is there for us to praise or blame and of what use is a play unless we come away praising or blaming somebody and reassured in all the sentiments we had about us when we first went in? Is the stage a place for sheer blank wonder why people live at all or why there are so many of them—like the piazza of a summer hotel? For this poor lady was beyond the nourishment of either the good or the bad. She had no heart for keeping the Commandments nor any heart for breaking them, and at no point can we say things would have been better had she done otherwise, but only if she had been resouled or reborn or not born at all. Therein she resembles a host of technically good and useful persons, save that she felt the tedium of personal vacancy, whereas they quite forget it in the dust raised by a thousand and one enigmatic social activities, buying and selling, despatching details, whirling around at the world's business of keeping the world as it is, feeling no private incentive whatever while pushed along by the little proprieties.

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But if the law of other people seems not to fit one's own peculiar soul, it does not follow that one can flourish on the bald denial of it. That is the simple faith of the clever few, who, hating a crowd, think wisdom the mathematical converse of what the crowd thinks, and truth a negative adverb, and wit merely the longest perpendicular distance from the axis of the commonplace, and so, by taking a bee-line away from the obvious, arrive in disconcertingly large numbers at the North Pole of commonsense. They believe with Hedda that the beauty of the deed lies in its shock to the neighbourhood, confounding the love of truth with a sort of agoraphobia, substituting one formula for another, but living by formula, nevertheless. Surely people never seem so much alike as when at particular pains to seem different—witness the family likeness between men with long hair. It is as hard to find an individual in the most advanced group of devil-worshippers as in the Main Street Baptist Church. It is not the size of the group or its moral code, but the extent to which it has digested you that decides the question whether your soul is your own. Pioneering spirits require a surprising degree of unanimity on their exclusive planes. Hedda was merely a mechanical dissenter. She might have been a brilliant essayist, paradoxical playwright, iconoclastic minor poet, if she had only known. But Ibsen killed her, thinking it perhaps the happier ending.

The lesson from it for me is that there is no lesson, and the pleasure of it is merely that of intimacy with a fellow-mortal, to a degree seldom permitted off the stage, and never allowed upon it by any modern English-speaking playwright who knows on which side his bread is buttered. For years the allegorical procession has trooped along behind the footlights, laudable characters beautifully rewarded, ladies repenting in the nick of time, knaves duly punished, tender babes, rugged cowboys of sterling worth, brusque but well-meaning uncles, wayward sons with hearts in the right place, and wives either resisting temptation or yielding to it at their peril, and never one of them having any life apart from their moral mission to me. As a play-goer I have done nothing but learn my lessons, and have seldom met a human being, even a disagreeable one. As a play-goer I have learned to be monogamous, an upholder of the hearth, almost an andiron. The theatre in the course of fifteen years has taught me not to marry the adventuress, or to pass myself off as the real heir, or to poison the lady's mind against my rival, or to speculate with my sister's trust funds, or to marry the wrong person before I know that the object of my affections is really dead, or to throw my life away merely because the letter did not reach me in the mail. I hate assassins and I give self-evident hypocrites a piece of my mind. I never run away with anybody except with the most honourable intentions. All this and much more I have learned as a play-goer, but as a person I have hardly ever seen another person on the American stage, and have no reason to expect that any practical playwright, from Mr. Pinero to Mr. Clyde Fitch, will ever permit me to do so. Hence the surprise and pleasure of the recognition—especially when it comes about through an unprepossessing old Norseman, shorn of all native charm by translation, unblessed by humour in any form, and expecting every man to bring his own philosophy.

But any resolute public thinker can somehow draw a lesson from it. Perhaps it is an allegory of the wages of sin. Or, if Mr. G. Bernard Shaw is your mental executor, you will certainly see in it "humanity outgrowing its ideals." Or may Hedda not symbolise the undoing of the artistic temperament, as another interpreter has shown? Or the duty of adultery? Or suicide as a pardonable manner of exit from married life with a doctor of philosophy? Then there is President Roosevelt—is she not a plain warning against letting the heart stray from the home? And the Prohibitionist platform—had not Lövborg drained the fatal cup, Hedda might be living to this day, the mother of nine little Tesmans. For this old inquisitor-general of all the formulas is forthwith translated into many formulas, and by the strangest of ironies it has come to pass that the self-same Ibsen who cursed people for not finding separate ways of their own now trails behind

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him a long and solemn file of "Ibsenites" in accurate lockstep with himself. So hard is it not to commend our souls unto our neighbours, or to live a life without forming a committee on the rules of living. It is a wonder that we still contrive to die personally instead of somehow getting ourselves collectively adjourned. And assuming the chance of a future life, consider the embarrassment of the sorting angels trying to pick out the personal particles as we arrive in our respective packages—schools of thought and squads of taste. Fancy trying to tell which, in any essential sense, is which, in a group of recent American novelists or business men, party leaders, "representative New Yorkers," successful playwrights, literary critics (by tradition), aristocrats by birth, aristocrats by reading Browning, or any of the other needlessly agglutinated bundles of public-spirited, public-opinionated, privately disinherited ghosts.

To be sure, the spirit of an Ibsen play, if once revealed, would be seriously disconcerting to many settled minds. It should be concealed, for example, from the tender millionaire and shrinking railway president and shy upholder of vested interests and all in whom the private moral and the public countenance are smiling twins, and perhaps also from the "plain people," for, according to our editors and publishers, they are always very delicate, and most certainly from those whom the people choose, for any sort of new feeling might shake the very foundations of immediate success. But it is safe enough for terrible fellows like you and me, dear brother scribe or fellow-failure, ravening among the flesh-pots of literary speculation, libertines of dreams, reckless of the modern writer at his fiercest, ready for any giant that may come out in the magazines, even though he eat us skin, bones, and moral sense, ready for the incendiaries of the imagination and regretting only that in these well-watered literary times the fancy will not burn. It is not for us to complain that any drama on the modern stage is intellectually upsetting, but rather that it does not upset us so utterly as we could wish.

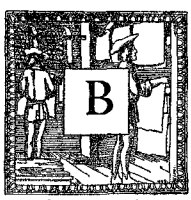
F. M. Colby.

THE STOOPING LADY*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

CHAPTER XXIII

WHICH PREPARES



UT her own affairs now called to her, with urgent need of her championship. At the end of February she fell ill of the influenza, and had so much fever that she took to her bed, and consoled herself with "Marmion" and her violets. I don't know that she was, by ordinary, a great reader of poetry; but I am very sure that at this time she was a great maker of it. I shall not attempt to relate all the pretty, foolish pranks she played with her daily gift; they were doubtless much as maidens of old had used. When, for instance, Campaspe had the boy-god on her lap, and no one by, I trow she fondled him and coaxed for a wound; or when Lesbia and her sparrow sat alone, were the kisses less instant? So if Hermia played with her violets and lived with them a life of faëry, who's to wonder or to blame? They made fragrant both her waking and her sleeping hours, crimsoned all her dreams of day and night. It may well have been during this time of quickened senses and imagination fever-fed that she staked her heart upon the issue which was now so near.

I say that she indulged herself—and she did when she made of her own will

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the admission to Harriet Moon which had been drawn out of her by the constancy of Tom Rodono. Harriet sat with her a good deal, and noted the violet-play with a very perspicacious eye. The flowers were never drawn from the bosom and laid upon the lips, to be returned presently and hidden in their nest, but Harriet saw the manœuvre and wisely smiled. But what she knew, or may have known, or may have guessed, she did not say. She hovered about them after her manner—"Darling, your flowers console you?" she would ask, and if Hermia, violets at her mouth, smiled behind them, or smiled with her bright eyes, Harriet would nod and look wise—and presently she would sigh. "You should be happy, dearest, I think—to be loved so long."

To this, on one day or other, Hermia answered, "I am perfectly happy. I believe I want no more of life than this."

"But He will want more," said Harriet, and Hermia, dreamy, asked, "He? Who is he? Are you—is it—sure that your He is not a she?"

Harriet said that she was sure. "Then I am not," says Hermia, "and what is more, I don't wish to be. If I am loved, and can love, what more do I need?"

This was rubbish, but Harriet did not say so. She asked presently whether her dearest friend had ever thought who it was that loved her so secretly, and whom it was she loved? Yes, said Hermia, she had thought.

"And you know nothing?"

She was snuffing at her flowers, but her eyes were steady on her friend. "I know nothing certainly; nothing I could talk about."

"And yet you are—in— Oh, Hermy!"

She admitted it. "Yes, I am in love, but I don't know with whom—not certainly."

"But—dearest—I don't at all understand you now."

"How should you?" said Hermia—then she held up her flowers. "He sent me these for nine months. I cannot but be grateful, I cannot but be humble to such a lover as that. I am grateful—I love him dearly. I am humble—I would obey him in everything. No one in the world has ever been loved like this—in the dark." Then she remembered. "Yes, there was one woman who was loved in the dark. Her name was Psyche."

"A fable, darling! Psyche is the soul."

"Well," said Hermia, "and haven't I a soul?"

Such talk—of souls and their love-affairs—was highly unprofitable to Harriet Moon; she was rather shocked, rather scandalised. No confession she had ever made of love-lorn baronets or kisses given and received before guinea-pigs could be so damaging as this.

"Dearest Hermy," she said, "you make me unhappy. I entreat you to reflect."

"I have reflected, my dear," said Hermia. "I am reflecting now."

"No, indeed, you are not. You are kissing your violets."

"They kiss me."

"This person," said Harriet, "have you never thought? It might be anybody—quite undesirable. Surely, surely, you see."

She nodded. "I do see—that you can imagine it being somebody impossible. You think it might be—Progers, for instance—or one of the men-servants?"

"No, darling, you wrong me. I think nothing so absurd. But I do think—" She paused. Yes, she must say it. "I do think that—possibly—it might be—young Mr. Vernour!"

Hermia, who was in a stare, did not answer immediately; but she laid her violets on the bed. "Yes," she said, "I have thought of that. I have wondered. Some day I may ask him. But it makes no difference that I can see."

"No difference! Dearest!"

"None at all. Either one loves or one doesn't; either one is loved, or is not. And if one is loved in so beautiful a way that must mean that the lover is noble. And if one loves—even if one loves an impossible person, as you say—if one loves with all one's heart, and is grateful, and is humble—there can be no harm. At least, I can see none."

Harriet stooped over the bed and embraced her, held her close in her arms. "Darling, tell me all! You love Mr. Vernour. You do! I know it." Hermia kissed her.

"You should be told if I could tell you. I love the giver of my flowers—and have loved him since October. Perhaps longer;

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but it was in October that I knew it for certain."

"In October?"

"Yes. When we came back to town—and you brought me my flowers—and I was glad." She stirred in Harriet's arms and snuggled down. "I cried," she said in a whisper, "and kept them with me all night. They have never left me since." And then she took them up, kissed them, and put them in her bosom.

Hermia knew, though Harriet did not, that Mr. Vernour was still in London. Moth had brought her that news—that he had inquired how she did, and that he inquired every day. On one occasion he brought her some flowers—purple and white anemones—which he told Moth were from his mother "for Miss Chambre, with her respects," and came from Feltham. She remembered presently that he had a friend there—a nursery-gardener—and that he used to ride the chestnut thither on Sundays. A message was sent to him by Moth that she thanked him for calling, and begged her kind love to Mrs. Vernour.

He no longer called for orders, Moth said, as he had retired from business, and was intending for the country. He came "like a gentleman," she said, and described his appearance as being very like that of the Prince of Wales—but not so plump. He still came, of course, to the tradesmen's door; but Moth had heard that he was becoming a great politician, and had spoken at a Westminster meeting with "Sir Francis and the Honourable Captain Ranald, and others of the nobility—all in favour of Reform, miss, and what a shame it was." When she recovered herself sufficiently to go downstairs and see company, she heard of that Westminster meeting—from Mr. Ranald. There had been a great to-do; they talked of prosecuting Sir Francis.

She asked him, Had Vernour spoken?

"Yes," he said, "and well. We should like some more of his sort. He's one of those men who say little and imply much. And he knows his power and how to husband it. He's for a waiting game."

"I am sure he's very strong," she said.

"If he is," said Ranald, "he owes it to you."

"To me?"

"To no other. He began to speak in public after that trouble of his, in which, if you'll let me say it, you played a fine part. I should like to put it that he saw, from what you did, that a cause which could breed such an act was a cause worth talking about. And though he's no great talker, as I say, he makes a fine show. He can restrain himself. He's a gentleman."

"I am sure that he is," said Miss Hermia.

Having ascertained from Moth that Vernour had gone into the country beyond all doubt, she felt that she might safely pay a visit to Brook Street; and so she did, taking Harriet with her. The lady received her with great simplicity, and talked at length about her remarkable son. He had received a handsome offer from Lord Sandgate of a grazing farm in the Avon Valley, and was now gone down to inspect it. There was little doubt but that he would accept it. His father was willing, and David had never been happy in business. His heart was in the land, and in books. As for politics, no doubt he was for Reform; but Mrs. Vernour hoped that he would lose his zest for public speaking.

"He's quick-spirited, Miss Chambre, and means what he says. And he makes enemies, I fear. Captain Ranald, who is his best friend, makes them, too; but people will take from a lord's son more than they will from a tradesman. They say, It's only his fun, of such as Mr. Robert; but of my boy, they judge that he's bitter—which is far from the truth. He will be sorry to have missed your visit, Miss Chambre, really sorry. He thinks—he never forgets what you did for him." At parting she took leave to congratulate the young lady. "I hear talk of a wedding, Miss Chambre—and a great ball that is to come. I hope that I may wish you joy."

Hermia laughed. "My grandmother, you mean. You must wish her joy of the ball."

CHAPTER XXIV

IN WHICH SHE SEALS HER INDENTURES

The Countess of Morfa's ball, "to have the honour of meeting His Royal Highness," was fixed for the fifteenth of April,

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and was to be preceded by a banquet of forty persons carefully and rigidly selected. Each assembly in its kind was to be such as comported with the greatness of the house of Caryll; but collectively the two were to be more. They were to declare to the world the alliance which her ladyship contemplated, the marriage of Miss Hermia Mary Chambre with Sir George Coigne, Bart., of Plashetts, in Bucks, which she had decreed. And the great world so understood it to be, without any official announcement in the *Morning Post*. Whether Lady Morfa had her doubts of her granddaughter's docility, or whether, perhaps, she had no doubts, I cannot say: all that I know is that she spoke not one word to the young lady mostly concerned of the plans she had made in a matter vitally interesting to most young ladies. Miss Chambre, as we know, had her own opinion by this time of love and marriage and such-like, and had come to a very clear understanding with Sir George Coigne. She would, therefore, have viewed with great calm these elaborate preparations to herald an event which could never by any possibility occur, if her private and curious affairs had not made them of singular moment to her. But as these were, she was strangely uneasy and excited by a certainty which she had that this particular day and this particular party were to bring her sharply to a crisis.

At half-past six on the evening of this day she was in her dressing-room and in the hands of Mrs. Moth. Her coiffure was nearly done, for Moth had been deft over the coiling and curling of the most beautiful hair in London, as she heartily declared it. The Greek fashion was then in vogue—a high top-knot, with broad fillet to hold it, side curls, and—for this occasion—stiff white feathers must be added; for the court demanded them. This, I say, was nearly done: her dress of black and silver lay over a chair; her silver scarf with it—in a moment or two more she must stand up to be dressed; but in the meantime she sat with her thoughts—wondering and searching into the warm dusk lest any sign should pierce the mystery in which she seemed to journey.

This haunted, wonder-charged journey, which she had been making in secret places for so long, had changed of late. Formerly she had wandered without rule or purpose; but there had been times when the world about her seemed real again; when the men and women with whom she talked, whose hands touched hers, were able to affect her with pleasure or distress, with admiration or disgust. They had at least as much claim to reality as those shrouded, flitting forms who peopled her dream-world. Thus she had been able to be sorry for Sir George's perplexities, and to be grieved by Harriet's sobbed confessions, to be kind to Tom Rodono, and moved by the force of Bob Ranald. But now—of late—all these had receded further and further into the mists. She could still hear their voices, muffled and far-off; still see, or think to see, their foolish, peering, staring, agitated faces as they bobbed up and down in assembly—but they were nothing, they were dreams of old days, ghosts like her father and mother and poor Dick, unprofitable, touching, unavailing memories. Really and actually now she was living terribly, sweetly, in a secret companionship—sought out, wooed by an unknown lover, who now had won her and was about to claim his wages. She thought that she was being led, now, at this dusky hour of what, in the old world, men called the fifteenth of April—was being led, as by the hand, from court to court of some wonderful, empty house. She could have described to you—if you had suddenly startled her with the question—the walls and coffered ceilings, the archways and pavements and flowers and fountain-basins of this windowless house; she could have told you of the long journeying and of the certainty which awaited her at the end of it. She could not see who guided her; she could only feel, not see, the strong hand in which her own lay contented. There was no one visibly beside her; yet one was there, and had her in an invisible hand. No voice spoke to her: there was no need of speech when her heart held the certain sense. "Come, my bride, this house is thine and mine. This is the house of love, and the hour of it has come upon thee."

Words of terrible sweetness they were. She had heard them all day, and had not

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dared to answer, "Yes, I will come. See, my lord, I am here: do with me as thou wilt." No voice had he who spoke, and she needed none to answer. Shy as a bride, and glad in her own beauty, which had found such favour, she paced slowly the empty rooms, that fair house, with downcast eyes and glowing cheeks. She had no thought of drawing back; she was passive now. Doing, daring, contending in the world were all done. She had reached that point where the woman gives over, is possessed; and her heart swelled with the pride of perfect surrender to the sovereign will.

The chatter of Moth, the quick-glancing, quick-fingered tire-woman, was like the twitter of sparrows in the eaves to one who watches through the dawn for some one to come home. If she heard it, she had no heed for it. My lord, said Moth, had returned. What lord? Why, my Lord Morfa, of course—what other lord had Moth?—my lord had returned to town with the Prince, and would be here to receive His Royal Highness. It appeared, however, that his lordship would not dine—in fact, he had sent word by Mr. Pigott, his servant, that he was unavoidably detained. This was extraordinary—in Moth's opinion. Her ladyship had said very little, but everybody knew that she was much offended: her ladyship said least when she was most offended, as everybody knew. Moth took upon herself to commiserate Miss Moon, who must now be enduring her ladyship at her worst. A place had to be filled at the last moment—and Miss Moon, it was understood, had been bidden to send for Mr. Banks. Mr. Banks? Who was Mr. Banks? Why, surely Miss Chambre would remember that sallow, thin gentleman with black nostrils—"like open graves," said Moth—whom Miss Chambre had met on a coach and asked to the house. Her ladyship esteemed Mr. Banks, Moth believed, and made him useful "in the newspaper way." He had influence, they said; he was listened to; and, of course, he would do anything for her ladyship. This was a great day for Mr. Banks. Was he coming? Why, of course he was coming. She should hope so. It was a command—to meet His Royal Highness.

To these facts of more or less importance Miss Chambre gave no heed. It may be doubted whether she heard them; and certain it is that she did not appreciate her Uncle Morfa's absence from the banquet as, say, Miss Harriet Moon would have done. Her thoughts held her in thrall. She was living elsewhere and apart; walking in invisible company, led by an invisible hand to her sure and certain destiny.

Prevision, second sight, foreknowledge, whatever you choose to call it, may be guessed at. Yet, when she found herself convinced, as she had found herself ever since her admissions to Harriet Moon, that her time was at hand, she had had something to go upon, some rough logic of the head to support, if that were needed, the infallible sophistry of the heart. Those admissions had been made some two weeks ago, but every day and every night following upon them had but added to her certainty that her fate overshadowed her. Her flowers had come exactly as usual—at the same hour, by the same hand. She had untied them herself, and every time she did it she had separated the stalks with trembling fingers which expected momentarily to light upon some written word lying concealed. But there had been nothing at all; and here she had found the ground of her inference, or ground for many.

If the giver of her violets were near her, in London, say; if, indeed, he lived at all and could learn the things that concerned her, then he must know by common rumour what this fifteenth of April imported for her and her affairs. And if—she reasoned—if this night and its violet-gift passed without a sign, he (supposing that he lived at all) must surely know that he would have no further right to send her flowers, as men and women judge these things. For men and women say that to send flowers daily to a maiden is a declaration of love, and to send them daily to a plighted maid is the act of a robber.

The thought had smitten her suddenly one day, Say that from the fixed night he ceased to send them, what should she do—now that he had brought her to this pass? Now that she had given herself; was, as she verily believed, handfasted to

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him? For was she not? Her flowers had lain in her bosom all night, and night after night; her flowers and all that they signified to her, which was more than any mere flowers could ever signify. They had been free of her lips, her tears, her breast and her side; and not without disgrace, only as a maid undone could she now stand before the world; as one who had suffered love and repaid love with love, and was now forsaken—like Psyche, like Psyche who had also loved and been loved in the dark. She pictured herself dismayed and forlorn, wandering footsore, dishevelled, with a bleeding heart, the streets, the squares, the parks of London, looking for the Unknown who had taught her love, betrayed, shamed and left her. These were hot and incredible thoughts, yet were he mortal man or god such must be her portion if the only sign vouchsafed her were the ceasing of her flowers.

And if, in spite of a declared engagement, they did not cease to come, and she must learn by that that this lover of hers was not a mortal man at all, then how terrible was her destiny, how strange, how sweet! What must happen to her then—to her, the free, the proudly confident, the clear speaker of truth and well-spring of honour? How could she appear as wife, who had a secret lover? How could she give to a husband, a man, that right which the god in flower-shape had had of her and still chose to claim? She must remain unmarried, could not dare to marry. It would be mortal sin. Maids before now have had strange lovers: Oreithyia was mated to the North Wind, and one had a river to husband, and one a swan—it had remained for her, Hermia Mary, to discern the overshadowing which all women love and dread in the woody scent of wet flowers. . . .

To this strange state of mind was she now brought, and under the stress and fever of it now she suffered herself to be dressed.

It grew dusk apace, but she would not have the candles; so in half lights the shimmering gown was slipped over her head, the fillet and the scarf put in place. With vague eyes she stood up, searching the misty eve as it gathered about the trees in the garden, while the maid hovered over her, patting and adjusting, peering and judging, turning her about before the glass. Completed, adorned to the last hook and eye, she stood up, a picture of delicate, serious beauty, a bodily perfection of white and pale rose, which her black robe made to seem fragile as the petals of a flower, informed, however, by a mystery not of the world, which held together her sober lips and filled her large eyes with dark. Nothing remained to be done to her but to fix her flowers: let Mrs. Moth now see to that.

They were in a glass of water on the table, still untied; for on this crowning day, when all must be put to the touch, she had not dared yet to search them. The sign must be there to-day, or—nay, but it must needs be there. And yet so much hung upon that need that she had not dared to see. And as Moth was busy with them now—a pin in her mouth, and eager fingers at the tie—she felt herself grown white to the lips, and sick with the waiting and the fear. . . .

"My word of honour! Oh, miss!" It was over. The blood surged back and beat at her temples. He had spoken; the sign was there!

"Oh, miss! What next, I say! Oh, miss—" Words failed her, but she held up a folded slip.

"Give it me, please," she said steadily, not looking at it, and took, opened and read it. She held it high to get the light, and while she read Moth fixed and was pinning the flowers.

"This night, and for ever. Or nevermore."

That was the whole of it. It steadied her.

She freed herself from Moth's fingers. "Take them out, Moth, please. Put them on the table and leave me. I shan't want you any more." Wondering, the maid unfastened the bunch, and while her mistress stood at gaze in mid-floor, her slip of paper in her hand, she returned to the table to lay it down. Suddenly she gasped and said sharply, "Lord have mercy upon us! Who's that?"

Hermia awoke from her trance. "Of whom do you speak? What do you mean?"

Moth chattered to herself, and peered out of the window. She could only say,

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"Down there—in the garden—alone. There's some one there. Oh, miss, you know best, but I tell you that I'm afraid."

Hermia, who wore a fixed face, went to the window and looked out. The garden was murky in the dusk of a warm April day; yet there could plainly be seen the tall and motionless figure of a man, cloaked and hatted, who stood alone there on the lawn. For a few moments she watched him, trembling. Then she motioned the maid to go away, and Moth retired without a word.

Hermia was shaking now, and panting, but she was not frightened. What unnerved her was the coming of the moment of choice, expected, and with certainty, so long. It had come. The Unknown Lover was there, the unknown country at the door, the journey must begin. She stretched out her left hand to touch the dressing-table, and it fell upon the softly crisp heads of violets. She took up the bunch in her hand, but it fell to her side. "This night, and for ever. Or nevermore." She knew what that meant; that it was for her to choose. Trembling, failing at the knees, breathless, in distress, with a crying pain at her heart, she watched and waited, while the room grew darker and darker, and the garden below could hardly be seen. She looked to the place where she had seen her lover stand, searched for him, found him, lost him again, until her eyes felt on fire. If she wore his violets that night she was sealed to be his. Would she do it? Dared she? Why, was she mad! She believed that she would be worse than mad—impious—if she disobeyed.

A knock at the door made her start and clap a hand to her side. "Who's there?"

Harriet opened the door. "Dearest, what's this? Why are you in the dark? Are you not ready? Her ladyship has sent me for you. Lord and Lady Crowland are here. They say that Sir Francis has been arrested and taken to the Tower. And oh, Hermy, Lord Morfa——"

"Go away, please," said Hermia, in a whisper. "Go down and say that I'm coming." Harriet pouted, but obeyed.

She must act at once; there was no time to lose. Disobedience never entered her head; all her hesitation had been that of a swimmer by the brink of the flood. She struck a match and lighted two of her candles with a steady hand. She had calmness enough at command to wait while the wicks flared, sank, and, catching the wax, rose serenely into power. Then she pinned the white violets at her bosom, and, a candlestick in each hand, went deliberately to her window and stood there.

She stayed a few minutes facing the dark; then turned and went downstairs. She had sealed her indentures, was now bound apprentice. And as she went down the broad stair her heart seemed to fill her whole body, even to drowning her.

CHAPTER XXV

IN WHICH HER CALL COMES

A priest newly from his altar rites, with the dew of sacrifice still upon him, set down in the midst of some squalid brawl—contested election, city meeting—might have the feelings of consternation and dismay which possessed Miss Chambre, fresh from her window and her dark, seethed in the great Morfa banquet. And he would have the same consolation of hugging to his heart the memory and the promise known fully to him alone. If his eyes were wide and very bright, if his lips were close, if his tongue refused him, it were no wonder. In his eyes the vision would stay; mystery would lock his mouth and keep his tongue from declaring vain things. The apprentice in love went through the ceremony of dining in the company of forty persons, all fashionable and all Whigs; she gave her arm to Sir George Coigne, smiled on Lord Sandgate, curtseyed to a prince of the blood, tasted soup, sipped wine, answered questions, seemed, indeed, to be present, and looked excessively beautiful—though she was not very responsive. She was living elsewhere, at a fever rate, in a shrouded garden, in still night air—or she was swept along a flooded stream, in water which was warm and sweet—in which her limbs failed her, in which, drifting, she drowned. Swift, smooth, irresistible motion; she was conscious mostly of that. Her hands were folded, her eyes closed—she felt; she knew not whither she went, and cared nothing. For

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above and about her, fanning her brows, blowing upon her eyelids, was a form whose magnitude she could not guess—and "Come. I have chosen thee; come. Thou art mine, and I am thine—now and for ever," was the music in her ears.

What, then, if a royal personage should enunciate laws of nature at the top of his voice at the table? She would not hear them. "I tell you, ma'am, the country was never more respected abroad. Our good old King, secure in the sanctities of family life . . . what?" "My brother Kent, ma'am, may be trusted to fulfil his duty, I hope. Church and King is the cry . . . the nobility staunch, the Commons . . ." Oh, crackling of thorns under pots! What had she to do with Lords and Commons?

By her side were Sir George and his troubles. He felt fatally prominent, and feared to commit himself deeper with every breath. He knew what that offer of his arm was to imply, and what the whole festival implied. He sat at meat a marked man. From the crimson flock walls, out of their gilt cornices, from beneath their coronets, the ranked Carylls in their purple and ermine, their shimmering satin, in their full wigs, lace collars, ruffs, steel corselets, peak-bearded, love-locked, ample-bosomed, fiercely stayed and hooped, as the case might be—a double row of Carylls watched him out of level, unfaltering eyes. He was not an imaginative man, but he fairly cowered. God in heaven, what was he doing, this free-dealing, friendly baronet of Plashetts? Was he a man? Why did he not break away, and seek out his love? His heart was out of the room in the thin hands of a lady—a brown-eyed slip of a girl, with a piteous mouth and courteous ways. Oh, he should be by her side, braving the world—but here he was, drinking brown sherry and saying, "Yes, sir," to a royal duke. Out upon him, recreant! "Hermy, you stand by us—eh? This is hot work, you know. I'm all for peace and quiet, you know—that's how a man gets through his day's round. By heaven, I never bargained for this." She was gentle with him, poor creature though she saw him.

"You will see Harriet in the ball-room. She is to be there, I know."

"Watched, though! Tied hand and foot! Gad, what a life for a lovely—I say, Hermy, what shall we do for her? This is awful!"

Was this a man? Oh, if he only knew, if he only knew where, with whom she stood now! "Really, Cousin George," she broke out, "I cannot understand you. You are your own master, dependent upon nobody, and yet— You have but to ask her—surely you see that?"

He shook his head desperately. "Can't have a fuss, you know, Hermy. Never do. Aunt Morfa's head of the family—our family as well as yours—not actually, of course, because Uncle Badlesmere's the man; but she's older than him by a deal, and she's always had her own way. No, no—can't break with the family if we can avoid it. Why, bless my soul, my mother was the youngest of eleven!"

"You talk as if we were all children together."

"Well, there's that, of course—I see your point. But the family—no, no. We must think of something better than a fuss."

"A fuss! Why should there be a fuss?" She simply had no more to say. Sir George sighed and went back to his dinner.

"Where's Morfa?" Lord Sandgate inquired. "Wasn't he to be here?" He was told the facts about Lord Morfa.

"My lady won't like that."

"She doesn't. One can see that she doesn't." One could.

"I think that Morfa should be pulled up—indeed, I do. He's wild—he's in a wild set. He's a fool, saving your respect, but he's not bad all through. One of these days he'll be caught hold of—by a woman. And that'll save him." She thought of Harriet; and as the ladies rose and left the dining-room that thought went with her, mingled with her own. Harriet, too, might have her wondrous secret life; on Harriet's pale lips, on Harriet's brown eyes the mystery might have been laid. Entering the ball-room, last of a long procession, the first persons she saw were Lord Morfa, making his bow to the Duchess of Wentsland, and Harriet Moon, flushed and downcast, standing by her patroness. Had these two been to-

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gether long? Was this why he had refused to dine?

It was eleven o'clock when the Prince came—in semi-state. Six horses drew him instead of twelve, and it is possible that there was rather less hooting because there were rather fewer sightseers; but there was enough to render very necessary the services of a brass band which, for drowning purposes, had been ambushed in the court. When he entered the hall, with Lords Hertford, Conyngham, and Moira, with Mr. Sheridan and others of his friends, he was flushed and noisy, but not tipsy.

The Morfa clan and the Badlesmere clan received him in the inner hall, at the foot of the great stair. Her ladyship in Botetort emeralds and Caryll diamonds, Morfa with his garter—these were in the centre of the galaxy; and about them the tributary lights, a nameless, high-nosed herd of Gells, Coignes, Barwises, Lukyns, Botetorts, Carylls, and heaven knows who. Head above most of these there stood a troubled, rosy-faced baronet from Bucks—and beside her ladyship's self the grave, glowing, beautiful Hermia Mary, hot and deep as a ruby in her black and silver setting, with her knot of white violets rising and falling with her breast. So seriously she looked at her advancing Prince, you might have thought her his judge; so scornfully curved her lip, you must have known it. What to her was the advance and boisterous cordiality of this overflowing personage, this young Silenus of creased eye-sockets, and of the colour of pink paint? Was she to curtsey, kiss the hand of this beribboned, fuddled, bloated man of forty—and her heart, her will and soul out there in the cedared garden, quivering under the calm eyes of a god?

But here he was, exceedingly disposed to make himself agreeable. "By God, Roddy, I'm late," he declared. "'Twas Moira kept me, I'll swear. Madam," and he looked heavily at Lady Morfa, "you must blame the wits, not me."

"Impossible, sir, to blame one without the other," said her ladyship, whose curtsey was a thing to ponder; the bared edge of a razor would not have been finelier avoided by a naked foot. But he was determined to be pleased, and sure that he pleased. "Ha, Mr. Archdeacon—ha, Badlesmere, this is a meeting of friends—all Whigs here, hey? We must have you at Carlton House, Badlesmere—we don't see enough of you. Lady Conyngham asked after you the other night; she did, upon my soul. Lady Barwise, I'm very glad to see you—very glad, indeed." He shook hands with Sir George and congratulated him effusively; begged to be presented, and when he saw the fair betrothed remembered her at once. "By my honour, the lovely Jacobin! Why, why, Miss Chambre and I are old cronies—we met—let me see—don't tell me that you forget it, young lady. And I've heard of you—where now? Moira, what was that I heard of Miss Chambre? Devilish good thing that was— Oho! I have it. Brook Street!—cleaving to the— By heaven, Coigne, you must keep your wife out of Brook Street. No dealings with that house—hey?" And on he rattled, perfectly satisfied with himself.

She made no answer, but leaned her cheek and let him touch it; she curtseyed deeply, and when he claimed her for a quadrille, did her part with a stiff recollectedness which piqued him not a little. She was moving, in fact, as one in a dream; and so she went through her duties of the night—dancing with this man and that: Tom Rodono, Lord Edlogan, the Honourable John and the Honourable James, it mattered not a bit. In the midst of the blare and bustle, the loud voices of great men, the whisperings of men aspiring, and the bowings of those whose glory was to creep—catching sight of Harriet Moon at a window, and struck to contrition by her woebegone look, she left her partner with an excuse, and went directly to her. Harriet saw her coming, and seemed to shrink. Hermia did not hesitate. "Harriet," she said, "have you anything to say to me?"

The brown eyes dilated, the pretty mouth faltered.

"Anything to say? Oh, Hermy, why should I?"

"You are the best judge. Is all well with you?"

"Yes, yes, very well. Why do you ask me?"

"I feel anxious. I can hardly say why—but I have thought much of you. Will

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you not confide in me? I am your friend."

Harriet was moved, and seemed on the point of speaking, but she checked herself and looked down. "I think I have told you all," she said.

"All, Harriet?"

"Hush!" said Harriet. "Somebody is coming for you." A young man came up.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Chambre; Lady Morfa sent me to tell you that she is going down to supper. His Royal Highness has begged that you will honour his table."

"I'll come," said Hermia, and went away with him.

The inexpressible twenty minutes which followed may be passed over. If she had been in possession of herself, able to contrast her real and her unreal existence, the world in which her soul walked and that in which her body sat, it must have made her laugh aloud. She formed one of a table of six persons: the brother princes, who talked loudly, and tripped up each other's stories; Sir George Coigne, most miserable of men, searching the supper-room with strained eyes for his Harriet, who was not there; Lady Morfa, hardly at pains to conceal her contempt for the society she was in; Lady Badlesmere, steadily eating and drinking; and she, this secretly bewitched, secretly rapt, spellbound, beautiful girl; was there ever such a supper-table? It was interrupted by an equerry, whose message, testily heard, proved urgent. The Prince swore heartily, but nevertheless got up and took his leave. The whole company rose, and with "God Save the King," and a prodigious pawing and scraping of horses, His Royal Highness was got on to the road. By that time Hermia had escaped.

She had observed that Lord Morfa, against all etiquette, had not been in attendance during supper, and that Harriet was not to be seen either. Couple this with his absence from dinner and presence in the drawing-room—throw in the girl's abject look and refusal to speak—all her suspicions came back: Harriet must be found. She passed through the almost empty ball-room, tried the card-room, the yellow saloon, oval drawing-room, the library. Here she was assailed by a draught of fresh, pure air which blew in from an open window. Beyond that lay the balcony—beyond that the garden, where her soul walked. Her own affairs possessed her heart and mind, and, jealous of rivalry, usurped the little corner where Harriet still held out.

She went out through the window, and immediately, as it seemed, the blaring world of princes and crackling thorns was shut out. The balcony was empty, the night was before her, the enchanted garden and the garden gods. Her own thoughts resumed their realm, her own body went prone to receive back her soul. She stood wonderingly, face to face with the night.

Forthright she looked into the velvet dark, with beating heart and parted lips, living at ease in the enormous peace of the silence. After the glare, the glitter and the brawl, the lapping and supping, the crunching of ortolans' bones, the leering looks and bragging tongues—here, deeply in the violet night, beyond the trees, seen only by the stars, the unknown lover abode, he who spoke in the fragrance of flowers, and was the veiled Eros, the hidden spouse. She, Psyche, had given her pledge—and he might be here—he must be here—to claim it of her.

She was highly excited, but not afraid. Her breath was quick, but her eyes undimmed, her gaze constant and untroubled. She knew that she was not alone. He was there—and she was sure of it. She stood and waited, holding her breath, holding the ledge of the balcony with her two hands. She stood for some moments thus, hearing the wild music of her heart. And then, out of the environing night she heard herself called—whether from near or far she did not know; she heard her own name, called twice—"Hermia, Hermia Mary."

She answered—not moving from her place—"I am here."

Now the speaker was nearer, but not to be seen. "You have decided? You have chosen?"

"Yes, yes. You know it."

"I may serve you still?"

"You know it."

"I would serve you forever."

"I am not worthy."

"I have served you for a year."

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"Yes."

"You will hear me? At dawn?"

"Yes, I will come."

"I shall be here at dawn."

"I will come to you."

"You accept my flowers?"

"You know that I have accepted them."

"Stay no longer now. Good-night."

"Good-night."

She knew that he was gone; but she stayed where she was, motionless, possessed and held.

CHAPTER XXVI

WHICH IS OF PSYCHE IN THE GARDEN

It would not be an easy thing to describe the wave of high exaltation which carried Miss Hermia Mary to her bed and prevented her from sleeping in it. One might, perhaps, more surely gauge the consternation of a breakfast-table in far Kilbride when it received as a bolt from the blue heaven the letter whose writing occupied a good part of her vigil. For she slept not at all, but stood for near an hour at her window, drinking, as it were, the wonders of the night, lay wide-eyed upon her bed for another, in a state of warm, still acquiescence in her fixed destiny, and after that wrote the extraordinary letter from which I am about to quote.

"It is right that I should tell you first of all the world, my dearest friend, that my affections are deeply engaged, even while, in the same breath, I have to confess that I do not certainly know the name of the object of them, and am not certainly aware that I have ever seen him. What I may guess, or what I may believe, it would not be proper to say; in a very few hours I shall know *all*—in the meantime I know enough to assure you of this.

"I cannot tell what you will think of me, but I do believe that you will understand what I cannot explain, and that your love will enable you to see as reasonable what might appear incredible. I remember when we used to have our twilight talks at dear Kilbride, we often wondered together what my portion would be. We talked of husbands—never of lovers; I don't know why. I used to say that I should marry a soldier like dear papa—and now—oh, it is most wonderful!

"Mary, I have been silently, mysteriously and constantly loved since the twenty-second of June last year. This has been proved to me by such a service as no girl can ever have had before; in such a way and by such means that it is impossible to doubt either the sincerity of my lover or the marvellous delicacy of his declaration. He told me, however, but two hours ago that he had loved me for a year—that is, for I am sure he is incapable of the smallest deviation from the truth, from the fifteenth of April. That might give me a clue to his person—and I do think that it does; but in such a matter you will not ask me for surmises, but for certainties. My dearest, I tell you two. The first is that I am beloved; the second, Mary, that I love. I know now that I have loved him, or his violets—for he sent me white violets every day at the same hour—since October, when darling Dick died. What a proof of sensibility in my lover, that on the day when the dreadful news came my violets ceased, and were withheld until I returned to town in October. When I missed them, Mary, I was troubled without knowing why; I could not understand why they should mean so much to me. But in October, when they were renewed—when I found them here awaiting my return—and when I shed tears—happy tears of pride and gratitude—then, indeed, I understood well enough what had befallen me. I took my violets to my heart, I kissed them often, they never left me; I could not falter after that. I did it in spite of myself, and they became a part of myself, indispensable. I could not falter. Nor shall I falter when, in a few hours' time, as soon as the light begins, I go out of this house to meet my lover face to face—and *my* light begins!

"He spoke to me last night out of the dark. I was on the balcony; for I knew he was in the garden below, and went to him, and waited for him to speak. He called me by my name, twice. 'Hermia,' he called, and then 'Hermia Mary,' as if he knew that they who loved me best always called me so. I told him that there I was—taking all things for

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granted in a simple way which, I am convinced, could never be possible for any two persons who had not been drawn together by fate. He asked me to come to him in the morning, at dawn—and the dawn is just at hand, Mary; I can see the grey light in the sky; and at the first flush I go. When you receive this you will pray for me—or, no; you will give thanks to God that your Hermia Mary is happy. Happy I shall assuredly be—for I am extraordinarily happy now—and proud to suffer whatsoever may be in store for me. I may be far from here—for if he calls me, I shall follow him; or perhaps I shall be locked up again, as I was, you remember, when grandmamma disapproved of me. I may have to endure even worse—I may estrange all my friends (except you!), make a scandal—I don't know. But I know this very well, that I shall never falter now, and never look back.

"Good-bye, Mary, my dearest friend! I wish that I might go out to my happy destiny strengthened by your kiss; but you pray for me always, as I do for you, and I don't feel alone. . . . It is almost light, and I have not been to bed at all. How could I sleep? How can I rest? What need have I? Good-bye; the dawn is here!

"Your own Hermia Mary."

Having sealed this letter, she made her preparations; rinsed her face and hands in cold water, put order to her hair, dressed herself, pinned her violets upon her, covered herself with a cloak and hood, and went quietly, but without any carefulness to be quiet, along the drowsy corridors, down the ghostly stair, through echoing halls and muffled saloons to the garden-door. This she must unbolt and unbar with difficulty. It was about five o'clock upon a still morning.

The shadowless grey light saluted her, the cool dawn air fanned her cheeks, and playing upon her, caused her to shiver and draw closer the cloak she had on. She shut the door behind her, not as yet daring to look for whom she knew to be awaiting her. So also, with lowered eyes, she went down the steps which gave to the terrace, crossed that, and descended the next flight, stood upon the grass, and waited there, not yet lifting her head, holding still the hems of her cloak close about her with a gloved hand. Her hesitation was momentary. She lifted a burning face, she looked forward with misty eyes. She saw a tall figure motionless in the shadow, by the cedar, and went staidly down to meet it.

He was cloaked and booted, but his head was bare. He watched her come, watched intently; his lips were pressed together, his eyelids did not blink. He was like a carven man whose regard is fixed as the sculptor willed it, whose thoughts are as unfathomable as you please because they must be your own. He did not move forward to meet her, nor bow his head, nor show any sign at all. And when she stood, as now she did, at some three paces away, her eyes were as firm and unwinking as his own. So each gazed at the other for some seconds—and then she gave up the strife, and looked down.

He spoke to her. "You have chosen to come—knowing what you knew?"

Her voice was very low. "I thought it your right."

"Right!" he said. "I have no rights but what I have had from you. And you have dared to give me another. You have dared, because you dare all things."

"No," she answered, "not all things. I must tell you—that I cannot receive your gifts—now that I know that they are yours—without confessing to you that I am grateful. I dare not do that. That is why I have come."

"I asked you," he said, "but I hardly hoped—" Then she looked at him again for a moment—and presently spoke as if to herself.

"You must have known that I would come."

He seemed to have no answer ready, but stood as one whose mind is whirled about.

"I put everything to the touch—to win or lose—it was forced upon me. I could not last—could not endure. It was the act of a coward, of a desperate man—I thought that you must know by now—the truth was blazed on my face. I thought all London knew that the clown had lifted up his eyes to the highest. And so I reward your gracious act—your act of pure

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nobility—" he stopped with a cry of despair, and she made as if she would go to him.

"Don't accuse yourself, I beg of you—for I may not be able to tell you what I ought."

He had recovered his self-possession, and spoke quietly. "I will ask you to listen to me. It is all I have the right to ask you. I have loved you for a year since yesterday—since that day when, of your own generosity, you came to my poor house—where I was—disgraced—and approved and gave me back my manhood. From that moment of that day I was yours altogether; and I own to you that the fact in me was so proud and glorious a fact that I did not strive against it. No, but I set myself to work to be worthy so splendid a state. What harm could I do you—if you knew nothing of it? Who could deny me the right to bend my knee? I tell you now that I rode about my business—mine, of all businesses in the world!—like a knight of old time shining in the sun. Had I stayed thus, could I have blamed myself, or could you blame me?"

Her lips moved to answer him, but he stayed her. "Not yet—not yet."

He continued: "I made no declaration then—and had I kept my senses I should never have made one. I know that I fell away, was false to the glory of my beginning. But madness seized me. You met me—you knew me again—you bowed your head—and, God help me! I lost mine."

Again she stopped him. "You have no need to excuse yourself—pray—" He held up his hand: "I beseech you!" and she begged his pardon.

"I do believe that when I made my sign—which meant what wickedness, what arrogance, what gross presumption you will—it was in such a way that you could not be compromised, could not feel yourself bound in any kind of honour to consider who it was who so declared himself. You were free then, as you are now, to bestow your generosity as you please. For even now I ask no more of you than leave to tell you the truth. I do ask that—I must ask that. Will you let me tell you?"

"Tell me," she said, whispering.

"The truth is this," he said, "that I love you and am your man. And now I am content to go and never see you again."

He stood waiting, having dared his uttermost. The girl's dignity wrapped her closely. "I do not ask you to go. You must do as seems to you best—as seems right to you. I trust you entirely."

"You must not trust me," he said, "with such an answer as that. I am a man, and I love you. Do you hear me say that, and then give me leave to remain? To send you flowers?"

She was in great trouble now, though she bore it stilly. "I don't know how to answer you," she said; "I think you do me great honour." He saw that she was trembling; but pity does not enter into a man at such a time.

"Honour, as you understand it, as I believe it—it is not for me to say. All honour should be yours from all men—and yet love should be something. Is it nothing to you to be loved by a man? Then manhood and love are nothing. High-born as you are, delicate and rare, and sweet of blood as you are—faring softly—of a race unknown to mine—for all this, which you can never lose, I offer you a man's love. I am neither fool, nor knave, nor coward—and if you give me the right I will serve you before all your world, and claim you, too. And I will make bold to add this—that I will content you if you give me the right. What do you say?"

She could not answer.

"Hermia, what do you say?" She shivered a little, and folded her cloak about her.

"You must know what I must say," she said. "I am yours, and will come when you call me. I will go where you bid me. I will follow you over the world." Vernour took a stride forward; she held out her surrendering hand. He knelt on both his knees, and kissed it. Then he rose, bowed, and left her.

(To be continued)

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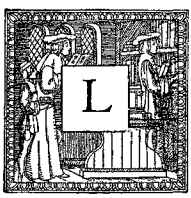
THE EXPATRIATES

III.—THE AMERICAN COLONY IN LONDON

BY CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

In Two Parts. Part I.—The Social Side



LONDON is one of America's most important colonial possessions. In no other capital in the world has the American element so transformed public taste and habit. The importation of an American bartender as a permanent institution into the august recesses of Buckingham Palace shows how firmly America is established in our midst; but the triumph of the cocktail is only the triumph of America in little. American customs are no longer foreign; they have become our habits and necessities.

American influence seems, indeed, to permeate all sections of the community; not only does the yearly tourist invasion leave a sediment of fashions, words, and even points of view behind it, but year by year the American colonisation of London increases. The sharp eye of the American business man perceives the advantages which his superior keenness and enthusiasm give him over our business men; and Americans are gradually stepping into many branches of our national industries, almost invariably into positions of command.

This feature of the introduction of the American into our business life is of comparatively recent date, and it is extremely significant. Americans come to Paris to enjoy themselves and to spend money; they used to come to London for the same purpose; but of late years increasing shoals of business men are migrating hither with their families for the purpose of making money. The position is becoming reversed. So fierce is the financial competition in America, so completely is it dominated by the trusts, that small hope is held out to the unaided individual, and Englishmen are turning more and more to other fields for fortune-making. Also, English commerce is debarred from American extension by the prohibitive tariff.

But we are clinging still to the doctrines of free trade, and no tariff is imposed here. Consequently, American commerce has been quick to take advantage of the open door and to flood the country with American goods. Where the goods come, the drummers follow, and in their wake come men on their own account, for here no bar of language intervenes, and to-day there are seventy thousand Americans domiciled in London. American business methods are indeed surprisingly different from ours. The Englishman is supposed to be extravagant, but he is a miracle of penny-saving economy beside his rival from the States. A good illustration may be found in the example of an English manufacturer who happened to be on a visit "across the pond" and bought a lathe while out there to replace a worn-out one at home. A year or so after he pointed it out with enthusiasm to an American caller, saying that it turned out 33¼ per cent. more work than any other lathe in his factory. So good was it, that he said impressively, "When my other lathes wear out I'm going to replace every one of them by fellows like that one!"

"But," said the American, "why on earth don't you replace them *now* and put the old stuff on the scrap heap?"

"Why?" said the Englishman in amazement, "because I calculate there's five years' wear in all those old lathes yet!"

He could not see that the improved lathes would repay him over and over again for the cost of their expenditure by the increased amount of goods they would produce in those five years.

Another instance may be cited of a British manufacturer who heard of some excellent machinery in use at a certain

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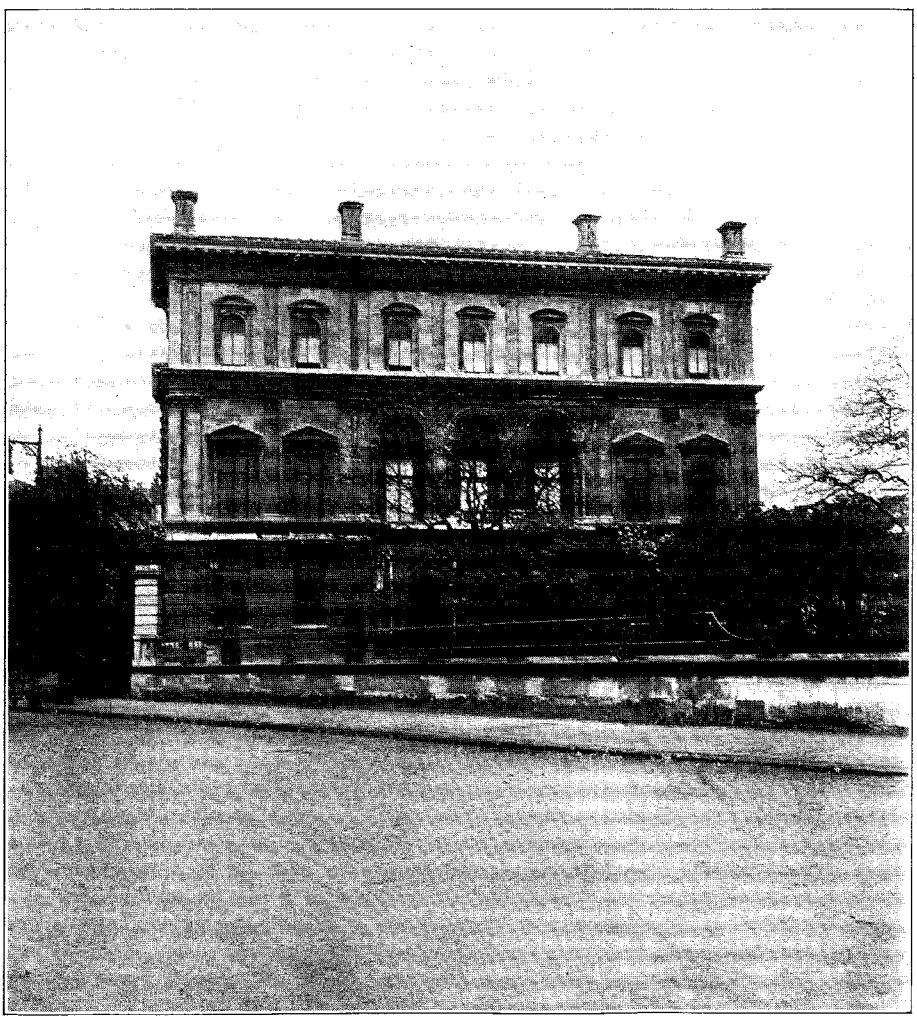
American factory, and went over with the object of finding out the secret. To his surprise he was received most cordially by the owner, who showed him every detail, and at the end, seeing how greatly he was impressed, volunteered to give him the drawings for his own use.

"But," said the amazed Englishman, "I feel I must tell you I came over here to try and find out the secret of those drawings. Now, how can you offer them to me, your rival?"

"Because," said the American with a brotherly smile, "by the time you've set up that plant ours will be so improved that what you've got there will be on the scrap heap!"

This business invasion of London, however, gives us one advantage in the large influx of capable, industrious citizens it produces. For though the American is proud of his nationality, his patriotism is more theoretical than practical. In spite of our climate and the lack of heating apparatus in our houses, Americans find England a far more comfortable and "finished" place to live in than their native land. The Americans may be fonder of luxuries than we are, but we are the most comfort-loving nation in the



THE FINEST OF THE AMERICAN EMBASSIES IN EUROPE

Dorchester House, the official home of Whitelaw Reid in London, which has been declared to be preferable as a residence to the palace in which the King himself lives when in his capital

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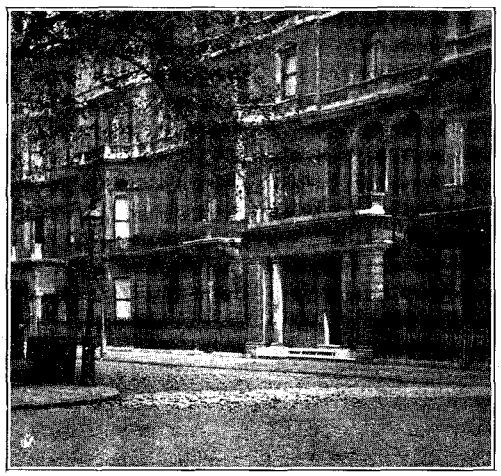

THE HOUSE OF THE BRADLEY-MARTINS, CURZON STREET

A few doors away is the house occupied by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley when that famous lady was at the height of her social career

world, and no one appreciates that atmosphere of slow-going ease more than the nervous, highly strung American.

Not that he would let us know it for the world! One thing always strikes me very forcibly when I compare the Americans in Paris with those in London, and that is the admiration of Americans for grace and brightness. Paris is famed for its food, its gaiety, its fashions, and Americans enjoy what it provides ungrudgingly and with due respect. But every good American unites in decrying English food, English dress and the greater part of English customs. Not only is the American irreverent; he may be interested in our past, but he is most ostensibly contemptuous of our present.

Place aux dames! I think it is safe to say that the American woman feels real scorn for the English woman's dress and manner. This is due to some extent to family clannishness; to some extent, also, to the fact that Americans undoubtedly excel in out-door attire. They pay more attention to the details of the toilette. They wear high boots in the street, where even in muddy weather the Englishwoman wears low-cut shoes with open straps over lace stockings. The American girl is intensely interested in her belts and ties, her shirt waists are always modish, her skirts well cut. She is careful in her choice of every-day attire; the Englishwoman is too prone to do her morning shopping in a flower-trimmed hat and trailing robe, "wearing out" her party gowns. Suitability is the key-note of the American woman's sartorial success.

On the other hand, the Englishwoman frequently scores at garden parties or evening functions, for she favours a simpler and more artistic mode, where the American girl rushes wildly into the most extravagant fashions and has an overdressed appearance, as if her gowns belonged to a *mannequin* rather than to herself.

Another source of misunderstanding is the ease with which the American woman assimilates the superficial froth of any subject. A review of a book supplies her with full material for an exhaustive argument; an Englishwoman who has *read* the book would not voice such authoritative statements! But it does not follow that the Englishwoman's judgment is worse nor her intelligence duller than her American prototype.

The diffidence of the Englishwoman throws up the assurance of the American into a striking light and a light which is enhanced by the Englishwoman's interest in and an openly shown admiration for her brilliant cousin, and in return the Americans who grow to know the English almost invariably feel for them a very deep and genuine affection.

The Americans in London are rather driven on themselves by our extraordinary lack of knowledge of American affairs. Roosevelt is a well-known name here, and his personality distinctly popular, but beyond him our acquaintance with American politicians ceases absolutely. We know none of them by name. We take absolutely no interest in American society, save when the report of some freak dinner is cabled, when we shrug our shoulders as at the pranks of children. We attach no importance to the American stage, nor indeed to its art of any kind, save, perhaps, literature. We do not consider so much as the possibility of there being great pictures or great music from their shores. We feel a vague and sketchy interest in the doings of the trusts and the negro question, but we

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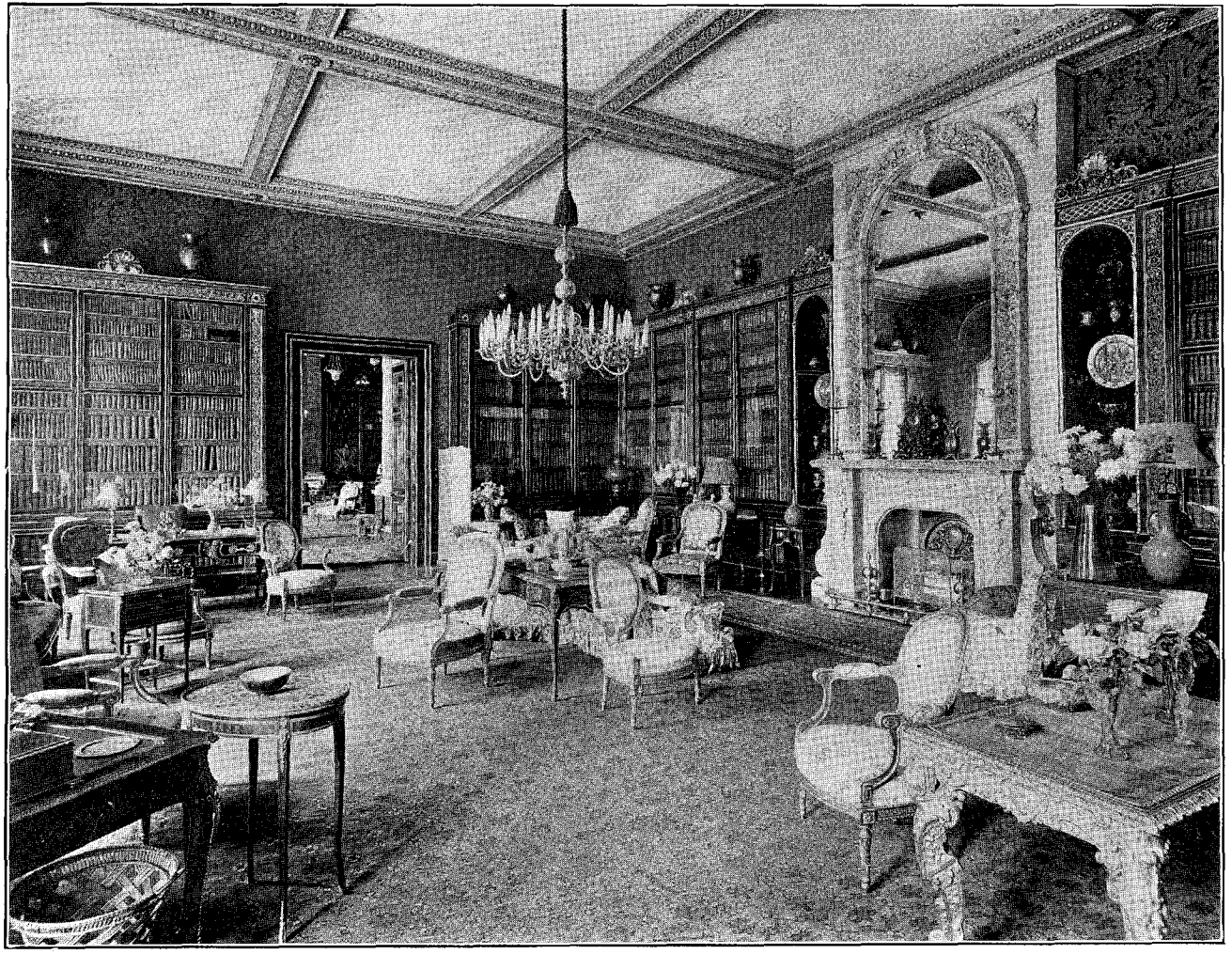

THE LIBRARY IN DORCHESTER HOUSE

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MRS. POTTER-PALMER'S TOWN HOUSE

know very little about them, and our knowledge of American history is nil: it is not taught in our schools. Let it be remembered that in most of the elements of national life America has no past to speak of; it has no traditions to match with ours; and we worship tradition!

Consequently, the Americans turn to one another for the more intimate companionship which, owing to our ignorance, we fail to give them; and this keeps up in them a patriotic sentiment which otherwise they might well lose. For all Americans who live here have a fair knowledge of our political situation and civic life. This is due rather to their inherent curiosity than to their sympathy with English doings; and the American colony does not take much active part in national interests, watching and criticising, but holding aloof. Their patriotism, however, principally manifests itself in the observance of the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day. These are never forgotten, however long they may have lived here, and many public dinners, attended exclusively by Americans, are held on these occasions. They cling, indeed, most tenaciously to their native diet, so tenaciously that American bars and restaurants to hotels which serve American dishes have sprung up all over the city in response to their demand; while in American households the menus remain rigidly American, and the various big stores have been forced also to import the various goods indigenous to American soil. American cereals, canned and patent foods now flood the English market.

In another part of London life, however, the American gift of dominance and leadership is strikingly demonstrated—that is, the social side. The very real and penetrating influence of the American conquest of "society" is extraordinary, and particularly so because the triumph of the American woman has been quite as much a triumph of personality as of dollars. The women who have brought the greatest fortunes to this country are not by any means the greatest social powers.

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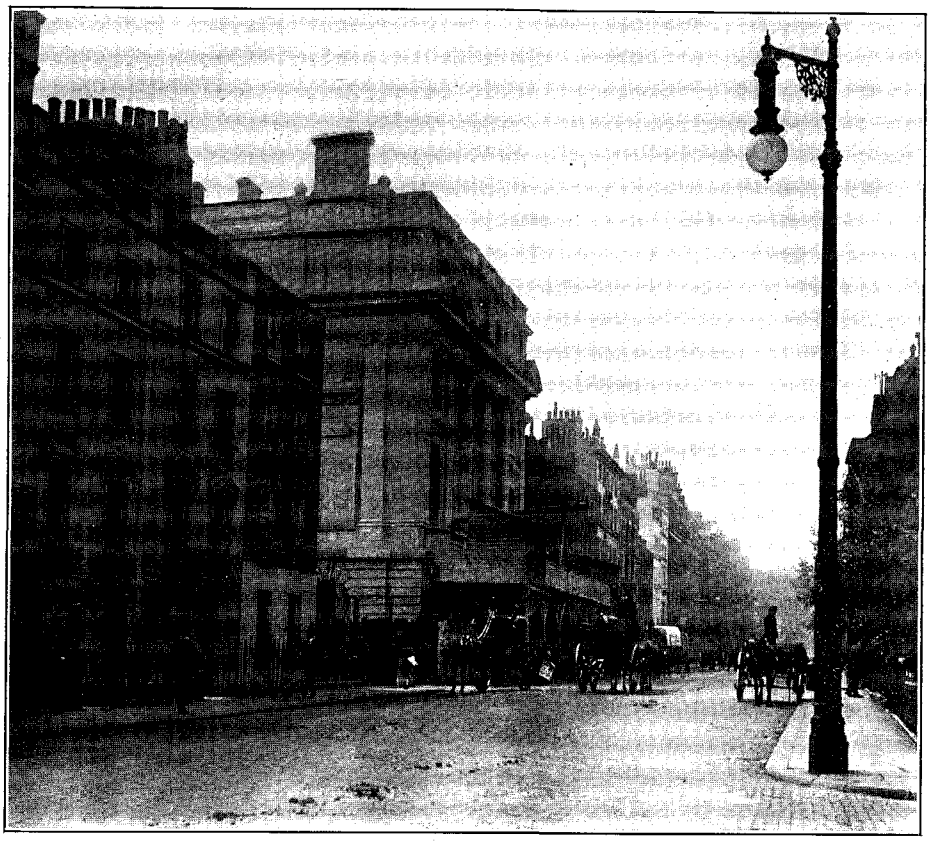

SUNDERLAND HOUSE. THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S TOWN HOUSE

So subtle and yet so definite are the relative positions occupied by the various American women who have married into our aristocracy, that it may be interesting to take a bird's-eye glance at the place they occupy in the social scale.

It must be first explained that there is only one real social leader in Great Britain—the Duchess of Devonshire. Old and feeble as she now is, with a strong German accent, which very decidedly betrays her origin, there is no woman who can begin to compete with her for the social influence she wields. She controls the Court.

Next to her come her immediate little set, who are nearly all Americans, and among whom the first place is undoubtedly taken by the beautiful and brilliant daughters of Antonio Ysnaga of Louisiana, whom the Duchess of Devonshire chaperoned and introduced into society. Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, with her sisters, Miss Emily Ysnaga, who lives with her, and Lady Lister-Kaye, stand in the very front of the people who rule. The King's favourite hostess, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, is always where the Court is; she is one of the wittiest and cleverest women in society, and through some gift of personality which it is impossible to explain takes precedence without question among the leaders of the smartest set, though she takes no trouble to maintain this prestige, gives no enormous balls or fêtes, and until her eldest brother died a few years ago, leaving her sole residuary legatee, was even in straitened circumstances.

But leadership is a matter of personality, and Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, has, next to the Duchess of Devonshire, the greatest social power in England. Lady Lister-Kaye is another

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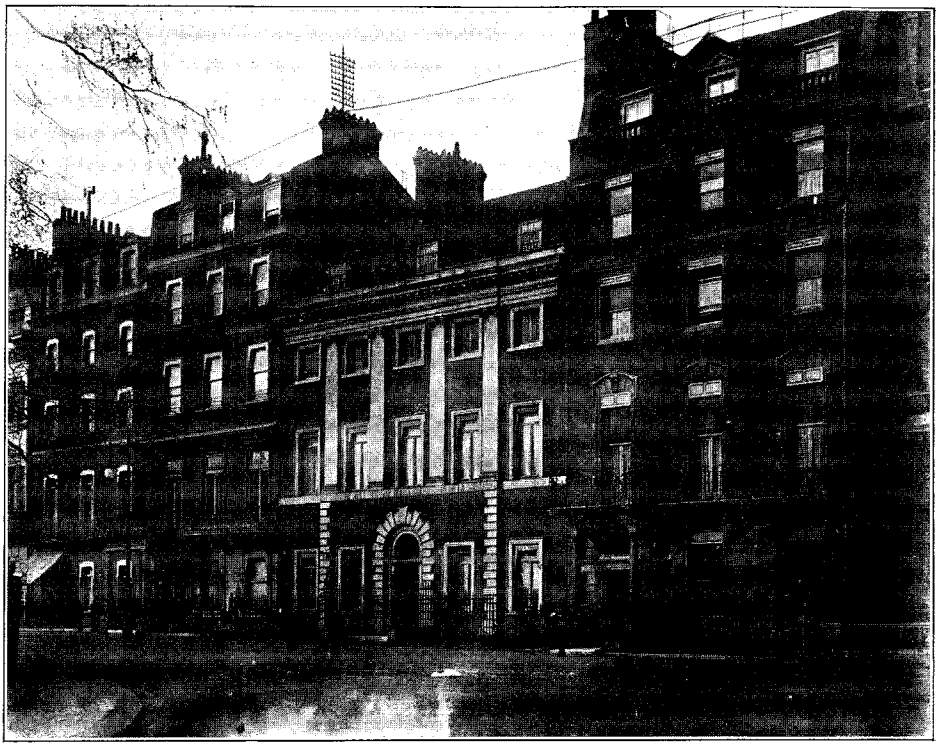

"JACK" MORGAN'S HOUSE. GROSVENOR SQUARE

striking personality. Dark, calm and beautiful, she is one of the most patrician-looking women in English society. She is very deeply intellectual, with keen international sympathies, and is universally respected. In touch with and among all the smartest elements of the social scale, she yet preserves a strong vein of seriousness, which renders her a very distinctive figure. Centred around her sister and herself are a little group of Americans, all of whom most distinctly "count." The foremost, perhaps, is Mrs. George West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill (Miss Jerome of New York). Extremely popular among her friends on account of her vivacity and high spirits, she also has a quite extraordinary reputation with the British public for intellectual gifts and powers of organisation. In the inner recesses of society, those who are in the inner circle say that Mrs. West's sister, Mrs. Jack Leslie (also a Miss Jerome), possesses quite as much ability as that with which Mrs. George West is credited; that it was Mrs. Leslie, indeed, who did the greater portion of the work of organising the hospital ship the *Maine*, and that the devotion of Lady Randolph's first husband, and of her son, Winston Churchill, now Under Secretary for the Colonies, has given her what is principally reflected glory. Be that as it may, her popularity among her friends is as unbounded as her public reputation for a colossal intellect; and as a social force she is in the front rank.

The Duchess of Manchester (Helen Zimmerman) has stepped into this innermost circle by reason of the great affection which her mother-in-law, Consuelo, the dowager duchess, feels for the young American girl who has set her scapegrace son upon his feet and made a man of him. The young duke and duchess spend most of their time in Ireland, being very fond of outdoor life. They have no London house, always staying with Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, when in town. The important position occupied by the

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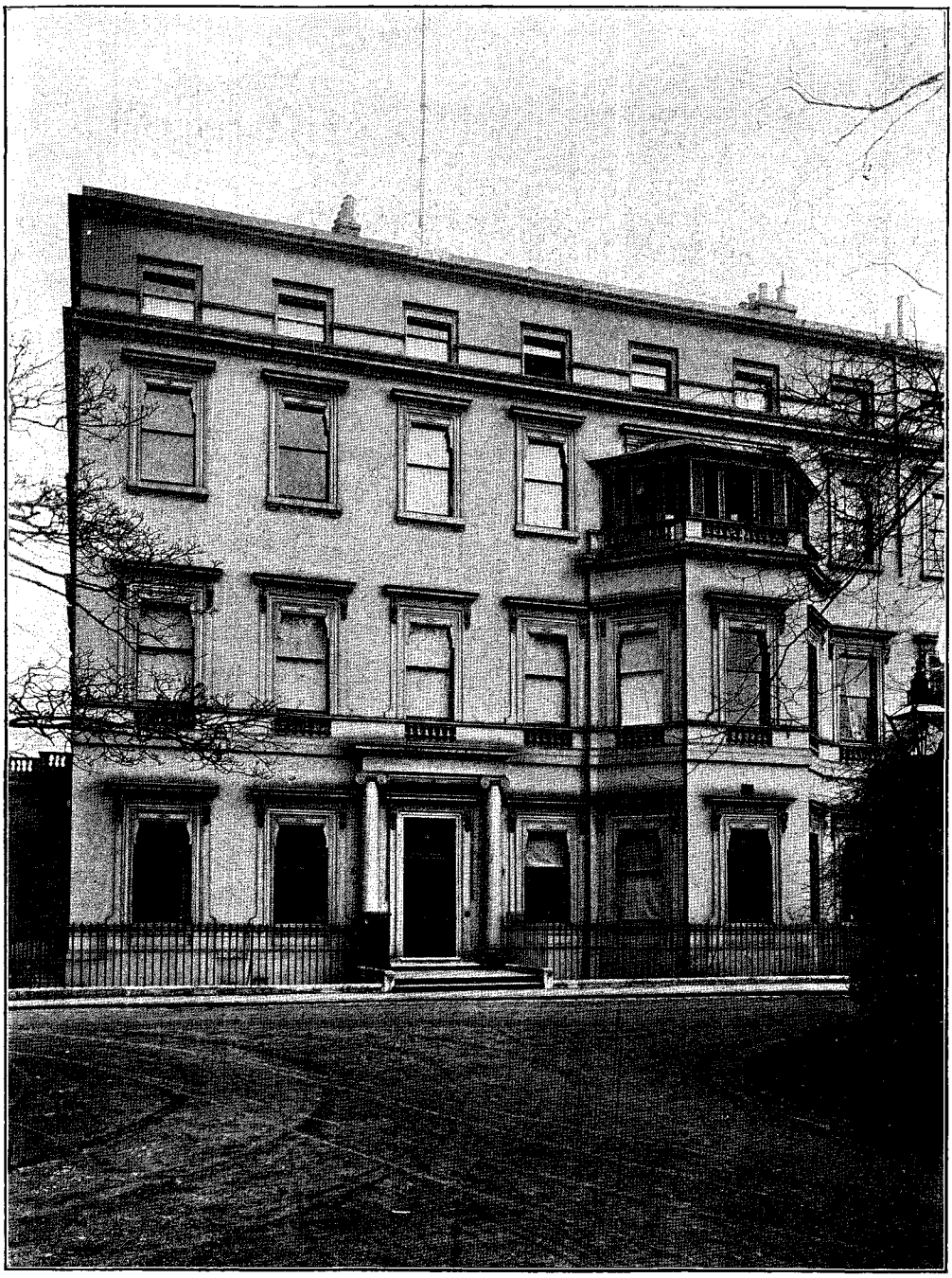

THE HOUSE OF FORMER AMBASSADOR CHOATE IN CARLTON TERRACE

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THE NEW TOWN HOUSE OF THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER

Situated in aristocratic Grosvenor Square. It is furnished sumptuously and contains a room designed exclusively for the bridge parties which the Dowager Duchess gives so frequently for King Edward

young duchess is due to her popularity with the little circle into which she married; she is a sensible, unassuming young woman, who does not seem to trouble her head at all with social aspirations. She takes her position quite simply and naturally, is devoted to her son and husband, and is one of the most pleasantly representative types of the American girl.

Mrs. Ronalds (Mary Frances Carter, of Boston) is another American whose name is of first value to the society papers. Her Sunday afternoons are a standing feature of the season and present one of the most amazing sights to the stranger. Crowded with the very smartest and most notable personages, her rooms also swarm with absolutely the most illustrious "stars" of the musical world, who press forward to perform, almost fighting one another for the opportunity! The privilege being granted, the *artiste*, however great, faces a room throbbing with so furious a din of conversation that the musician finds it difficult to even hear himself. Yet there is

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no more certain sign of musical distinction that can be gained by an *artiste* than to appear at Mrs. Ronald's Sundays. To find one's name in the papers next morning as having sung or played at Mrs. Ronald's is—to have arrived! Moreover, to still appear at Mrs. Ronald's season after season shows that one has not dropped out, supplanted by the newer stars. In an absolutely different category from such social leaders is the Duchess of Marlborough. She counts not through her "leadership" nor through her "set," but because of a personality which has won national appreciation and respect. It has been said of her that of all our duchesses she best upholds the finest English traditions. Yet the absolute certainty of herself, which gives her her wonderful dignity and grace, is surely an American possession. It is almost impossible to explain the hold which the Duchess of Marlborough has gained upon the British public. Intensely, painfully shy when she made her *entrée* here, she has developed perfect poise, while retaining her old reserve. She is one of the few social personages who absolutely sets her face against advertisement of any kind. Her charities are as secret as they are boundless. All the ingenuity of the newspaper world cannot discover one quarter of the good which her immediate home friends know her to confer upon those whom she judges to be worthy. Her Christmas celebrities at Woodstock are on a gigantic scale, though no word is ever allowed to penetrate into the press. More and more she seems turning from society to undertake the deeper responsibilities of her wealth and her position: she is now devoting herself to the creation of a home for the wives and daughters of prisoners, which is to be shortly opened.

But while the Duchess of Marlborough, if she liked, could exert unrivalled power, it would never enter her head to desire, much less to stoop to, competition with any one for social influence, and the reported threatened rivalry of May Goelet, when she became Duchess of Roxburgh, was dismissed without consideration by those who knew how remote the duchess was from competition!

As a matter of fact, the Duchess of Roxburgh's social importance will be far greater in the future than it is at present. She is almost the only American who enjoys the friendship of the Princess of Wales, whose dislike for Americans in general is common property. She and the prince are going to pay a visit in the autumn to Floors Castle, the ancestral home of the Roxburghs, which is being decorated and modernised in honour of the occasion on a truly regal scale, the cost being estimated at $625,000, for even the park and gardens are being completely altered.

Next in importance among Americans in the smart world come perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin and their daughter, the Countess of Craven, who is her mother's right hand in the magnificent entertainments which Mrs. Bradley Martin delights to give. The Countess of Essex (Adela Grant), the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava (Flora Davis), the Countess of Donoughmore (Elena Grace) and Lady Naylor-Leyland (Jane Chamberlain) are prominent personalities in the smart world, all being pretty, bright and attractive women. None of these, however, possesses anything like the social power of the Manchester and Marlborough contingents. They have acquired indisputable positions for themselves, but they cannot determine anybody else's social cachet, nor do they set the fashion in any direction.

Of far greater social prominence are Americans like Miss van Wart, famed for her charities and her charming entertainments at her house in Curzon Street, or Mrs. Adair (Cornelia Wadsworth) and her sister, Lady Barrymore, widow of Arthur Post, of New York, whose daughter, Miss Post, is one of our most popular and noticeable débutantes. Here again is a proof of the superiority of personality to mere rank, these three ladies, and particularly Mrs. Adair, wielding great influence in the inner social ring.

On the other hand, several prominent American millionaires, albeit they have taken up their residence in England, can scarcely be said to have established themselves in public or social popularity. Andrew Carnegie is the most popular, certainly the best known of American millionaires, owing to the libraries he scatters "over flood and field," like a philan-

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thropic Puck, such libraries not always being very thankfully received by the local ratepayers who have to upkeep them. But he is a reserved person and does not figure much in either public or private life. Skibo Castle is conducted on much too austere a régime to please social butterflies, the Victorian tradition of "no smoking" being rigidly upheld. Society had to submit to its late ruler, but even Carnegie's millions cannot suppress the English love of freedom and of comfort. Mrs. Carnegie is never heard of.

Pierpont Morgan owns a fine house in Princes Gate, where he stores marvellous art treasures, and his son has also a town house; but though they are known among the Americans, no social interest is attached to them. To exercise real influence, Americans, however wealthy, must *marry* into English families and become members of the great "family party" of society.

This fact, indeed, marks a significant thing in English life, and that is the dominance of the male in wealthy or aristocratic circles, and particularly of the English male. An ambitious American man who married an English peeress would not be in anything like the same position as an American woman who married an English peer. There is still a tacit understanding that the wife is the property of the husband, consequently the American wife becomes one of the "possessions" of her husband, and as such is accepted graciously by all his family. Family ties are very patent here. English society is so closely interrelated and so extremely clannish that the *only* successful way of entry is through marriage!

It is true this possessive theory, this elimination of personal independence and acceptance as a part of the family, past, present and future, has sometimes proved rather galling to proud, spirited American women, for, feeling no sense of hereditary obligation, they are not inclined to set aside their personal desires, even their personal dignity, for the sake of his fetich of "The Family."

If they have any desire to remain in England, however, and in society, they find this "family" tradition is so deep in the hearts of all their associates that they are eventually forced to give in to its claims. For the society that fêted an American wife fêted her as a wife and not only as a woman.

On the other hand, it must be said that English families take very kindly to the introduction of American relatives by marriage, and, as we have shown, American women often assimilate completely with their "families," becoming the guiding and directing power.

William Waldorf Astor is of course the proprietor of various English periodicals, and is completely domiciled here. "Walled-off Astor" he is termed in the neighbourhood of Clieveden, his country estate, from the high, broken-glass-topped brick wall with which he has surrounded his grounds and disfigured the beautiful country, in acute contrast to the more generous custom of the neighbouring landowners, whose woods and parkland are separated from the road by a sunk ditch or low wooden paling. He has, however, lately given over Clieveden to his son on the occasion of young Astor's marriage, to the great disapproval of the servants on the estate. It is possible, however, that the Astors may still come into social prominence. The son has social ambitions, and is now busily engaged in transforming all the bedroom floors in Clieveden into self-contained flats, each possessing an actual outer door which locks, and through which admittance can only be obtained by ringing, so that young Mr. Astor's guests may enjoy full privacy! Rumours of a sensational marriage between William Waldorf Astor and a gay and beautiful young countess are also on the tapis, and if this happen great developments may be expected in the Astors' social scale.

Other people who occupy space in the American newspapers but are held of very little importance here are such people as the Countess of Yarmouth and the Leiters. The Earl of Yarmouth has long since forfeited national esteem. An earl who earns his living by skirt dancing somehow does not fit with English ideas as to what is "convenable," and his wife's personality has not proved sufficiently virile to raise him into favour. The Leiters did not win favour in India, where their arrogance was only on a par with their unfitness in every possible way for

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the prominence they were given—or assumed. The well-known story of Mrs. Leiter's malapropism on the occasion of a fancy-dress ball, when she explained that she was taking the rôle of a nun, and her husband, to follow suit, was going "in the garbage of a monk," may possibly explain this. It is said, however, that now that Miss Daisy Leiter is the Countess of Suffolk she is improving greatly, becoming much more dignified, though it will take some years yet before she can be said to be firmly established socially. It is probable that many of the stories told about her are exaggerated, but such vivid pictures as a breakfast appearance in a short white piqué skirt, pink flannel blouse, and ropes of pearls hanging to her knees, live long in public memory.

Mrs. Potter-Palmer's conquest of society is comparatively recent, and she is still too much in the position of storming the citadel (albeit she has made a very distinct impression) to be considered as a leader. The newest "arrival" seems to be a Mrs. Glasgow, who has just taken a house in Berkeley Square, decorated it at fabulous expense, and whom society journalists expect will be one of the most important names this season.

Lady Abinger (Helen Magruder), the Countess of Egmont (Kate Howell), Baroness Fairfax (Mary Kirby), Viscountess Falkland (Mary Reade), Lady Gordon-Cumming (Florence Gardner), Lady Grey-Egerton (May Cuyler), Baroness Halkett (Sarah Stokes), Lady Harcourt (Elizabeth Motley), Lady Monson (Romaine Stone), Hon. Mrs. Mostyn (Blanche Melbourne), Lady Wolseley (Anita Murphy), are only some of the names that occur to me as I write, at least a hundred American women bearing titles being at present in this country.

The fact of greatest significance is that the fashionable London world is practically completely controlled by a group of American women, who have taken the place which one would expect to be filled by English peeresses; while the young Duchess of Marlborough has penetrated into the most reserved circles of our aristocracy and there, as some one remarked of her, "seems as if she had come into her own."

The unabashed independence of these American recruits to our aristocracy constitutes indeed the secret of their success. They adopt customs not because they are overawed and submissive, but because it gives them pleasure to adopt them, because they think the customs "cunning." American women always preserve an air of independent detachment from their surroundings, from which post of vantage they can look out (and very keen and practical is their point of view) and "size up" the new mode of life. This pleasant independence, this perennial alertness and self-confidence, has a quite magnetic effect on their surroundings, and the American woman continues to be one of the brightest and most fascinating elements of English social life.

Let it be clearly understood, however, that the English people attach no importance whatsoever to American social distinctions. The greatest social parvenu of New York has as much chance of success in London as any leader of the Four Hundred; granted sufficient possession of personality and money, the most recently arrived of American "climbers" starts with no handicap. Perhaps it is that the birth tradition still holds here in spite of the rapidly growing democracy; and matched against the traditions of our great English houses, the greatest pretensions of your "colonial dames" only appears to us a very remote cousinship. The tradition of the superimportance of the eldest son and reigning branch is very strong here, and those of the early settlers of America who belonged to our old families were only very "younger sons." Consequently we attach small importance to American pedigrees, and accept their owners as citizens of a cheerfully democratic nation in which, we hold, no class distinctions worthy of consideration reign!

(To be concluded)

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THE SOCIAL FABRIC AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

HERE are some moods and phases of life of which the reader is quick to feel the presence or the lack in a novel, without always being able to find just the phrase needed to express them. A case in point is offered by the ability which just a few novelists possess to make us conscious of the countless subtle class distinctions, the infinite shading off of social strata, all the little unspoken rules of precedence, the secret sense of superiority, or the ostentatious snobbishness which in every community, large or small, in monarchy or democracy, in one way or another, make themselves felt, and which, for lack of a more specific term, have here been summed up under the vague but comprehensive phrase of the Social Fabric. It is one of those things for which you could not lay down convenient working rules for amateur novelists. A writer must be keenly sensitive to his own social environment, or he will largely miss it. As a general rule, you will find a subtler recognition of the intricacies of the Social Fabric in novels by women than by men; and naturally so, because in daily life the average woman is more keenly conscious of such distinctions than the average man. You find it a more prominent feature of English than of American novels, because in a land of titled peers and landed gentry it is well-nigh impossible to write anything approaching a novel of manners, to use a valuable and much neglected term, without taking into account all the infinite gradations of society. And yet, even in a small New England village, where every one knows his neighbour's family history almost better than he knows his own, and all trace their descent in straight lines from the Pilgrim Fathers, you will still find certain social dividing lines, based perhaps on the relative size of bank accounts, certain families who are just without the pale, certain streets that are viewed with dubious eyes.

Strictly speaking, all such local gradations of society form part and parcel of what we mean when we speak of the *milieu*, the environment; and the novelists who really belong in the first rank are careful to make us feel the part which the unwritten social code of any particular community has played in moulding the character of the men and women who have grown up within its sphere of influence. In Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and in Miss Austen's *Emma* we are equally made to feel how large a part of the daily life is prescribed for every one of the characters, how many things they dare not do, how many others they dare not refrain from doing, because the warp and woof of the social fabric follows a certain definite and foreordained pattern. It was one of the peculiar merits of the older English fiction that it bestowed a care upon the social atmosphere such as one rarely finds in modern novels. Perhaps the chief reason why that good old phrase, novel of manners, has fallen into disuse is that the novel of manners in its earlier sense is nowadays seldom written. In this respect the modern psychological school of fiction has had an influence that is far from salutary. The analytical novelist, interested primarily in feeling the pulse of the emotions and vivisecting the human soul, often cares no more about the outside social influences which have made a certain man and woman what they are than the biologist cares about the infancy of the rabbits he inoculates with typhoid germs. The one interest which the average psychologue has in that particular man and woman is in finding out what they are to-day, not how they have become so, and in studying their pathological changes after they have become inoculated with some particular form of moral or spiritual unrest. But the highest type of analytical novelist is not satisfied with this sort of experimentalism. Like the skilled neuropath, he

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must know profoundly the antecedents of his subjects before he will venture upon a diagnosis. The reason why Henry James is to-day unrivalled for the subtlety of his analysis of human hearts is that he believes that no single thread of the Social Fabric into which the lives of his characters are wrought is too slender, too insignificant, to be followed up.

But there are many novelists who, while thoroughly awake to the importance of environment as an explanation of character, think that they have done all that is necessary when they have shown the effect which it has exerted upon a certain man or woman during the impressionable formative years, and quite forget that its force is cumulative, that it still continues to exert a steady, unyielding pressure upon that man or that woman just so long as they remain within its sphere of influence. When a horse has been broken to harness, his time of service is not over: it has only just begun. He has learned to pace obediently along a prescribed course, but, lest he forget, the guiding reins are there, and the collar and the traces, daily curbing his spirit and habituating him to the narrow drudgery of routine. Every human being is in a certain sense broken to the harness of local custom, narrow prejudice, social convention; and, lest they forget, there is always the curb of public opinion, the lash of sharp-tongued gossip. As between two novelists, one of whom tells us that a man commits a certain act because he was born and brought up in a certain village, while the other tells us that this same man would not have committed that specified act, in spite of his bringing up, if it were not for the fact that public opinion is still hanging over him like a whip, the second of these two is the clearer observer and the truer artist.

Take, for instance, a specific case in some village where the proverbial New England conscience is especially rampant. Divorce, let us say, is one of the cardinal sins, according to the creed of that particular village; within the memory of the oldest inhabitant no man or woman within its boundaries has even ventured to entertain the possibility of a divorce. And suddenly the news spreads that Mrs. Smith is divorcing her husband. What will be the attitude of Mrs. Brown, reared in the rigid social creed of her environment, toward her former dear friend, Mrs. Smith? The novelist who really understands the workings of human nature will not be satisfied with showing that on account of her early training Mrs. Brown cannot bring herself to condone Mrs. Smith's bold act; but he will go a step further and show that, in spite of her early training, Mrs. Brown longs eagerly to condone it, indeed that she is a dozen times on the brink of doing so, and every time is dragged back again, against her will, by the check-rein of her neighbour's opinion.

"The Country House"

The book which directly suggested the foregoing line of thought is *The Country House*, by John Galsworthy. Readers who have already made the acquaintance of this author through the medium of *The Man of Property* need not be told that he is one of the very few contemporary English novelists who take fiction with the proper seriousness and produce volumes which are in the finer sense "criticisms of life." It is not so much what happens that really counts in fact or in fiction—what does count is the way that people accept the things which happen. There may, perhaps, be nothing literally new under the sun in the way of concrete facts; but in their reaction upon the minds of men and women there is something perennially new. The episode around which *The Country House* has been written is one of the commonplaces of fiction: a woman with too much temperament unhappily tied to a man of coarse nature and dissolute habits; the inevitable Other Man, sympathetic friendship drifting steadily along the course of danger; then the foreseen catastrophe and the impending divorce. If the story of George Pendyce and Helen Bellew were the only interest or even the central interest of *The Country House*, there would have been small purpose in writing it, and no purpose at all in discussing it here. But what Mr. Galsworthy has done is to use this episode of human frailty much as a scientist uses a germ culture, to study its effect

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upon others. The central interest is the little world of English country life, within a few miles' radius of the village of Worsted Skeynes, and more especially the world which circles round the ancient and honourable house of Pendyce. It is a wonderfully vivid and detailed picture of stolid and complacent British conservatism, a consistent worship of the God of Things as They Are. Mr. Horace Pendyce, the present head of the house, is shown to us as a man whose daily prayer is, "Make me such a man as my father was before me, and make my son after me such a man as I am to-day." But it happens that his eldest son George is not in the least such a man as his father, or he never could have so far forgotten his duty to the traditional honour of the name of Pendyce as to bring upon it the stain of a divorce suit. The episode of George's love for Helen Bellew is sketched in between the lines, as it were, in something of the indirect, intangible fashion that Mr. James adopted for showing us Chad Newsome's similar experience in *The Ambassadors*. Mr. Galsworthy has a trick of saying a great deal very much to the point in just one illuminating phrase, as where he makes another woman define Helen Bellew as "one of those women you never can look at without seeing that she has a—a—body." You catch fugitive glimpses of the lovers, now in the gloom of a conservatory, now in the tawdry seclusion of some isolated restaurant; but even these glimpses are not direct, they are reflected through the eyes of some third person, the horrified gaze of the rector of Worsted Skeynes, or the obsequious glance of the cross-eyed, consumptive waiter as he "lays her cloak upon her with adoring hands." But what we do see, in the full, clear light of day, is the consternation that overspreads the world of Worsted Skeynes; the disarrangement of an intricate and delicately adjusted social order; the break in a family tradition; the wrong done by the future master of Worsted Skeynes, not to the woman, not to himself, but to the name he bears. That is the point of view upon which Mr. Galsworthy turns the full, white light of his vigorous style. The one thing that the elder Pendyce fears more than all else at this juncture is that "George may stand by her," may even want eventually to marry her, and thus bring an evil strain into the future generations of Pendyce. But, like so many situations in real life, matters adjust themselves quite simply and a great deal of anxiety has been expended for nothing. The lady wearies of the attachment, the divorce proceedings are dropped, the dignity of the house of Pendyce is saved, and behind it all we perceive Mr. Galsworthy's ironic smile at the injustice and the follies of the Social Fabric.

"Fanshawe of the Fifth"

Another book that it is really a pleasure to discuss in connection with the whole question of presenting life as an intricate and finely woven web is *Fanshawe of the Fifth*, by Ashton Hilliers. In a certain sense the book is an anachronism, not because its action takes place a century ago and its atmosphere is that of the eighteenth century, but because as a piece of literary work it is a deliberate and remarkably clever imitation of a bygone style of composition, so clever indeed that it necessarily limits its audience to those whose taste in fiction is conservatively old-fashioned. It is not a direct reproduction of Fielding or of Smollett or of Sterne, though it contains something of all three, and leaves the impression that it might really have been written by some one who had lived in the days when *Tom Jones* and *Roderick Random* and *Tristram Shandy* were freshly issued from the press. Especially old-fashioned is it in its complete lack of hurry, its tendency, inherited from the *picaresco* school, to break away at any moment from the main theme to watch a good fight, to hear a good tale, to meet some odd, entertaining character whose rôle in the principal story is quite subordinate. But if you read the book indulgently, with the same leisurely patience with which you must approach a real eighteenth-century novel, you will be repaid. A detailed picture opens up before you of that old, bygone life of stage-coaches and highwaymen and wayside inns, the days when a gentleman's quarrel was still settled with crossed swords, and men were still hanged for the theft

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of a few shillings. The plot is not a vital one, but that is of small moment, because the plot is never the centre of interest; your enjoyment of the book may be best compared to that of watching a crowd from a safe vantage ground, seeing a motley throng jostling elbows, now good-naturedly and again roused to unreasoning anger and violence. The plot is simply an excuse for the book's existence, a conventional thread upon which to string the varicoloured beads of successive episodes. "Fanshawe of the Fifth," the hero calls himself, though his career as an officer and his active connection with the "Fifth" forms only a brief chapter in his memoirs, and is important only in so far as its rather inglorious conclusion was the immediate cause of his being disinherited and finding himself, a "person of quality," forced to choose between starvation and working for a living, tramping the byways of England and accepting the most menial labour that chance afforded. It is this varied and enforced Odyssey which makes possible a constant and diverting shift of scene, a contact with all sorts and conditions of people, a bird's-eye view of life on a very broad scale indeed, a general summing up of the social conditions of Great Britain a century ago that, although executed with a light touch, was no light task to accomplish. *Fanshawe of the Fifth* is a book to be cordially commended to the consideration of the discriminating few.

"Barbara Rebell"

Whether judged as a portrayal of the intricate reticulations of social life or simply as a history of individual lives, *Barbara Rebell*, by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, gives the impression of having been constructed with a care and a broad worldly knowledge which should have produced a book that would really count. For this reason the present opinion is probably not quite adequate. It is an axiom of all fair criticism that the first essential step is to determine what an author has tried to do, and in this particular case the reviewer frankly confesses that he has been unable to do so. Very possibly this is largely the reviewer's fault. The book is of the class of novels which begin with the heroine's infancy and work their way up by leaps and bounds. We first meet Barbara Rebell on her tenth birthday, domiciled in France, and leading rather a joyless and isolated life. Her family connections from first to last all seem to have the inconvenient faculty of getting themselves under a cloud. Her father, Richard Rebell, has been driven out of England by the generally credited report that he had cheated at cards; his cousin, Mme. Sampiero, Barbara's godmother, is separated from her husband and living openly with another man, Lord Bosworth. Just why we are introduced to all this irregularity and social ostracism in Barbara's childhood, excepting to explain how she acquired a Continental education and a good knowledge of French, is one of the things about the book's construction that are hard to understand. She certainly does not learn in the school of adversity how to order her own life wisely, for when we meet her again, a dozen years later, she has made the same blunder her godmother made before her, married the wrong sort of man, and is glad to separate from him and come home to England, where her godmother, now old and paralysed, is the only surviving relative to receive her and give her a home. Barbara the woman is a much more interesting personality than Barbara the child; indeed, she has character and temperament and a good deal else, and quite convinces us she is the sort of person who would attract to her the love and loyalty of numerous men, just as the author tells us that she does. The men, however, are not interesting—not even James Berwick, the son of her godmother's lover, Lord Bosworth, and we find it hard to believe that she really brought herself to the point of eloping to France with Berwick exactly as Mme. Sampiero years before eloped to France with Berwick's father. But even this is easier to believe than the sequel. It turns out that the elopement is not "consummated," to paraphrase a familiar legal expression. At this point in the story the reviewer began to rack his memory for some other novel of recent years in which an elopement across the channel was frustrated *in transitu*. It was—what was it?—

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why, of course, *Lady Rose's Daughter!* And with the tardy memory of that book came an awakening light upon the general character of *Barbara Rebell.* Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes belongs to the school of Mrs. Humphry Ward; she has in a milder degree many of the qualities and the faults of the author of *Robert Elsmere.* She may have a less profound knowledge of human nature, but on the whole she can be read with less mental fatigue.

"The Whirlwind"

Mr. Eden Phillpotts owes his reputation quite as much to his keen understanding of the social standards and by-laws of the Dartmoor peasantry as to the beauty and variety of his verbal landscape painting. His new volume, *The Whirlwind,* is not to be numbered among his strongest books. It is not on a level with *The Children of the Mist* or *The Silent Woman.* There is less spontaneity of character drawing; his men and his women lack the vital individuality of the earlier volumes; they suggest something stereotyped and worked over from earlier impressions. The central plot is not merely repellent, but difficult of acceptance. Many personages have speaking parts in the drama, but only three are intimately concerned: the Master, the Man and the Man's Wife. Imagine a splendid specimen of physical manhood, a young giant exulting in his strength, a true son of the soil, slow of speech and of thought; and in the woman he marries he finds a mate physically worthy of him. But intellectually the woman and he are not quite on the same plane. She has a restless, inquiring turn of mind; she has her private doubts about many things, about religion, about social conventions, about the established order of things. She is happy in her love for her husband, her daily round of duties; she will never make her own unhappiness. But it happens that the Master, sickly, selfish, doomed to a short life, is attracted by her splendid womanhood, and will take her for himself. His is the old, familiar argument of Iago, "He who is robbed, not wanting what is stolen, let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all." If she consents all the great estate, all that splendid piece of moorland where her husband now toils for another, will become his own as soon as the brief span of its present owner's life has run its course. And the woman, for the sake of her husband's material gain, consents. This is what we find difficult to believe. Mr. Phillpotts should have wrought his woman of a coarser clay if he wanted us to believe that she would suffer herself to be put to so base a service.

"Needles and Pins"

The popular success of *If I Were King* has not unnaturally tempted Justin Huntly McCarthy to sift over once again the scanty fragments of tradition that cluster around the name of François Villon; and the result is *Needles and Pins,* which the publisher's announcement defines as "a story of romance, chivalry and combat." Before proceeding to consider the merits of *Needles and Pins* as a novel of entertainment, one may be pardoned for venturing the opinion that to those who find solace and delight in the immortal verse of the Poet Vagabond there is a touch of irreverence in thus disinterring, as it were, the scattered remains of his wayward life, and stringing them together, to dance for the amusement of the public. Of Villon the man so little is really known that one wonders at the sort of courage which would venture to construct even a single novel around his name and fame. Nevertheless, *Needles and Pins* is an accomplished fact; and, judged by popular standards, it is not an unworthy successor to *If I Were King.* It takes up the poet's career from the point of time when legend and Mr. McCarthy between them make him the Lord of Montcorbier and the husband of the overbearing beauty, Katherine de Vaucelles. To live up to the demands of his new station, to satisfy the expectations of his wife, to remember that he may no longer safely espouse the cause of the beggars and outlaws, the sickly and the destitute—all this is too much for the erstwhile thief and vagabond to learn at a single lesson. Indeed, Mr. McCarthy makes it quite plain that a large part of the lesson his hero has not the slightest intention of ever learning at all. The tale is told with

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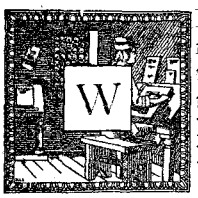
quiet humour, sympathy, and an underlying vein of poetry that lends a definite charm to many of the pages. Its general character might be best epitomised as a variant upon the *Taming of the Shrew motif*—although one questions at the end whether Villon's task is really accomplished, or whether the struggle may not have to start in again *da capo*.

"The Long Road."

One does not expect, in the typical tale of Siberia, where the usual themes of Russian oppression and brutality are uppermost, to find any very careful work in the way of a picture of social refinements and distinctions. Indeed, in such a story as *The Long Road,* by John Oxenham, a detailed study of manners and customs would not only be impracticable but out of keeping. It would detract attention from the central theme, which is the history of a life-long martyrdom, the accomplishment of a malignant revenge. Stepan Ivanovitch Iline is the son of a political exile, whose earliest memories are of long days of enforced marches through the interminable Siberian snows. But since then he has prospered, is happily married, and has a happy home and a successful trade in Irkutsk—until one day he incurs the enmity of the vindictive and relentless governor of the province. The latter's ingenuity hits upon a peculiarly infamous vengeance. One day Stepan receives an order to go upon the governor's business to a distant town. When he arrives there the chief of police shows another order decreeing that for the rest of his life Stepan shall be at liberty to travel anywhere in Siberia except to his old home of Irkutsk, but that he may never upon any condition whatsoever remain in any one place for more than ten days. He does not immediately take in the whole significance of the decree. It means that he is doomed to be a wanderer for the rest of his life; that he may never have a permanent home, a settled business; that no matter how cold the winters, how deep the snow, how far apart the towns, he must eternally move on every tenth day; though his wife may be dying or his children dead, the decree will unfailingly, inexorably be enforced. This is the theme that is developed into a narrative which one reads with a grim sort of enjoyment. It verges more than once upon melodrama, but at least it pictures the desolation of unbroken stretches of snow with a haunting force not easily to be duplicated in modern fiction.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

MINE ENEMY



WHEN Sanchon heard the news he was busy dictating a communication to his lawyer, in which he exposed with merciless logic and rhetorical fulminations the villainy and deceit of Fulbert. The thing was as plain as daylight. Not a link in his chain of wrathful assault sounded weak or misplaced. The man was a liar, perhaps worse; in any case, a cold-hearted wretch. Sanchon wiped his wet forehead and paused. And then a friend had rushed in with the evening paper. Fulbert was dead! Yes, Fulbert, his chief foe, the foe who had watched and blocked every move in his career, had dropped dead after leaving a newspaper office, where, no doubt, he had written another of his vile critical attacks upon Sanchon's new book.

But Fulbert dead? Sanchon turned toward the open window so as to keep from the others, from his silly friend and his stupid secretary, the smile he couldn't prevent wrinkling his lips. Fulbert dead. At last. How many times had he not secretly wished for this consummation? How many times had he not prayed to some of his gods—he was too artistic for only one—prayed in the night that the

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malicious devil who signed himself boldly "Fulbert" would fall under revolving wheels; would, when besotted by drink, incapacitate himself; would drug himself into imbecility. And now he was dead, dead, the venomous dog! Sanchon faced about, and no longer attempted to conceal his feelings.

"Fulbert dead?" he said in almost a jocular tone; "what in the world will I do for an enemy? You know, Tarver, Fulbert was mine ancient enemy, and I have a theory that a man's enemies do him more good than his friends, and——"

"For Heaven's sake, Sanchon, stop your cold-blooded talk and let the poor devil rest; besides—" he whispered in Sanchon's ear. The other nodded.

"Yes, yes, you are quite right. The girl looked shocked. You may go home, Miss Addie. I sha'n't need you any more to-day." When the pair reached the street Tarver proposed a drink, but Sanchon refused. He did not feel in the humour, he said, and Tarver lifted cynical eyebrows.

"Oh, very well, if you fear the same fate as 'your enemy' Fulbert, I'll leave you to your meditations. I suppose you'll send a wreath to the funeral?"

Sanchon was glad to be alone. What beastly wit! No, he wouldn't send flowers, nor would he write to the widow. He had known her once, long before her marriage to poor Fulbert. Poor Fulbert! Well, why not? The fellow was dead, and as Helen married him, it was her own affair—pshaw! he had never wanted her. Only— Fulbert! that particular man. Why Fulbert? Sanchon walked rapidly, clenching his fists and unconsciously frowning. Several acquaintances passed him. He did not see them. They shrugged shoulders and smiled. Decidedly Sanchon was a queer bird; all writers are queer birds. One man familiarly hooked his arm with a cane.

"Hello there, old chap! I see your friend has passed in his chips. Going to wear crape?"

"Oh, for God's sake," cried Sanchon in a black humour, "don't mock at death."

"Phew!" was all he heard as he turned into a side street, ruminating on that old yet ever new text: Fulbert is dead. . . .

At the end of a fortnight Sanchon suffered from inquietude. Some poison was in his veins. His nerves were playing him tricks. He could not work; instead, stared from his window at the city landscape streaked beneath his twelfth floor. He saw the two rivers meet at the Battery, and he watched the white, fleecy cloud boulders, vanguard of a thunderstorm, move in processional splendour across the lower bay. He did not read, nor could he write. His new book had appeared, and a bare glance at the press-clippings told him that it was being insipidly praised. His friends. Yes, friends that waste the very sinews of a man's soul. Not a club stroke from a hostile critic, not an acid stab from an enemy—an enemy! Had he no longer enemies? Had they all been concentrated in the person of Fulbert, this Fulbert who was dead and cremated? He pondered the idea. His own careless words, like curses, were coming home to roost in his skull. Without an enemy, he had said, a man of talent is like soil unploughed. What an infernal paradox. An enemy? Why, he had them by the scores. Yet not such a master-hand as Fulbert. Fulbert it was who had eagerly awaited his first book, and with a devilishness almost feminine had praised it, pouring into every phrase a double-distilled, corrosive, insincere flattery that withered all it touched. The poor little volume of verse quietly shrivelled up and died. In the face of such diabolic appreciation all friendly criticism must, perforce, pale and seem fatuous. It was a favourite method of the dead man. He alone possessed the subtle syllabic tact for such critical assassinations. And the first novel. That had succumbed to the trumpet-blasts of laughter; laughter consumingly Rabelaisian, ventral laughter pervaded by false good-humour. Focussing a strong light of ridicule upon his ideas, perverting his every intention, caricaturing his heroics, Fulbert had slaughtered Sanchon's book, and withal so merrily that no suspicion attached to the butcher; the butchery itself had been irresistibly comical.

So had it gone on for many years; book after book had been attacked, and always in some surprisingly cruel and original fashion. Fulbert's ingenuity was satanic. He always bowed pleasantly to his vic-

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tim, who could have shot him, he so hated him. Once they had met at a friendly board. Mrs. Fulbert was there, and, as if to show off his critical paces, her husband called over the table to Sanchon:

"Ah, my old friend, the writer. Are you going to give us your usual improvisation to-night?" Mrs. Fulbert turned her head away, and Sanchon, white, though keeping his temper well in hand, swallowed a glass of ice-water, but did not reply.

No wonder he smiled when the news reached him. He felt sorry, of course, for the widow. The critic had died without leaving a penny, after the manner of most popular critics, and the poor lady was forced to leave the city. This he had heard. But what did it concern him? He tried to gloat over his enemy's death. He could not. Fulbert was dead. Ay, and by the same token Sanchon would follow him not so many years later. Perhaps sooner than he expected. He gazed across the East River. The new bridge on the island, with its gaunt giant framework, recalled the image of some heaven-storming archaic machine, some impious tower of Babel full of rebellious god-hating men eager to capture the secret of the skies. Without knowing why, he sighed. Life seemed empty; his hands relaxed nervously, and from them his ambitions slipped away. Why had he not married for love as— Again he thought of Fulbert. Would he have been happier? Wouldn't he have been a better hater? Was he really a good hater? Had he ever hated? Wasn't it all a matter of surface irritation, an author's lacerated vanity? Hadn't Fulbert's attacks stung his sensitive epidermis, forcing him to fight on, urging him to better work, to wider conquests? Would praise have accomplished the like result? He turned to the window in a grim mood and launched his glance toward Long Island.

Over there, over at Fresh Pond, what was once Fulbert now lay enclosed in an urn. He had been cremated. Sanchon could not tear his thoughts away from that urn. In it were the burned bones of his adversary. Mechanically he picked up his hat and went down into the street. Presently he found himself riding across the Williamsburg Bridge.

The approach was like the road to any cemetery. Little houses of one story, with gaping black entrances, displayed horrible mortuary ornaments, metallic wreaths, hideous emblems, banners of supreme ugliness, shafts of marble pointing dirty white fingers to the sky, botched carved angels perched on shapeless lumps of granite—all invited the sentimental poor to purchase. The road was muddy, and opposite the crematory was a huge hostelry for man and beast and mourners, where from several cemeteries as well as the crematory funeral parties met and enjoyed German cooking and various liquids. Oh, the desperate jollity of those gatherings, where tears mingled in beer, where the bereaved were strengthened to forget their woe in an unfeeling world! No matter the doleful faces coming, on going they were red and bore an expression of specious comfort. Every day there was a sepulchral commingle-ment of loud-voiced drivers, busy undertakers, black-robed men, women, and children, hurrying to and fro, gabbling, swallowing excitedly any food put before them; while the waiters, accustomed to this bedlam of grief and thirst, rushed in and out of the groups, seated or standing, frantic with the conflicting orders, glad to pitch anything at all upon the tables, hardly thanking the guests for their fees.

Sanchon hastily passed this melancholy rout and soon found himself in the Columbarium of the crematory. It was an impressive chamber. No hint of the furnace, only a certain reposeful architecture with its classic touch, heightened by the solemn, severe tones of an organ hidden from view. A service had just been concluded. Several persons lingered to see their precious dead consigned to the purifying flames; and reverently Sanchon watched the end of a human, all the while contrasting this antique mode with the ghastly open grave and the clods of earth and gravel falling dully upon the coffin. The music ceased. He questioned an attendant and was directed to an upper gallery. There, after a short search, he found a compartment in which was lodged a new urn. It bore the name of his enemy, his enemy Fulbert. A great loneliness came upon him. Fulbert lay there dead, and forever dead. No one

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had so hated him. No one had taken such an interest in him. When he had felt the critical surgeon's knife in his innermost fibre he realised that this surgeon performed his task with a kind of loving hatred—he had known every line of Sanchon's works. He had read Sanchon, studied Sanchon, gloried in Sanchon as a means to display his wit and skill. What if he had wounded the victim? Does the man, the life-saver, who scientifically carves your leg from your thigh, hate you? Are you not merely a fine subject? Did Fulbert ever hate Sanchon? Was not Sanchon merely a field wherein the critic displayed his pen prowess? Who had kept his name before the public so faithfully, and who would ever take the same interest in Sanchon again? Fulbert, Sanchon; Sanchon, Fulbert—these two men were made for one another.

He looked through blurred eyes upon the urn; he read the inscription: "Henry Fulbert, aged forty-eight years." Nothing more. And then, leaning heavily against the enclosure, tears streaming down his feverish cheeks, he sobbed aloud:

"O God, give me back mine enemy, for I am lonely and helpless without him!"

James Huneker.

THE MODERN HERO IN ILLUSTRATION

DU MAURIER'S TAFFY WYNNE

SUPPOSE the Valhalla of Fiction were as accessible as, let us say, Madame Tussaud's wax-works, or those of the Eden Musée, and that the respectful reader were at liberty to roam through its giant corridors, and actually to gaze on the lineaments of the Immortals, just as, for a modest expenditure, one may scan critically the effigy of the Czar of Russia, or the Emperor of Germany, or Mr. Roosevelt, or Mr. Jeffries, or Mr. Fitzsimmons. How many of those heroes and heroines, we wonder, would be recognisable at first sight? Of course some of the figures would be unmistakable. No one would long hesitate in picking out the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, or the amiable Falstaff, or Mr. Pickwick, or the rather lugubrious Wilfred of *Ivanhoe*. There would probably be but little difficulty in the recognition of the immortal four of Dumas: the fiery d'Artagnan, the noble Athos, the gigantic Porthos, and Aramis, "the dainty friend of duchesses." Leather-Stocking we should know, and his copper-hued ally Chingachgook, and that very valiant lion-slayer, mountaineer and coloniser, Tartarin of Tarascon, though he should be silent, which we fear would be improbable, even on the other side of Styx. But who, looking upon a very magnificent pair of whiskers, could say for a certainty that they adorned the countenance of Mr. George Osborne rather than that of Mr. Arthur Pendennis or of Mr. Clyde Newcome? And would not yon visage, seared by tragic gloom and illumined by the dark and flashing eye, serve equally well for one Byronic hero as for another; for Lara or for Manfred?

Somewhere in this Valhalla of Fiction, apart from the spacious halls where one would go to inspect the heroes and the heroines, in a nether dungeon where chains clanked and oubliettes yawned, there would, of course, be the Chamber of Horrors. There we should visit for a pleasant shudder at the aspect of some

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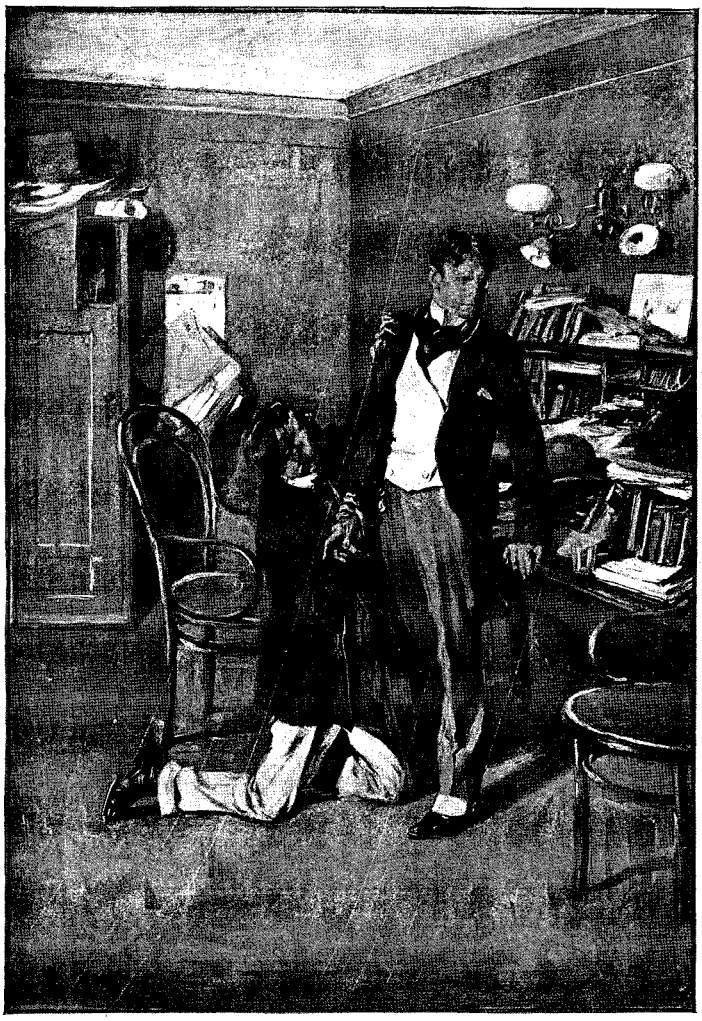

ARTHUR I. KELLER'S CHARLIE STEELE OF "THE RIGHT OF WAY"

By courtesy of Messrs. Harper and Brothers

delightfully sinister reprobates of both sexes. Provided the dungeon was not of unduly extravagant proportions the guilty wretches would certainly be as uncomfortable as were the prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta. And serve them right. You may people this dungeon as you please, in accordance with your pet aversions. For our part we shall pick out as special exhibits, as deserving of particular suffering, not the great arch-scoundrels, not Bluebeard, and Iago, and Miladi de Winter, and Rodin, and Baron Danglars, but some minor and more personally obnoxious scamps: Joseph Surface, and William Blifil, and Parson Trulliber, and Sir Barnes Newcome, and Mrs. Mackenzie, and Uriah Heep, and Mr. Pecksniff.

Returning to the more pleasant quar-

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ters of Valhalla, our embarrassment at the impossibility of universal recognition would probably be forgotten in frank admiration at the vast amount of good looks. There would be so many heroines of preternatural beauty that even Mr. Andrew Lang, who a few years ago undertook the task of choosing a seraglio from among the ladies of fiction, would be at his wits' ends if it came to a matter of definite selection, and would be forced to resort to Byron's wish, that all womankind

> Were but one lovely mouth,
> That I might kiss them all, from North to South.

Side by side with the stateliness of the heroines there would be the physical perfection of the heroes. Even where the attribute of conventional good looks is absent—for the ill-favoured hero is not uncommon in fiction—there will certainly be found the compensating quality of brawn.

Since this Valhalla, in a material sense, belongs to the Land of Make Believe and to pleasant day-dreams, for the visualising of the hero and the heroine we are obliged to rely upon the craft of the artist and his interpretation. And it is with the consideration of the modern hero from the artist's standpoint that the present paper has to do. In general characteristics the man of the past and the man of the present are much the same. Yet where he stands out against the sombre background of modern life, the artist who aims to depict him is at a decided disadvantage. The colour is lacking. Just as Louis XIV., the "Grand Monarque," the "Sun of the Universe," when shorn of his towering peruke and his high-heeled boots became to his valet de chambre a rather pitiable figure, so the most swashbuckling hero of the Elizabethan period would lose the greater part of his mystery and romance were he to exchange hose and doublet for the dull garb of twentieth-century life. More and more it becomes the duty of the artist and his problem to express in the features or the pose of the hero the subtleties of his character. In place of the wide range and the free hand enjoyed by the artist of other times, the illustrator of to-day must search diligently for the right grouping or situation in order to awake and to hold the interest of the reader. The recognition of these handicaps implies the recognition of his talent.

Mr. Arthur I. Keller, an illustrator who needs no introduction, has given us an excellent example in Charlie Steele in *The Right of Way*. Here are expressed all the subtle characteristics of the man, his ego, his large heart and soul, his tremendous force and versatility of mind. All seem to be present in this character study. His dress is just sufficiently suggestive of his "dandy" inclinations, and serves to remind us of the appropriateness of his sobriquet, "Beauty Steele," in spite of the fact that he was not handsome in feature. Mr. Keller relates the interesting fact in this connection that immediately upon his grasping the details of the description of Steele in the story his prototype came upon his vision in the person of a noted New Yorker of public life, and this man, of course unwittingly, became his "model."

"The Virginian" is another hero that Mr. Keller pictured with particular success in the light of the many subtleties of his personality. There was a picturesque setting for most of the incidents in his unique career, it is true, but is it fair to expect any artist to picture the peculiar and attractive temperamentalities of this splendid hero; his fearlessness, his quick but calm temper, his almost brutal persistence, and, above all, his tenderness? Could any artist express these, and many more qualities, to the satisfaction of even one reader?

Charles Dana Gibson has drawn a number of familiar heroes, but we have selected for reproduction that prince of good fellows, Van Bibber, for he remains the most popular of Mr. Davis's male characters. The drawing reproduced is an early one of Mr. Gibson's, and it is used with some hesitancy in view of the enormous strides the artist has taken since this drawing was made. With the present development of his remarkable technique, his strength and simplicity

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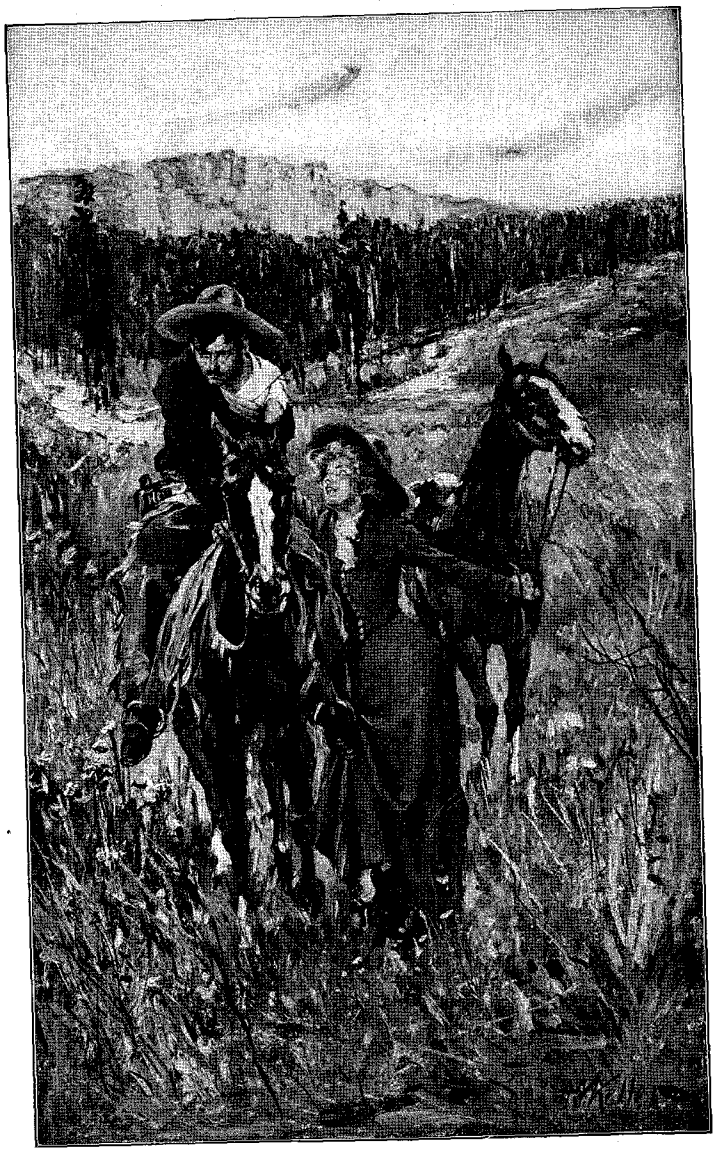

ARTHUR I. KELLER'S THE VIRGINIAN

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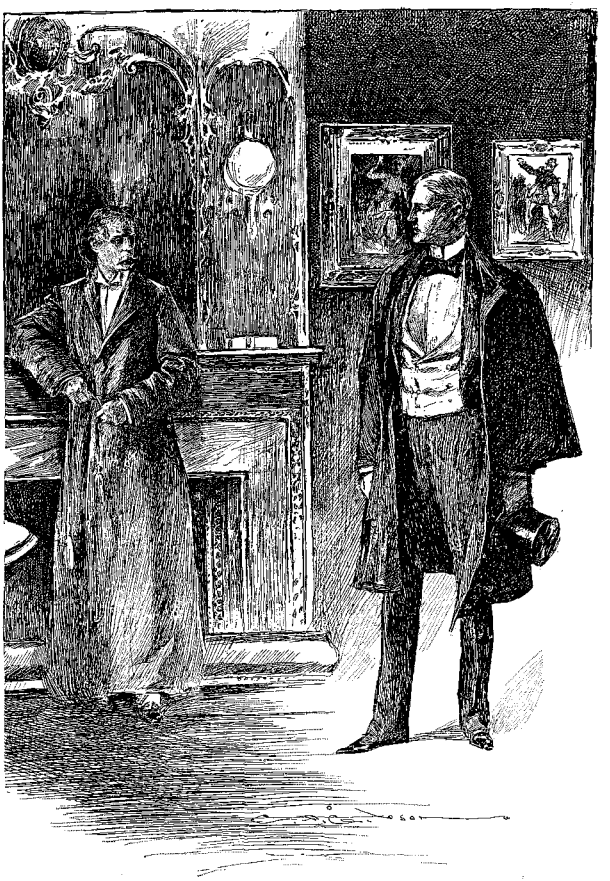

CHARLES DANA GIBSON'S VAN BIBBER

of line, it is safe to assume that to-day he would give us a far different Van Bibber. But granting this, he would of necessity be a "Gibson man," for was not Van Bibber essentially this type?

As, in the companion article, we returned to *Trilby* for a heroine, we shall go again to the same source for a hero, her lover, and the lofty member of the triumvirate, Taffy Wynne. Here was the tender, patient and Bohemian type of hero, and Du Maurier has admirably indicated these characteristics in the head study which we reproduce. Physically a giant, Taffy was not a vigorous or brilliant character; but the combination of large physical proportions with a gentle and almost effeminate nature represents the originality of the author's conception. In the details of his person exception might be taken to the absolute symmetry of his "Dundrearys," as well as the perfect arrangement of his hair. But, after all, these were distinguishing marks, and we might not have recognised him without them.

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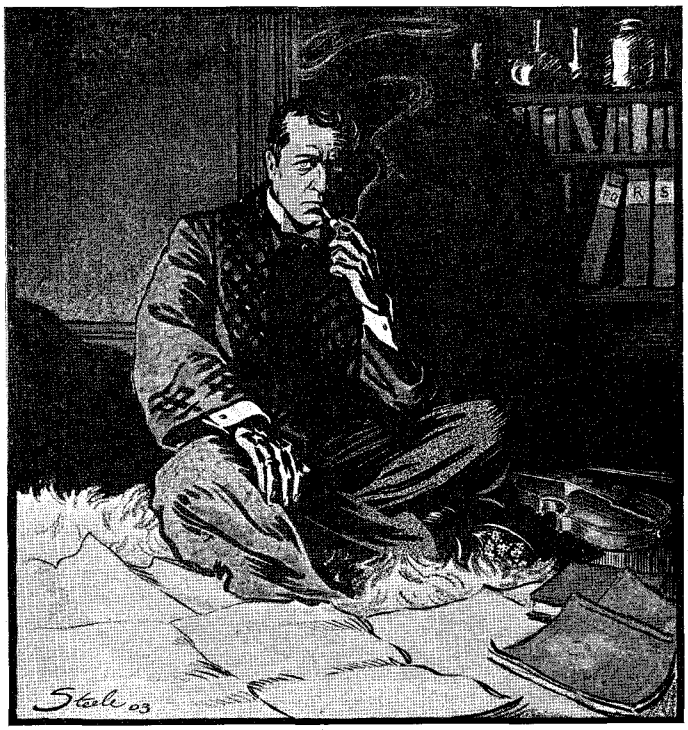

FREDERIC DORR STEELE'S SHERLOCK HOLMES

In almost direct contrast with the mild and unobtrusive type of Taffy Wynne we have next to look upon the familiar figure of Sherlock Holmes, a hero in a class alone, whose adventures have captivated all of us who are entertained by the superhuman accomplishments of the modern detective. Mr. Frederic Dorr Steele, who has so ably pictured "the King of Deducers," shrinks from this well-earned reputation as a portrayer of the detective, but he will nevertheless find it difficult to deny his signal success in this instance. It is perfectly apparent, as it was intentional, that Mr. Steele's drawings should be character studies of William Gillette. But who now can dissociate the actor and the detective? Did not Mr. Gillette first give us Sherlock Holmes in the flesh, and in such a thoroughly acceptable manner that to think of Holmes is to think of him as Gillette? The drawing reproduced will be recognised as adapted by the artist from a familiar photograph of the actor, and is peculiarly characteristic.

Another hero of a picturesque type, Hugh Wynne, with his regimentals, and those of his companions, offered every opportunity for Mr. Pyle's inimitable work. No one would deny this artist the title of "painter of the Continental soldier," and the incident he has selected for illustration, here reproduced, in the career of Hugh Wynne, is impressive and effective. It is to be regretted that we cannot reproduce all the illustrations

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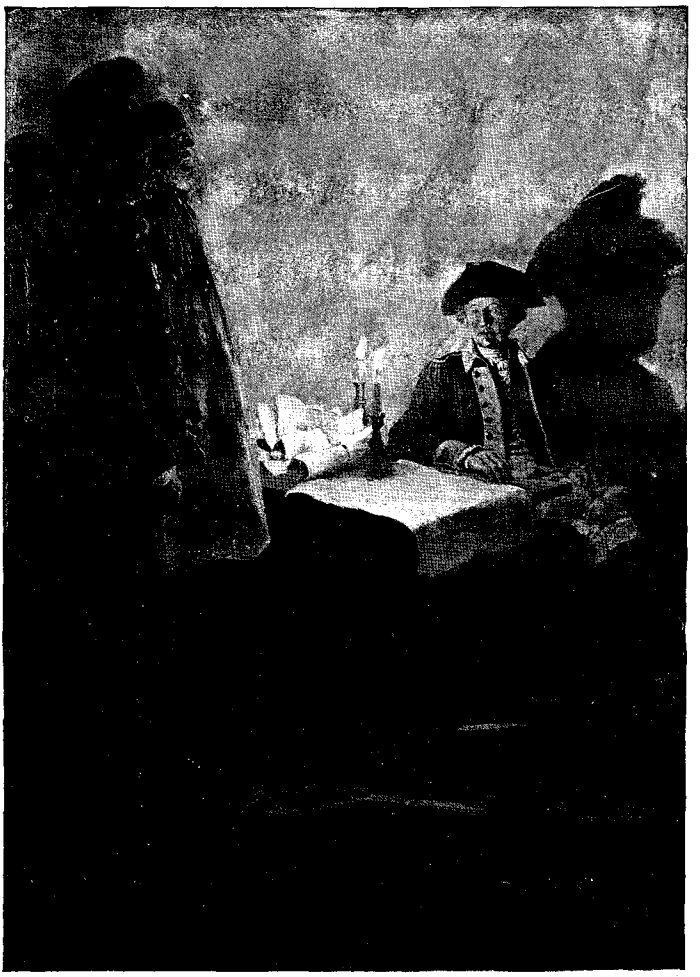

HOWARD PYLE'S HUGH WYNNE

in which this hero appears, for we doubt if a more satisfactory and stirring series than this has been painted by the "dean of American illustrators."

Lack of space prevents the consideration of other types of heroes which we would like to include, but from the standpoint of illustration it seems reasonable to conclude that the element of the individual impression of the reader is inevitable; and where the hero's characteristics are peculiar or unusual, the reader would prefer to imagine the character than be compelled to consider the pictured conception of some other one individual, which is to say that for the most part we believe the average reader would prefer novels without illustrations. This again is a theory of possibly one individual and open to much discussion.

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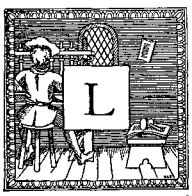
SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

IV.—MARGARET DELAND

I



IKE Mary E. Wilkins and Alice Brown, Mrs. Deland has chosen a rural background for the most effective of her stories, but it is Pennsylvania, not New England, that she describes, and it is always a matter of annoyance to her when her readers, knowing that she lives in Boston, take it for granted that Old Chester is in Massachusetts. The fact that the one church in Old Chester is an Episcopal Church ought to show that the village is not in New England.

For to speak of Mrs. Deland's work is to think of Old Chester, that sleepy village in western Pennsylvania, inhabited by a set of old-fashioned, well-bred gentlefolk who seem another race from the bridge-playing, cocktail-drinking crew who throng the pages of the American society novel.

During the last twenty years Mrs. Deland has written four novels, four volumes of short stories, and a charming *Story of a Child,* which is not easy to classify. In one respect her novels are alike, inasmuch as they all deal with some ethical question—they are the problem novels of the Puritan, but they differ very strongly from the kind of fiction to which we are accustomed under this head; nothing could be more unlike than Mrs. Deland's spiritual way of treating such questions and that employed by the ladies who write under the names of Dolf Wyllarde and Victoria Cross. Compared with their somewhat volcanic style, Mrs. Deland's is like the frostwork on the window-pane—cold, perhaps, but full of a delicate and clear beauty.

The sayings and doings of a small community offer a restricted field to the novelist, but it is one in which women have done good work, and Mrs. Deland's stories have an atmosphere and charm that place her in the same class, though perhaps not quite in the same rank, as Mrs. Gaskell and Jane Austen.

Foremost among her men stands Dr. Lavendar, the kind old clergyman; a bachelor, but none the less ready to sympathise with any of his flock in their joys as well as their sorrows, and gifted with that wisdom which springs from good sense and a benevolent heart. Then there is Willy King, the doctor, who married his wife because of her excellent sense and whose management of his income is only equalled by her management of him. There is Oscar King, the doctor's brother, who had lived abroad for thirty years, and of whom Old Chester said with a sigh that he had doubtless seen a good deal of the world. Another character is Charles Welwood, the perfect type of the sweet-tempered, affectionate, inefficient man, who loses his aunt's money as well as his own and then urges her to put her trust in the Lord. In strong contrast to him is Paul Phillips, the one-legged acrobat and evangelist, who goes about giving entertainments in country taverns and city barrooms and following them up by a sermon, bent upon doing the Lord's work. There is William Rives, a study in meanness that would do credit to any of the New England writers; and the three generations of the Wright family—old Benjamin, dictatorial, hard, and impatient; his son Sam, to whom he has not spoken for over thirty years; and young Sam, the dreamy, unpractical, poetical youth who finally shoots himself.

Mrs. Deland's women are as varied as her men. There is Miss Harriet, of the Stuffed Animal House, who loved an outdoor life and hated the confinement of the house. This woman finds herself stricken with a lingering, mortal disease and faces it bravely, but is released by her half-witted sister giving her chloro-

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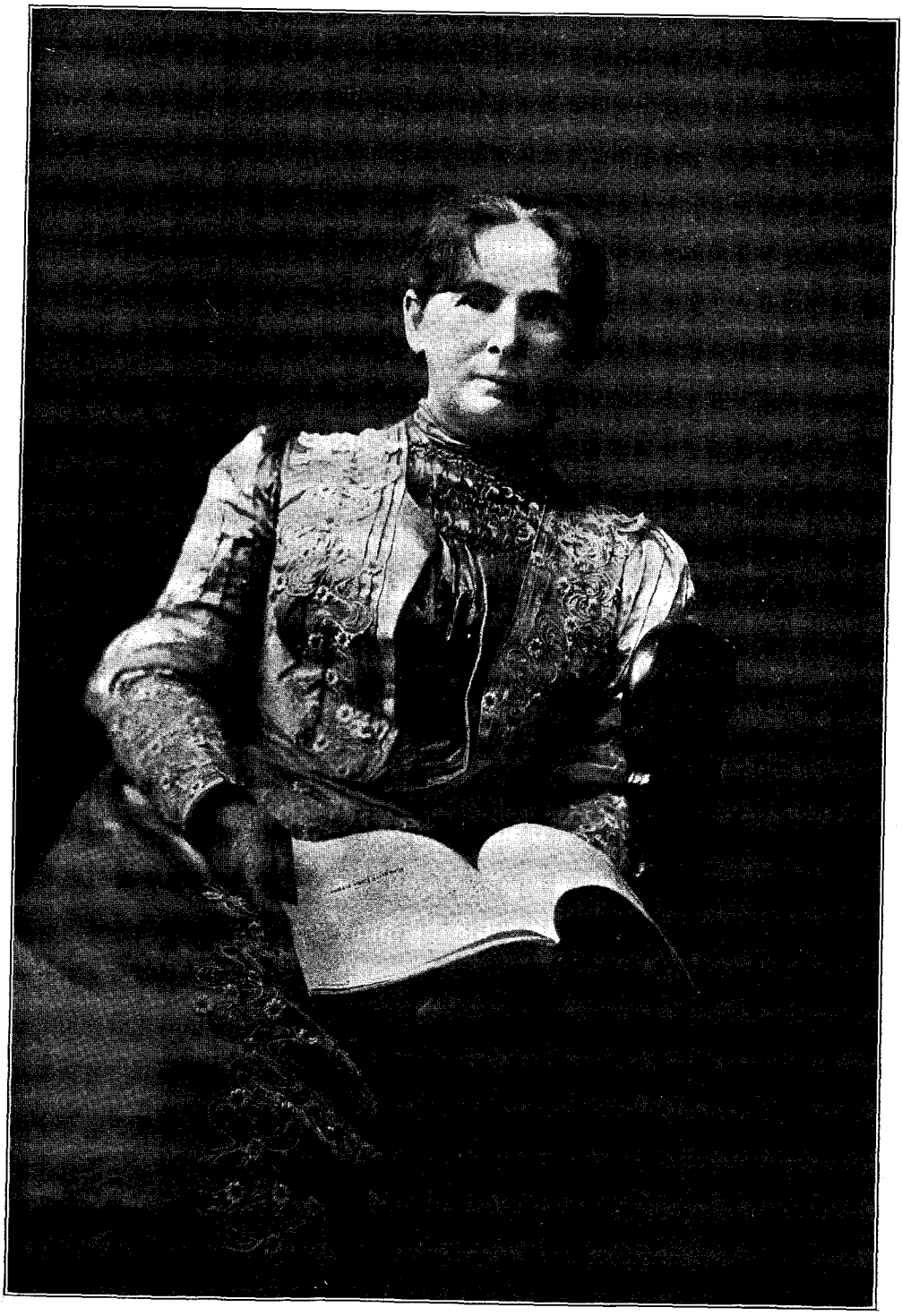

MARGARET DELAND

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form. There is Lydia Sampson, endowed with a cheerful spirit, which no adverse circumstances can quell, and who gives a party for her friends with the money they had subscribed to repair her chimney. There is Amelia Dilworth, type of the faithful, loving, unintellectual wife. Mrs. Drayton, a wonderful study in selfish invalidism. Mary Ferris, who, deserted by her lover at the very altar, had taken to her bed and remained there for thirty years. There is Sally Smith, whose happiness is always being sacrificed to that of some one else until Dr. Lavendar interferes; and there is Mrs. Paul, tyrannical, sarcastic and selfish, who suddenly wakes to the fact that not a soul in the world, not even her own son, loves her, and that she is facing a desolate old age. All these characters, different as members of a small community often are, are put before us with a few deft touches that show the literary artist.

II

Mrs. Deland's first novel, *John Ward, Preacher,* appeared at the time when Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere* was creating a sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. Like Mrs. Ward's book, it deals with the revolt of a soul against accepted beliefs, but here the resemblance ceases. It may be remembered that John Ward, who is a Presbyterian minister firmly rooted in Calvinism, marries a girl who has been brought up as an Episcopalian, but whose mind is of the inquiring type and who is inclined to ignore dogma. Her inability to believe in eternal punishment, and her surprise that any importance should be attached to such a doctrine, is a great grief to her husband, who finally, though loving her devotedly, sends her away from him until she shall be brought to a sense of the truth, and it is only when he is dying, a few months later, that he allows her to be sent for. There is a want of logic about John Ward's proceedings that even religious fervour fails to excuse, and it is impossible to feel any sympathy with him. A far more lovable character is Helen's uncle, the rather inert rector, lacking in spiritual fervour, but full of kindliness.

This novel is connected in a personal way with Mrs. Deland's early life. Her father was a Presbyterian, her mother an Episcopalian, so both forms of belief were familiar to her. Before *John Ward* was published it was read in the household of the author's youth, which was strongly Presbyterian. The head of the family regarded it with disfavour and offered the author money in place of her royalties if she would refrain from publishing it. Finally, by common consent, it was submitted to Mrs. Deland's uncle, Dr. William Campbell, at one time president of Rutgers College, and said to be the prototype of Dr. Lavendar. His verdict was, "Print it by all means. I wish there were more John Wards."

In *Philip and His Wife* Mrs. Deland takes up the question of divorce, and here her originality of treatment is marked. To whom but a New England writer would it occur to make a man's desire for a separation from his wife turn on her lack of spirituality? Philip Shore has married Cecil Drayton and has relinquished an unsuccessful career as an artist to look after his wife's property. They have one child, Molly, whom they both idolise; Philip with a real desire for her welfare, Cecil with a selfish, irresponsible love.

> So far as Cecil was concerned, Molly knew nothing of the sacredness of a promise; the duty and grace of kindliness to inferiors she had never seen; truthfulness, according to her mother, was always secondary to good manners, and, in consequence, a matter of expediency. Cecil caressed or punished the child with the most absolute selfishness, and lived her own life without a thought of the responsibility of example.

At the opening of the story they have been married nine years, and Philip has awakened to the bitter knowledge that his beautiful wife is without soul and that the woman to whom he had given his heart has only existed in his imagination, while Cecil has come to feel that love is necessarily a passing experience, and she now regards her husband with a good-natured tolerance. Philip realises that association with his wife deadens all his highest aspirations, and the whole situation is contained in the

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following words: "Is not marriage without love as spiritually illegal as love without marriage is civilly illegal? And if it is, what is your duty?"

The question of divorce has been treated in various ways in fiction, discussed from many points of view, but it is not often that the spiritual side of a marriage where love has waned is dwelt upon and its disastrous effects noted. Compare this with one of the best of recent divorce novels, *The Orchid,* by Robert Grant. In his masterly descriptions of the calculating woman who sells her child to her husband that she may have money enough to marry another man, of the lover who permits this, and of the society which condones it because the offending parties are rich, we recognise, unfortunately, a state of thing more true to life than that described by Mrs. Deland, where a man realises the evils of a family life where there is no love, and who desires, for his child's sake as well as his own, to end it.

In *Sidney* the author has tried to draw a young girl brought up by her father not only without religious belief, but with the conviction that it is better never to love any one. Her mother has died soon after Sidney's birth, and her father, with no belief in immortality, no hope of a reunion beyond the grave, has decided that love means a suffering that his beloved daughter must be spared. So she is brought up with as little knowledge as possible of the greatest factor in human life, and, in her ignorance, looks upon it as an undesirable experience that cannot touch her.

Here the author has failed to establish her premises. To keep a girl in ignorance of what love is to life would be an impossibility. Almost all fiction and poetry hinges upon it, and no imaginative girl could ever be kept from the dreams and hopes of youth because she did not believe in immortality. Sidney's father is even more illogical than John Ward.

The Awakening of Helena Richie has been too recently read and discussed to need much comment here. Mrs. Deland has chosen for her subject a woman who, under great provocation, has left her husband and sought consolation in the love of another man, only to find that the happiness of such a situation is short-lived, the pain permanent. Her redemption comes not from the social restoration of a belated marriage, but through the realisation of her position revealed to her through her love for a child. This is a characteristic of Mrs. Deland's morality. There is never any concealment of sin suggested, no being "made an honest woman of," but it is in the realisation of sin and an acceptation of punishment therefor that the first steps toward the right are made. The wise old clergyman says:

"Have you ever noticed that every single human experience—except, perhaps, the stagnation of conceit; I haven't found anything hopeful in that yet; but maybe I shall some day! But, except for conceit, I have never known any human experience of pain or sin that could not be the gate of heaven. Mind! I don't say that it always is; but it can be."

In *The Story of a Child* we have one of those delightful books about children, but written for grown people, that have become so popular of late and of which Kenneth Grahame's *Dream Days* is a brilliant example. In this book we are introduced to Old Chester. As may be inferred from the title, there is little incident in the book, only the thoughts and doings of an old-fashioned, imaginative child, but it is full of charm and of an old-time atmosphere not often reproduced nowadays.

III

Some of Mrs. Deland's best and most characteristic work is contained in the small volume very aptly called *The Wisdom of Fools.* Each of the four stories which make up the book deals with some question of ethics, in treating which the author is at her best, bringing to bear upon each a clear-sighted judgment which refuses to be influenced by any conventional clap-trap.

"Where Ignorance is Bliss, 'Tis Folly to be Wise" tells the story of a clergyman who, at the age of forty-two, in the prime of his manhood and doing fine work as a citizen and clergyman, is engaged to a charming woman. It is an ideal match —a real union of souls. In the course of

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a conversation between the lovers, Amy gives it as her opinion that there should be no secrets between husband and wife, that each owes the other perfect frankness, especially if there has been any wrongdoing. William West thinks this over, with the result that after a long struggle in his own mind as to the wisdom of such a proceeding, he tells Amy of a disgraceful episode in his boyish days—the forging of his benefactor's name, a crime which was never known, because the death of the man soon after enabled the boy to replace the money from his own legacy. The sin lay more than twenty years behind him; it had had no evil consequences and had been long repented of and forgotten; but to Amy it comes as a terrible shock; she is not equal to the strain and she breaks her engagement. Then comes the question, Was it worth while?—a question which is left to the reader to answer.

In "The House of Rimmon" the question of "tainted money" presents itself. A penniless little widow who has a keen sense of duty but none of expediency is living with her two children in the family of her rich brother, enjoying all the luxuries which his wealth provides. There comes a strike in Robert Blair's mills, and Mrs. Eaton, going about among the poor people, as she has always done, sees their misery and hears their side of the story. Of economics she knows nothing, but she is convinced that the proceedings of the mill-owners are against the spirit of Christ, and she feels she can live no longer on what she calls "blood-money." She takes her children, leaves her brother's house, and gets employment in a shop as saleswoman, to the great indignation of her brother and his wife. Her sister-in-law tries to get her rector to argue with her.

"Do I understand," Eleanor Blair said, rising, "that you approve of my sister-in-law's extraordinary conduct?"

"I approve of *her*," he said, smiling. "If you ask me whether I think she is doing right, I should say 'Yes,' because she is acting upon her conscience. Is she doing wisely? No; because civilisation is compromise. We have either got to bow in the House of Rimmon or go and live in the woods like Thoreau and eat dried peas. I'll tell her so if you want me to. But as for attempting to influence her, I cannot do that. The place whereon we stand is holy ground."

The brave but unpractical little woman is finally rescued from her toilsome life by means of a happy marriage.

The question in "Counting the Cost" is rather social than ethical and is one peculiarly American and apt to recur constantly in our loosely arranged social system. It is the story of a clever girl, daughter of a mechanic, who is sent by her doting father to complete her education at an Eastern college, where she spends four years without returning to her Western home. With the quick adaptability of the American woman, she assimilates the refinements of her new life. "The beginning of that college life was a strange experience to Annie; the quiet, refined atmosphere, the beauty of culture, the conception of spaciousness and dignity, and the awakening of that sense of fitness which is called conventionality. . . . And then, by and bye, having eaten of this tree of the knowledge of good and evil, there came to her a certain deep spiritual experience; she recognised that the root of conventionality, the beginning of the sense of fitness, lay in character; therefore she knew no shame that her father ate with his knife, or sat in his shirt-sleeves, or did many unlovely things. She did not like them, but she knew no shame, only love."

Her college training ended, Annie returns to her home in South Bend, where the contrast between her old life and her recent one is enforced by the crude adornments of the little house, her father's frankly unrefined habits, and his friends, so impossible from his daughter's standpoint.

Shortly after Annie's return to her home she is followed there by Dick Temple, a young man of birth and position, whom she has met while at college and who has fallen in love with her. He knows that she is poor, but has never realised her position in her own town. He hunts her up and finds her on this hot evening having supper in the kitchen with her father, Dave Duggan, the lodger, both in their shirt-sleeves, and a

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fat woman in a costume more comfortable than elegant. In a moment Dick grasps the whole situation, and after a painful and constrained visit, he departs, leaving to poor Annie the realisation that she will never see him again. "His kind will not marry you," says Annie's humble lover, Dave Duggan; to which she answers, "Well, I sha'n't marry my kind, then!" and the story leaves them there, facing the sad side of the American ability to rise in the world.

There are three courses open to Annie. She may shake off the dust of South Bend from her feet, leave her adoring father, who has done so much for her, and lead her own life in refined and intellectual surroundings. She may accept things as they are and try to make the best of life in South Bend, rejoicing her father's heart, but starving her own mind, or she may sink back into the place from which she came, trying to forget the vision of better things which had once dawned before her.

What is the child's duty? To live her own life or to live some one else's life? Is she to accept success or failure, fulfilment or renunciation?

People differ as to what constitutes success; some go so far as to say that the highest fulfilment lies in renunciation; and certainly there was once a life that might have been called a failure because it ended upon a cross on Calvary.

The last of these four stories, "The Law or the Gospel," should be read by every woman who does any charitable work, and the stern lesson which it conveys laid deeply to heart.

Sara Wharton is a fair example of a certain type of American girl. The daughter of a rich manufacturer, she is president of two girls' clubs, organiser of the Boys' Alliance, and "the kindly autocrat of all Mercer's rough, grimy, underfed young people." A sweet, wholesome-minded girl, loved and believed in by every one in Mercer. Through her influence, Nellie Sherman, the pretty, weak young niece of Sara's laundress, has been rescued from the beginning of a life of shame and her feet set, with some difficulty, upon the path of righteous living. The trouble is to keep them there. Nellie is vain, shallow and deceitful—a perfectly worthless character, but to Sara's young enthusiasm she appears in the light of a soul to be saved, and to save her "became an intense and passionate purpose in Sara Wharton's life." She finds work for her; she has her taught to sew; she provides amusement for her, and plans and thinks and hopes and prays for the mean little nature upon which all this thought and care is entirely wasted. Sara goes away for a little trip, and on her return goes to see Mrs. Sherman, and there finds Nellie, sick and miserable. She has come to grief again, left her aunt's home, was gone a week, and only returned because of a hemorrhage of the lungs. Sara in despair goes to see the doctor who had prescribed for Nellie, and learns from him that while Nellie is threatened with consumption, a quiet, regular life in the country, with proper food and care, would benefit her and might cure her. And then, on hearing Nellie's story, the doctor goes on to say that from a spiritual point of view she is probably incurable and it might be as well, in the interests of society, to let her die before she does any more harm in the world.

Sara is horrified at his brutality. She sends Nellie into the country, where four months of a quiet, rational life restore her to health, and she returns to Mercer, wild with delight at leaving the stupid country, where there was no fun of any sort, and without a thought of gratitude for the kind people who had looked after her during her stay.

Three months later Sara has a call from the young doctor who had advised her to let Nellie die. He has come to inquire if Sara knows anything of Nellie's whereabouts, and Sara is obliged to confess that she has lost sight of her. Nellie has quarrelled with her aunt and gone into a factory in North Mercer, and has only been once to see Sara since her return from the country. And then Dr. Morse tells her that Nellie has run off with a young boy whom she has corrupted and seduced, and whose mother is heartbroken.

"I reproach myself," he went on savagely, "that I did not try and dissuade you when

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you told me that you meant to keep the girl alive. We ought to stamp such vermin out—or let it die out, at least. Instead, you philanthropists and we doctors do all we can to keep them alive, that they may propagate their kind! . . . Poor Jack—poor Mrs. Hayes! Miss Wharton, our hands are not innocent of that boy's blood . . . there is only a limited amount of power in the world; only a limited amount of opportunity, or of money, for that matter; and we are bound to put power and opportunity and money where they will do the most good." . . . A look of terror had come into her young face.

"The Gospel of Love is all I can plead," she said, in the voice of one insisting to herself; "but it is the salvation of the world!"

All the stern anxiety of his face melted into an exaltation as intense as her own. "Law is the salvation of the world! And law means that the good of the whole, not the comfort of the individual, shall be considered; it means a love so sane as to permit the mercy of death."

IV

To create a character is not difficult for a skilled writer; it has been done by some among the less clever of the fraternity, but, curiously enough, to create a place that shall have an atmosphere and colour of its own seems much harder. Most authors are content to reproduce a well-known locality like London or New York and devote their creative energy to their characters; and so rare are the examples of created locality that only two names are likely to occur to the average reader—Cranford and Little Pedlington—and even the former of these is said to have been drawn from life. To these may now be added the village of Old Chester, which Mrs. Deland has presented to her readers principally through the pages of *Old Chester Tales* and *Dr. Lavendar's People.*

Our first introduction to this delightful place is in *The Story of a Child,* where it is described as being at least a hundred years behind the times. The houses are all much alike, with big porches, square rooms on either side of the wide hall that runs through the middle, and big fireplaces. No one has much money; in fact, the dictum of the village on Henry Temple was that he had not turned out well, for although he had made money, against this was set the facts that he had changed his politics, was indifferent to church matters, and was willing to live in the great world instead of Old Chester, a course which partook too much of a wilful thrusting of one's self into temptation, for it was well understood that in cities such as Philadelphia and New York standards were deplorably lower than in Old Chester.

Of course, the society of such a place is eminently conservative, so it is not surprising to learn that to be a recent comer in the village—to be tainted with "newness"—is considered a sad dispensation of Providence, for which money cannot at all compensate.

But what really stamps Old Chester as being far behind modern ideas is the way in which the children are brought up.

> In Old Chester young persons are supposed to be seen and not heard; they are taught that when they have the privilege of being in the company of their elders and betters it is to profit by example, and be grateful for advice. Thus they early perceive that their opinions are of no importance, and need not be expressed; a perception which adds greatly to the comfort of grown persons.

The inhabitants of this delightful spot are characteristic of the place, but foremost of them all is Dr. Edward Lavendar, the old rector of the church, who for forty years has looked after his flock, baptised, married, and buried them and who is consulted by his parishioners in most of their difficulties. His church is very old-fashioned; no altar decorations, no flowers, no candles, and when one of his young parishioners, after trying in vain to get him to start a boys' club, remarks that St. Michael's is a good deal behind the times, he only says cheerfully, "I hope so—I hope so."

Of course, nothing so new-fangled as a Sunday-school is tolerated by Dr. Lavendar, and one of the most charming and characteristic features of Old Chester is the Catechism and Collect Class, which meets at the rectory every Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, and where the

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children recite their Catechism and the Collect and then are regaled with apples or jumbles, according to the season, while Dr. Lavendar's little dog Danny goes through his tricks for their amusement.

This old man, whose life has been spent in a country village, and whose experience in worldly matters is extremely limited, has nevertheless wonderful wisdom, and many a spiritual problem is solved by his clear moral sense, his keen judgment, and his loving heart. Indeed, Dr. Lavendar does not hesitate to go outside of the law if he thinks himself justified in so doing, as in the story called "The Note," where, armed by a letter containing instructions from a man who has since died, he destroys a note for over $500, a proceeding which, according to law, comes near being a criminal offence. This he does because he is persuaded that a man's reformation depends upon this act, and he satisfies his conscience by sending a cheque for the same amount to the executor of the dead man's estate.

Perhaps the best of the Old Chester stories is the one called "Good for the Soul," which, like all Mrs. Deland's best work, deals with a question of morals in a strong and unconventional way.

Peter Day, a prosperous farmer, has been so tyrannised over by his mean, ill-tempered, capable mother that at her death he finds it difficult to realise or to enjoy his freedom. One of the first uses of his liberty is to attend a show given in the town hall of the village where he lives, and he falls in love with one of the Four Montague Sisters who perform in it. For three weeks he follows the show, infatuated with the little dancer, and when she falls ill at Old Chester and the rest of the performers have to go without her, Peter Day looks after her and begs her to marry him. The girl, tired and sick, consents, and they are married by Dr. Lavendar as soon as she is well enough. Contrary to all precedents, they are very happy. Elizabeth brings into Peter's life a warmth and brightness that it had never known, and he showers upon her and their children the affection of a heart hitherto starved.

Twelve years go by and then comes a change. Something seems to weigh on Elizabeth's mind; she loses her cheerfulness, her tranquillity, her health suffers. Finally, one summer's day, she tells Peter, whose anxiety about her has been increasing, that she wants to take the horse and go off by herself for the whole day, and he, thinking it is only a whim that she will be happier for satisfying, consents.

Elizabeth drives to Old Chester and goes straight to the parsonage to find Dr. Lavendar, who had married her twelve years before. To him she confesses that there lies a sin in her past life, committed before she met her husband. She feels that he ought to know it, but she also feels that the shame of the confession will kill her and the knowledge of her fault ruin her husband's happiness. What is she to do? With the instinct of confession, so strong in human hearts, she has come to the priest to ask advice, and the tender, wise old man says:

"You have sinned long ago. I don't know how—I don't want to know. But it is passed, and there is no reparation to make. You have sinned, and suffered for your sin; you have asked your Heavenly Father to forgive you, and He has forgiven you. But still you suffer. . . . Now take our suffering; bear it, sanctify it, lift it up; let it bring you nearer to your Saviour. But do not, do not put it on shoulders where it does not belong. Do not stab your husband's heart by weakly, selfishly—*selfishly*, mind you!—telling him of a past with which it is too late now for him to concern himself. . . . Try . . . and think that you stand between him and pain; take all the misery yourself; be glad to take it. Don't let it reach him."

"If I think of it that way," she said breathlessly, "I—I can *love* it!"

"Think of it that way always."

He made her sit down again, and went out to find Pleasant, leaving her with the peace of one solemnly elate at the recognition of the cross on which she must agonise for the happiness of some other soul.

V

Mrs. Deland is a writer to whom the human interest is of paramount importance, incident occupying a secondary place in her work. Her stories are dis-

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tinctly American, and both in subject and treatment remind us of the New England authors, although differing from them in a clear and delicate way. Her characters are Americans of a type too seldom seen nowadays, but compared with whom the noisy fashionable rabble of *The House of Mirth* and *The Fighting Chance* seem vulgarity itself. The lives of these simple people are narrow, to be sure; no yachting, no cigarettes and no divorces; in short, none of the diversions that make up fashionable life on paper; but instead an atmosphere of simplicity, kindliness and refinement, together with that strong sense of duty which is the backbone of character.

There is an odious word much used by professional philanthropists just now which nevertheless describes the tendency of Mrs. Deland's stories. They give an "uplift." To her the redemption of a soul, the rehabilitation of a character, the restoration of a human being to the paths of righteousness, are of supreme importance, for she realises that the great forces of self-sacrifice and renunciation are as vital in fiction as in life.

Mary K. Ford.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

William de Morgan's "Alice-for-Short"*

Bracket any two statements, juggle them as you will, it remains in the nature of things that one or the other of them will come out first. Consequently it is useless to attempt explaining in the same breath that Mr. de Morgan's new story may be open to certain criticisms, and that no one whose heart is in the right place would ever dream of making them. It is that kind of a book!

Mr. de Morgan frames the most elaborate plot. Roughly speaking, it covers upwards of a century, beginning in the middle and working both ways. Every small detail is prepared with the utmost neatness and forethought. By every law of fiction this should make *Alice-for-Short* a bore. As a matter of fact it does nothing of the sort. This plot involves two murders, a number of serious accidents, the breaking of more than one important commandment, quite an army of coincidences and several ghosts. This sounds violent, sensational, yet never was there a gentler, mellower (even the discredited word sweeter may be fitly used) piece of imagination than the whole story of a little gutter waif's rescue from a dark area, and her adoption into the household of a rich London merchant.

By a method which seems all digression, but never really wanders far from the point, you are introduced into the life of a typical English family. It is hard to say exactly what thread you follow, because the exciting plot is so much the least prominent part of it. Indeed, almost any other plot would have answered equally well. What you really do is to become intimate with a circle of people, some charming, some whimsical, with enough unpleasant ones to reassure you as to the author's sense of proportion. In meeting this varied company you also conjure up a number of pictures—the cat-ridden "airey" of the old house in Soho, and above all that wonderful breakfast in Hyde Park Gardens, where Mr. Charley fails to explain how Alice-for-Short happens to be waiting in the housekeeper's room, because, instead of beginning with "There was a murder in our house last night," which would have commanded instant attention, he tries to float in his adventure on some à propos which never occurs.

Of course *you* know—every one must know—that the breakfast is too long. Also the dinner, at which Alice's fate was quite casually decided, is preposterously

*Alice-for-Short. By William de Morgan. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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long. But just where would the scissors come in? What would any of us be willing to lose in the whole long book? Certainly not the curious history of old Jane, with its shuddering retrospect of ancient Bedlam and its admiring tribute to modern surgery. Certainly none of the narrative which strays about from direct to indirect narration in a fashion which would be the most confusing thing in the world if, in Mr. de Morgan's hands, the rigid English language did not assume such clearness and flexibility as to have the effect of immediately letting you into his most hidden thoughts. His—and those of all his characters. You catch the shades of meaning, the very inflections. They are colloquial, they talk like people, and every now and then the author is so innocently pleased with this achievement that he openly stops to rejoice in it, and instead of being antagonised, you rejoice with him!

Even the jaded reviewer (and they all are jaded, for the same reason that every earl is belted—no other adjectives need apply), who long since became unable to stomach anything saccharine, suddenly tastes this bland new mixture and finds it highly palatable. As in *Joseph Vance,* there is the odd contrast: never was an author more present in his books. Never were you more convinced of getting his experience, his likes and dislikes too, his views, his corner of humanity, and yet from first to last there is never a trace of egotism or didacticism.

You fall to imagining Mr. de Morgan as the most delightful of all old gentlemen, the kind who never grow old at all. You see him habitually followed home by troops of dogs, small children and adolescents. But let me distinctly say that I am convinced that he does not in the least resemble Colonel Newcome. He is *not* an amiable goose. The author of *Alice-for-Short* is a sensible person. I vouch for it, since he calls attention to many important points in the universe which I myself have noticed but have never been quite able to express. He strikes the intimate, confidential note. He reaches you, as some public speakers do, but without a trick, with no cheap familiarity, chiefly because he is merely being natural, trying to please himself.

And in the end he has accomplished a remarkable feat. He presents a thoroughly commonplace group, people of no great talent or distinction, merely nice, lovable people with tender, delicate feelings and gentle ways, the most normal kind. But before he is through with them you have grown attached to them all, you carry it so far as to have a distinct liking for the person who only appears once as "poor dear Robin's uninteresting wife." No matter how busy you may be, you will find time even to read each little interpolated essay (the sort of thing ordinarily useful only to train expert skippers) on art, on medicine or stained glass, on human responsibility or the care of maniacs. It makes absolutely no difference. Mr. de Morgan's wit and observation, like the tranquil rays of Indian summer sun, fall with beautifying mellowness upon flowers, or heaps of autumn leaves—or ash-barrels. It is the quality of the light which illumines.

He takes tremendous liberties with his readers, counting upon their perfect willingness to linger over every kind of episode and digression. But if the road be long, it is likewise exceedingly easy to travel, and in following it to the very end you are constantly gratified by a sense of moving in the company of a cultivated and accomplished human being, whose remarkable gentleness has not in the least hindered his pursuing his own aims after his own fashion.

You have come in contact with a rarely engaging personality which, by some alchemy defying analysis, is capable of being seized and passed on through the medium of cold print.

Mary Moss.

II

MR. PATERSON'S "JOHN GLYNN"*

According to *Who's Who,* Mr. Paterson spent some years of his youth in our Western States, returning to England to take up the work of a social reformer in London. It was this early experience that made possible certain telling dashes of local colour in his new novel, of the correct hue of which he is doubtless pardon-

*John Glynn. By Arthur Paterson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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ably proud. His hero, John Glynn, is a young Yorkshireman who has journeyed to America a penniless youth, and after ten years of the variegated experiences that only "The States" can afford, returns to London rich, sternly handsome, and a bit out of conceit with life. The acquisition of a fortune had apparently been to him a mere incident; two achievements of more solid worth were to his credit—or perhaps three. First, he had, in New York, acquired under the highest auspices a profound knowledge of the manliest and most British of arts. Then he had found occasion, in some lawless Western town, to lead a noble fight for civic purity. By the might of his vigorous right arm he had expelled the gamblers, closed the saloons, ostracised the bad man. His third achievement justifies more attention than Glynn's biographer has given it. He had cemented an already firm friendship with his English chum, Dick Brabant, by getting himself captured by Apaches and then rescued by the aforesaid friend just as fire and stake were ready to receive their victim. That rescue, it must be confessed, looks queer. It would be interesting to know just what kind of Apaches they were who allowed themselves to be so easily circumvented. Only the abundance of detail with which Mr. Paterson supplies us later could atone for his reticence concerning this adventure.

Thus equipped, and lacking an occupation, John Glynn turns up in London. What more natural than that, finding Dick Brabant engaged in improving the condition of the poor, he should once more turn his hand to the praiseworthy occupation of the reformer? Let us allow for some mixture of motives. Here is a man, used to work and relieved from the necessity of it, indifferent if not hostile to feminine influence, though warm-hearted and chivalrous. Here is his friend Brabant, in love with the beautiful, somewhat stern Evelyn Grey, the district secretary of the social improvement society. Ignorant as he is of woman and her ways, why should he not set out to melt Miss Grey's icy friendship for Brabant into love? Thus quixotically would he repay the man who once saved his life.

All this is to be learned in the first chapter—and a very bad first chapter it is. The facts are wrung out of a conversation between John and Dick. The two lifelong friends, each with an eye on the gentle reader, tell each other of events that both know equally well. At best the method is that of ingenuous reminiscence: "Do you remember, Dick, that day when we—?" At the worst, the information necessary to place the reader *en rapport* is flung bodily at his head: "Yes, Dick, I am much interested in your friend Mr. Brooke, who is the head of your Society." To read such dialogue is to return to the days of our remote ancestors in fiction. And why, having written such a first chapter, an author should trouble to write more, is a mystery. Practically the whole story is there; the *dénouement* is immaterial. It is like an algebraic equation which yields two equally correct answers. You know that John will fall in love with the girl; a brief struggle will ensue, and then he will heroically give her up to Dick, or Dick will heroically give her up to John. Either way you get the modified happy ending.

Perhaps it would be better to begin with Chapter II.; for this is by no means an uninteresting story. John plunges into his reform work, and immediately becomes involved in a series of marvellous adventures. Perils and hairbreadth escapes multiply. The long arm of coincidence is fairly wrenched out of its socket, and John comes unscathed through his fight with the worst slums in London. It is a battle of physical giants. Hardly a character in the front rank is under six feet in height. John himself is six feet two, and wonderfully handy with his fists. It is fortunate, for at every turn he meets an enemy who is inches taller than he. That early prize-ring training in New York is his largest asset. He even poses as an American champion, and brings greetings to all the "pugs" in London from the American hero, John "D." Sullivan. That unlucky initial casts a doubt, after all, on the expert accuracy of Mr. Paterson's knowledge. A man who knows not every letter of the name of the illustrious John L. is no man to write of pugilists and fisticuffs. Yet Mr. Pater-

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son manages a description of a bout between John Glynn and "the eighty-one-tonner" that has the right thrill, in spite of the fact that it does not quite match the famous fight in *The Amazing Marriage.*

It is actually a capital picture of a London slum twenty years ago, even though some of the events of which it is composed are rather obviously manufactured. Mr. Paterson's knowledge of what he describes is vouched for, and may safely be taken for granted. And if his sociology and his fiction do not always form a perfect mixture, at least his sociology is sound and his fiction exciting. The book holds more entertainment—if only you can forget that first chapter—than many a better one.

Edward Clark Marsh.

III

The Invader*

That the extraordinary mental condition described rather vaguely as "dual personality" really exists, may be considered as proved, but the laws which govern it are so little known that it affords an excellent field for the novelist's fancy. Years ago Mr. Julian Hawthorne made it the subject of one of his best novels, *Archibald Malmaison,* a tale founded upon a well-known case in Pennsylvania some sixty years ago, and one of the New England writers treated it very cleverly in a short story called *Whose Wife Was She?*

A case recently described at length by a Boston physician has revived the interest in this subject, and Miss Margaret Woods has combined it with a dash of hypnotism and a hint of heredity to furnish the plot of her latest novel, *The Invader.*

Milly Flaxman is a student at Oxford, and we first meet her at a dinner at the house of a cousin, one of the professors, where her likeness to a portrait of an ancestress is the subject of comment. This lady had been a beauty and a wit. Her career had been varied and not altogether creditable (there is a distinct suggestion of Lady Hamilton in her description), but the physical resemblance between her and her descendant is undeniable.

Milly is working hard for her examinations, has had little sleep for weeks, and is generally overwrought. On her return to her room on the night of the dinner she tries to work, breaks down, and is found by her friend, Flora Timson, in hysterics. The usual remedies proving ineffectual, Flora hypnotises Milly and puts her into a sound sleep, which lasts about sixteen hours, when she awakens, to all intents and purposes, an entirely different personality, who in this phase is henceforth called Mildred.

Milly is a conscientious, hard-working, intelligent girl; a good scholar, but not clever. Possessed of considerable beauty, she has never appeared aware of it; dress is of little importance in her mind; the serious side of life appeals strongly to her. In Mildred, on the contrary, the spirit of her seductive ancestress comes out. She is brilliant, charming, artistic, and those who knew her before wonder at the change in her.

Chief among these is her tutor, Ian Stewart. Somewhat attracted by Milly, he finds himself deeply in love with Mildred, and proposes to her, but between the time of his writing the letter and her receiving it the change has taken place, and though it is Mildred to whom he proposes, it is Milly who accepts him with joy, for she has been in love with him for some time.

It is on these lines that the story proceeds. It is Mildred who is adored by her husband, but it is Milly who worships him. Each personality, though oblivious of events when the other is in possession, is conscious of the other, and there soon begins a terrible struggle for the supremacy. The periods of time in which Mildred is in the ascendant become longer, and in one of them she takes a step which forces Milly to realise as never before how completely she is at the mercy of an inferior nature. Her reputation and her husband's honour are at stake; the struggle must end, and she finishes it in the only way that seems to her possible.

Mary K. Ford.

*The Invader. By Margaret L. Woods. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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IV

Miss Willcocks's "The Wingless Victory"*

Like many another good book, *The Wingless Victory* is bad in a hundred different ways. It is curious how full of glaring faults the best novels are. Think of *Henry Esmond* with its impossible hero, of *Harry Richmond* with its extravagances and its divagations; think, to come to examples more nearly contemporaneous, of George Moore writing masterpieces of English fiction before he had learned to write English decently, and Kipling putting his best work into a novel that is, in the opinion of many wise ones, no novel at all. It is a feeble critic who cannot detect and expose in Genius grave errors which he, the critic, would have avoided; Genius has a way of laying itself open to such attentions.

The paradox is, of course, too easily solved to cause bewilderment. The big things in fiction are aboriginal, individual; they refuse to conform to the rules. And as soon as we are free of rules we are adrift on a sea of opinion, with no familiar and established standards of measurement. Appreciation is not a matter of formula, and the dynamics of personality are not to be equated mathematically.

It is not necessary to place Miss Willcocks on a level with genius to find in all this some application to her book. Whatever her actual place may be, she is at least a person, not merely one of a crowd. It would be easy to catalogue her demerits, and safe to point out how she has failed of mastery of her art. After reading a hundred pages of *The Wingless Victory* one is tempted to lay it aside with the thought that a story so disjointed, so jerky in movement and so badly constructed, can come to no good end. Yet there is something in these pages to hold the patient reader: the appeal of a vigorous mentality and imagination struggling crudely for expression. The characters are not in the beginning clearly realised; their outlines are more than once blurred. But they are strongly conceived, and thoroughly individual in their complexity. The sense of reality which they finally inspire is a cumulative effect. The story is a long one, and it grows steadily better as it progresses. Perhaps the author is learning her trade as she goes.

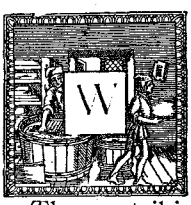
A story of plain English folk is this—the folk of the South Devon coast and of Dartmoor. The rustic atmosphere, the close knowledge of rustic ways and speech, recall Hardy and Eden Phillpotts; the style and the attitude of mind it represents are a remote echo of Meredith. Not that Miss Willcocks apes her betters; whatever comparisons she may suggest, she is always herself. The book is the work of one who has thought much. Scattered through it are gnomic sayings that stick in the memory. These, and an intimate sense of natural forces, are perhaps the striking external features of the book.

Ward Clark.

*The Wingless Victory. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Company.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF PROSE

A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT



WORK is essential to success in writing, as in anything else.

"Time and experience are both good teachers.

"Penmanship is not authorship."

These striking and original phrases fell to the fortunate author of this article fresh minted from the sturdy lips of Todd Burleigh, the young writer who, though still in his teens and with no published book behind him, has yet shown, through the medium of magazines, an ability to depict human nature, and a mastery of technique that have already placed him high in the halls of fame, in the judgment of every competent critic. A rapid and ex-

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tensive popularity may be surely predicted for these rugged tales. Many have not hesitated to rank them as imperishable literature and deem their author the peer, if not the prince, of the immortals. He is likened to no less a personage than Shakespeare in his universality. And the disembodied bard of Stratford may yet have to look to his laurels. Certain it is that no protagonists have since stepped into print of the verve and temperament of Burleigh heroes. Men with the rough, fundamental bark on, who grip the heart strings and are writ large in memory; men whose words and deeds *bite in.*

Mr. Burleigh evinced none of that modesty so commonly met with in young and comparatively unknown writers, and made no objections to giving himself freely to a public ravenous for the smallest crumb of information. As I looked about the room where so many "best sellers" will first see the light, I was struck by its extreme simplicity; in fact, a perfect candour is the keynote of the Burleigh home. Yet, though there was nothing suggesting genius or a retreat other than that appertaining to the most ordinary mortal, and one searched in vain for those distinctive marks so characteristic of gifted people, the cosy gas jet, neat matting on the floor, plain whitewashed walls and bright oak furniture all bespoke a nature attuned to harmony. A melodious fly buzzing against the window gave the final, needed touch of intimacy to the room. It is in these surroundings, chaste almost to asceticism, that Todd Burleigh does his creative work.

I found Mr. Burleigh in a checked business suit and stout, serviceable laced shoes seated at a handsome roll-top desk looking over his morning's mail, and all who saw him thus could not doubt that they were in the presence of a master. From his snowy collar—a comfortable turned-down bit of linen wear, by the way—to his thick, black cotton socks he struck one at once as the incarnation of literary ability.

"There isn't much to tell," he said simply.

"Oh, anything is replete with interest," I returned. "Where do you buy your collar-buttons?" He smiled gratefully, and we were soon absorbed in the most interesting discussion.

"Yes, I always use a desk when writing," he replied cordially to my questioning gaze. "I find it quite convenient. And it is well also to have the ink near one. It is a great saving of time. I could not compose so readily if it stood on the mantelpiece and I had to jump back and forth between every sentence. . . .

"Yes, I prefer the shades drawn up in the daytime, and when it gets too warm I raise the window."

He showed me a simple device, consisting of cords and pulleys let into the casing, by means of which the window could be raised or lowered at will.

"Not enough to catch cold," he explained carefully; "the golden mean in everything."

I was charmed by his urbanity and ready wit. Todd Burleigh is not handsome, but there is that about his blue eye, broad-banded forehead and deep-graven lip that goes far to command attention. One feels instinctively that Todd Burleigh is a man.

"What is your favourite colour?" I inquired, noting, as I passed an open box lying on the folding bed, that he bought his handkerchiefs at Macy's.

"Will you ever be likely to have hay-fever, and do you believe in ghosts?" I also asked him.

Pressed to give some particulars of his literary career, Mr. Burleigh said heartily:

"As a child I grew up much as other children. . . . Yes, I think I must have worn a hat and coat on going out, and rubbers when it rained. I recall with special distinctness my perennial joy at Christmas. I was also passionately fond of the game Pachisi. Its Hindoo origin doubtless appealed to me even at that early age. I consider it to have been a potent influence at the formative period of my life. My last series of stories, entitled *Veda Visions,* I trace directly to that source.

"I have always found occasional refreshment in poetry. As a child I was fond of rhyming, and my first literary pieces are still enshrined in the family

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records. I shall be happy to quote you one of the favourites if you wish it."

I nodded in joyful assent, too proud for speech at this enviable opportunity to hear the much-sought Burleigh in the original.

He leaned back in his chair, puffing reflectively at his briarwood, and repeated with rare delicacy and feeling:

Where did you come from, Puppy, dear?
Out of the chicken coop, I fear.

Where did you get your feet so wet?
Out in the flower beds, you bet.

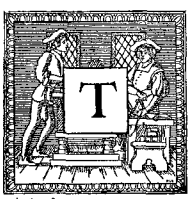
"Marvellous!" I murmured.

"It shows familiarity with the best literature and a rather remarkable love of nature for such an early age; also considerable humour," he admitted modestly.

We then resumed our delightful colloquy. "Which do you like best, winter or summer? How large was your last gas bill? Who darns your socks? What did your great-uncle die of?" These were but a tithe of the interesting topics broached between us, and I took my departure feeling that I had indeed spent an uplifting hour with one of the world's great minds.

G. W. A.

MILAN AND THE DEVIL



THIS is the legend of the compact made between the devil and Don Enrique Valdez de Milan, and of the strange fulfilment of the debt, as told to me by the guide Alvino, as we sat by the camp fire in the shadows of the evening. That day we had travelled hard and fast. We had started with the dawn, and for hours had urged our mules over miles and miles of the wonderful Mexican soil. But late in the afternoon Alvino's usual willingness gave way to a suspicious uneasiness. There were in his muttered prayers and furtive glances about the particular bit of country through which we were travelling the signs of a deep-rooted and uncanny fear, to be attributed to something more than the mere normal superstitions of his kind. This is the tale that my questioning elicited:

"It is over fifty years, señor," began Alvino, "since Don Enrique Valdez de Milan came up from San Ygnacio to San Dimas in search of fortune in the mines.

"He brought a few thousand dollars, and invested it all in several small mines which promised well. But evil fortune pursued Don Enrique, and in less than a year he had spent his last *real* and was living himself and working his mines with borrowed money.

"At last even this recourse failed him, for the old *Gachupin*, Don Pepe Castillo, who had loaned him money, became afraid to lend him more and threatened to take the mines away from him, and only failed to do so because he considered them worthless or worse.

"Don Enrique became so poor that he hardly had enough to eat, but still he managed in one way or another to keep a few miners at work; but his clothes were ragged and dirty, his riding mule was a mere skeleton covered with hide, his silver-mounted saddle was in the pawn-shop and in its stead he had a coarse rawhide-covered one such as the poorest *vaquero* uses, and his silver-and-gold inlaid spurs were replaced by the cheapest class of iron ones, while in place of the fine sword and pistols that he had formerly carried his only weapon now was a short dagger hidden inside his girdle, just as we *pelados* carry them.

"Even his mistress, old one-eyed Mariana La Tuerta, abandoned him and went to live with Crispin, the lame shoemaker, leaving Don Enrique alone except for the company he found in his mule and his thieving yellow dog.

"One day Don Enrique mounted his

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mule to come from San Dimas down to this very place where we are resting, for he was working the Contra-estaca mine, which is on the cordon yonder where you can just see the iron cross.

"The three companions made a sorry show as they passed along the trail, Don Enrique thin, yellow, wrinkled, and ragged; his mule, in even worse plight, staggering along with drooping ears and trembling steps; the dog limping along behind on three feet, with one side of his body and half of his tail bare of hair.

"They had already passed El Limoncito and descended the long hill and were travelling in the creek-bed when a horseman rode up behind them and saluted Don Enrique by his full name, 'Buenos tardes, Don Enrique Valdez de Milan.' The mule as he spoke jumped and snorted with fright, the dog barked and showed his teeth, while all the hair that was left on his body bristled up. Then, seeming to realise that this was no ordinary horseman, he took refuge in the rocks and brush at the edge of the trail.

"Don Enrique had been so immersed in his own gloomy thoughts that he was not aware of the stranger's presence until he heard his name called. He looked up and saw a man mounted on a huge black horse.

"Although it was in the height of the hot season and the sun was shining brightly, the rider was entirely wrapped in a long riding cloak, as if suffering from the cold, which might easily have been the case if it so happened that he had just come from his own residence. On his head was a high-crowned black sombrero.

"Between the hat-brim and the folds of the cloak there peered a dark, sneering face, with bloodshot eyes set in sockets that seemed to slant toward the thin, hooked nose. 'You have the advantage of me, caballero,' said Don Enrique drily. 'as you know my name, although I cannot recall your worship's name, nor do I recollect where we have met.' The black horseman laughed as he replied, in a voice that was more agreeable than his aspect:

"'I am a *bien-hechor* of all men who suffer from the blows of ill-fortune, Señor Don Enrique, and I know you and your circumstances well, and have come to offer you my assistance if you care to avail yourself of it and will consent to my conditions, which are very easy.'

"'Who has told you of my troubles, and how can you assist me?'

"'It makes no difference how I know of your troubles; your clothes and the look of your mule may have told me something,' said the stranger with a sneer. 'But I can give you wealth, power, influence, and good luck with all your enterprises. It is all in your own hands, señor.'

"'And the price?'

"'A mere nothing in comparison with what I offer. Think, Don Enrique, of the slights and mortifications that you suffer every day. Did you see Don Pepe laugh and point at your rags and starving mule as you rode by his tienda at the hour of the siesta? Do you remember how Doña Inez, of Las Tres Rosas, turned her back on you without speaking, and served first the drunken peon, who brought his money in his dirty handkerchief? Has not even Mariana La Tuerta, ugly and old as she is, disdained your protection and made you a laughing-stock for all San Dimas—and you the son of a Spanish hidalgo! Has the blood in your veins turned to water, that you hesitate and ask the cost, like a buyer of peanuts in the plaza? Will you let the opportunity for wealth, power and revenge slip through your hands for a mere question of cost? It cannot be much, for all that you have in the world is but very little. And what I offer you is what all the world strives for and desires.'

"'I agree to your terms, whatever they are, and whatever you are, be you a man or be you the devil,' cried Don Enrique, stung by the words of the black caballero. 'State your terms and conditions and we will make the bargain here, and at once.'

"'They are very simple,' said the stranger. 'For twenty years you shall enjoy all that I have offered you; when that time has expired I shall come for you, and you will accompany me, and be mine, body and soul. Do you agree?'

"'Yes,' said Don Enrique.

"'Then to business,' said the stranger,

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producing a document and a pen; 'sign this paper.'

"'But,' said Don Enrique, 'we have no ink.' The stranger laughed. 'A contract of this kind is not signed with ordinary ink.' He grasped Don Enrique's left hand with his own, which had nails on every finger longer and sharper than the claws of an eagle, and tightened his grasp, burying his nails in the flesh until the blood ran in streams. 'There,' he said, 'is the ink. Sign!'

"Don Enrique obeyed, and returned the paper to the stranger, who hid it in the folds of his cloak, and then pulled a packet of cigarros from his saddle pockets and offered them to his companion, also taking one himself. As Don Enrique fumbled for flint, steel, and tinder, he saw the stranger, whose cigarro was unlit in his mouth, apply the point of his left index-finger to the point of his cigarro, and in an instant it was alight.

"The black caballero mockingly raised his hat, and Don Enrique perceived a pair of goat horns protruding from his hair. The black horse wheeled quickly, and under the long cloak there appeared a spear-pointed tail and a cloven foot.

"The horse galloped straight up the cañon wall, where neither deer nor wild goat could have clambered. The animal's hoof-marks were left in the solid rock, señor, and you can see them there yet.

"As horse and rider reached the cordon above, there was a noise like a clap of thunder and Don Enrique slid from his saddle to the ground in a faint.

"When he came to his senses his dog was licking his face and the mule was trying to browse on the brush by the side of the trail.

"Only the dried blood, claw-marks, and a smell of sulphur assured him that he had not been dreaming.

"He was a brave man, but he trembled as he raised himself slowly from the ground and mounted. 'Then,' he said to himself, 'there is a real, actual devil, just as Padre Antonio says. And I have sold myself to him, body and soul, in exchange for twenty years of unlimited prosperity. Well, it is not such a bad bargain. I am forty-five now, and in twenty years more I will have but little left to live for. Probably he would have got me anyhow. Still, I should have driven a harder bargain; if I had asked for twenty-five years' time instead of twenty he would have granted it, I believe. But now it is too late. Were it not for the vile quality of the mescal that that rogue El Pinto Calderon trusted me for I should have been more awake and would not have closed with his first offer. A thousand curses on that spotted thief and his mescal. From this day I shall only drink French brandy, and I will be revenged on that dog of a Calderon for the loss he has caused me! And who knows, perhaps when my twenty years are past I may be able to cheat my creditor out of his pay. Many people say that he is a great fool at times. Who says that I may not?'

"By this time he had arrived at the mine. He heard the deep booming of the blasts at the bottom of the shaft.

"Dismounting, he knelt before the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, where all the mining people say an 'Ave' and a 'Padre Nuestra' before entering the mines to risk their lives. But to his horror he found that he was repeating the prayers backward, and he knew beyond doubt that he was really a ward of the devil.

"There was little time for reflection, for from the tunnel's mouth came the miners, at their head the *capitan*,* staggering under the weight of a great chunk of silver ore.

"As he saw Don Enrique he cried, *'Abricias! Abricias!*† Señor Don Enrique! the mine is in bonanza!' and throwing the rock on the ground, 'Look, señor.' Don Enrique saw that the *gallo*‡ was more than half virgin silver with threads of gold.

"'How much of this is there in the shaft?' he asked. 'The entire bottom of the shaft is the same, señor.' Don Enrique leaped into the saddle. 'Put two of your most trustworthy men to guard the mine,' he said, 'and send this *gallo* to San Dimas at once.'

"Then with whip and spur he urged his poor mule into a gallop and rode up the cañon toward San Dimas, yelling like a crazy man.

*Head miner.
†Good news.
‡A fine ore specimen, in miners' slang.

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"That night they brought him the news that the water that had driven his men out of the mine of Las Tres Virgenes had mysteriously disappeared and that he could again work the rich *labor*.*

"In a month Don Enrique was the most talked-of and richest man in all Durango. In his service were hundreds of miners. The walls of the cañon sounded with laughter and music. The gambling-houses were always open and full of players. So was the church, for that matter, after Don Enrique had given the money for its construction.

"Up on the cordon day and night one could hear the heavy roar of the blasts and see the miners by scores going and coming from their work as they changed shifts.

"Hundreds of pack-mules carried the ore to the *haciendas de beneficio*† in San Dimas and San Vicente.

"Don Enrique was the king of it all.

"When his *conducta* made its monthly journey over the sierra to the mint at Durango, where the silver bars were coined, the starting of that train of a hundred mules was a sight worth seeing.

"Every mule was a picked animal from the Durango llanos, as graceful as a deer and as swift as a horse. The *apparejos*‡ were ornamented with silver and each beast carried a collar of tinkling silver bells on its neck.

"A *conductor*§ rode with every mule, mounted on the swiftest and best horses that money could buy; their saddles, bridles and spurs were mounted with silver and gold.

"Each man carried a pair of pistols, a double-barrelled rifle and a long lance with a red silk streamer fluttering near its point, and every one was a tried and tested fighter and horseman.

"Like all old sinners, as the time came nearer Don Enrique became very devout and tried to stave off paying his creditor, who had strictly kept his part of the contract.

"He gave alms to the poor and endowed magnificently all the near-by churches.

"He kept a private confessor and paid him well, although the good padre didn't have much to do, as Don Enrique was afraid to confess to him his chief sin and was too old to commit many new ones. It was said that he heard mass four times a day, and took a bath in and had the whole house sprinkled daily with holy water.

"It was the night of the feast of Our Lady of Candelaria when Don Enrique was given notice that the twenty years were finished.

"In La Puerta all was merriment, for the miners had been paid that day.

"In the gambling-houses the gold and silver clinked and jingled as it changed owners, while the musicians played lively tunes.

"In the streets the miners were dancing by the light of pitch-pine torches.

"While the common people amused themselves on the streets, in the house of Don Enrique a great *baile* was in progress. All the rich persons for leagues around had gathered there. In the church a midnight mass was being held.

"Suddenly high in the air was heard a rushing sound, such as a great shooting-star sometimes makes, but no one saw any light. From up on the cordon, just where the iron cross stands, there sounded a loud shout.

" 'Milan! Milan! ya es hora; vamonos!' ('Milan! Milan! the hour has come; let us be going.') Three times it was repeated, and after the last call the whole town was as silent as a graveyard. The gamblers ceased playing, the dancers were still, the very padres saying mass stopped and listened, trembling. Again there came the rushing sound, and a huge bat-like shape swooped down through the air from the crest of the cordon of Contra-estaca and alighted on the ridge-pole of the church.

"Thence it was but a single leap to the door of Don Enrique's house, and with another cry of 'Milan! Milan! ya es hora vamonos!' he sprang straight into the great open *zaguan*.* What might have happened in that instant had it not been for good old Padre Anselmo the Holy

*Stope.
†Ore-working plants.
‡Mexican pack-saddles.
§Armed guard.

*Main doorway.

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Virgin only knows. The women dancers lay fainting on the floor, the men stood motionless like a herd of frightened deer.

"Padre Anselmo, so fat from good living and much sleep that he had not seen the tips of his own toes in fifteen years, with an uplifted crucifix and a small vase of holy water hurried to the door to defend his flock and his patron, Don Enrique, who at the first alarm had hidden himself in his private chapel, where, cowering in front of the shrine, he attempted to say an 'Ave,' but was almost choked by doing so, as the words came out backward.

"Whether it was the wine he had drunk in healths to 'Our Lady' or the fat body of old Doña Ramona Paniagua, who lay in front of the doorway in a dead faint, that caused his fall is not known, but Padre Anselmo fell with outstretched arms just as he reached the door, and in falling struck the devil square across the face with his crucifix, while the holy water dashed over his hoofs and legs.

"With a horrible scream of pain and rage that was heard for ten leagues the devil leaped straight up through the roof, leaving a hole behind him that a cow could fall through, and disappeared for that night.

"The next day the whole town was almost deserted, except for Don Enrique, and Padre Anselmo, who would not desert his charge, who had confessed to him his sin; and besides, Padre Anselmo was so bruised and shaken from his fall and the effects of his libations of the night before that he could scarcely move. Besides these two there were the priests and acolytes that had remained in the church; all the rest of the town had fled in terror at dawn.

"Toward evening the little company decided that it would be best for them to go to San Dimas, where Don Enrique could take refuge in the sacristy and so perhaps stave off his creditor, and Padre Anselmo could get something palatable to eat and drink.

"They started out, the priests and acolytes ahead on foot and Padre Anselmo and Don Enrique riding behind, mounted on the same mule. Now, the padre was no feather-weight and but a poor horseman, and he sat in the saddle like a sack of corn, while Don Enrique, mounted behind, grasped his father confessor as far around the waist as his arms would reach.

"Just around the bend in the cañon there is a narrow place where the cañon walls come almost together, and the water has cut its way through the solid rock, leaving high cliffs on either side, and on the right-hand side there is a shallow cave in the face of the cliff.

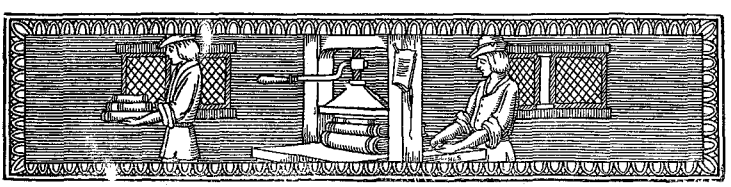
"All went well till they reached the narrow pass, and the priests and acolytes passed through, wading waist-deep in the water. The devil was perched on the top of the cliffs, hidden behind some *nopal** bushes, watching his chance. As the mule entered the water he called out again, 'Milan! Milan! ya es hora vamonos!'

"Before Padre Anselmo had time to make the sign of the cross and thus ward off the danger, the mule, crazy with fright, reared and plunged so violently that the good father was thrown on his head into the water and half strangled before he regained his feet and struggled to the shore.

"When he looked for his companion there was no trace of Don Enrique. The devil had taken his own."

Arthur D. Temple.

*Prickly pear.



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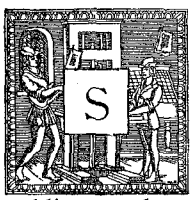
THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CHAPTER IV

THE BROTHERS TOOP



OME mystery attached to the brothers Toop. In most affairs of life they were open as the day, and each pursued his dual occupation with energy and success. Peter was a publican and undertaker; Joel shared the duties and profits of the Jolly Huntsmen, while, in addition, he kept pigs and poultry upon an extensive scale. They lived together at the inn, and Joel conducted his operations on the spot. His ducks and geese waddled daily to their haunts in the river; his swine dwelt in styes behind the public-house. But Peter's mournful business, as became it, was sequestered from the general eye. He employed two men, and his shop lay in a corner of Merivale behind the cottages.

The mystery concerned their ages, and upon this subject they differed. Each, when the other was not present, declared himself the younger; each professed himself by many years less elderly than he appeared; and each regarded marriage as a matter in the near future for himself, but declared that his brother now approached confirmed bachelorhood. Joel openly regretted the growing ravages of time as exhibited upon the person of Peter; and Peter mourned and shook his head to note how fast Joel went down the hill. Between themselves they never discussed the matter; but when apart, each dilated upon the subject and took it for granted that his hearers were with him. As a matter of fact they might have been near of an age, and that age sixty-five or a little more. Peter was bald, Joel had grey hair; Peter was stout and energetic, Joel was thin and active; Peter wore glasses and Joel needed them not; but against his brother's naked head and short sight Joel had to set a chronic cough and gouty rheumatism. They were attached to one another and permitted no criticism from the outer world.

And now into their busy lives had come an object of immense significance in the shape of Ruth Rendle. With doubt and fear they invited her to join them, for the prospect of a young woman in the house rendered both uneasy; but Ruth at one-and-twenty proved herself more self-contained and staid than her predecessor of forty, who was now married to an Okehampton green-grocer. Ruth, though a silent woman, proved the soul of sense and prudence. She lacked that leaven of levity which Joel held desirable in a barmaid; yet, on the other hand, as Peter pointed out, she possessed gifts that were not only higher than a ready tongue, but which really paid better in the long run. The regular customers liked her, and, as time went on, her kinsmen both became enamoured of her.

They were men of business and realised what saving of time must result from the courting of a person who lived under their own roof; the disparity of age did not strike them; and for some months neither had the least idea that the other shared his ambition. Both appreciated the obvious advantages accruing to penniless Ruth; each in secret wondered what the other would make of it when he heard the news; and each, with a high opinion of the girl's common sense, felt tolerably hopeful. Joel, however, was far the more sanguine. They kept their secret intentions very carefully to themselves; but since Peter and Joel were both acute and observant men, each presently discovered the situation with respect to his brother; each detected the other in little gallantries and loverlike acts. They brought Ruth presents; they insisted on taking her for drives; the position began to be difficult for her, and sometimes in weak moments, after Joel's methodical at-

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tentions had been more than usually arduous, or Peter's warm heart had led him to extravagant lengths, the woman's mind looked round wildly for any possible channel of escape.

In public, and even before Ruth herself, Peter and Joel debated matrimony with good appetite. Marriage was indeed the favourite subject of their leisure, and if one mentioned it, the other was always ready to join the discussion.

There came a Sunday night when both descanted on the glories of the married state as they walked home from church with Mrs. Pomeroy, Mr. Codd, Ruth and Ives. The Toops were strict Church of England men, and Peter undertook the duties of vicar's warden at Sampford Spiney, a neighbouring village where they worshipped.

Ives and Miss Rendle walked ahead, while Avisa went between the brothers.

"Pull your comforter well about your chest, Joel," said Peter. "The air strikes cold coming out into it."

"Thank you, thank you, Peter," answered the other, swift to scent a challenge. "And you walk gingerly, my dear. This road's a bit rough for your eyes after dark."

"You must soon be thinking of marrying, you two men," declared Mrs. Pomeroy, familiar with their favourite topic.

Both instantly answered, and from the clatter of their voices the slow, determined tone of Peter finally emerged, for Joel began to cough.

"What you say is full of sense as usual. It is time we began to think about it—high time. Here's three good, money-making things—the hotel, the pig and poultry farm, and—my business, all to be handed down to the next generation, and no next generation coming on to hand 'em down to."

Joel, knowing that his weaker voice could not hold its own with Peter's louder and deeper organ, fell back upon Emanuel Codd. He dropped to the rear out of earshot and pursued the subject, though to no sympathetic listener.

"You see, Codd, as the older man, 'tis for Peter to take the first step, and I'm only waiting for him to do it. Some sensible creature of middle age is what he wants, if he is to marry at all. No young person would do for him now. He'll be needing a nurse, poor old chap, in ten years or so. It cuts me to the heart to see how blind he gets. And he won't go to the watchmaker's and buy a new strength of spectacles, because he thinks 'twould be a sign of age! However, if he don't marry, I must. 'Twill be my task to raise up a few nephews and nieces for Peter, and I really must set about it."

Codd smiled sourly to himself, but the darkness concealed his amusement.

"Your brother always says that he's got the pull of you by years. You'm a pair, if you ax me. What d'you want to marry for, and raise up brats to break your hearts, and get tangled up with women when you ought to be thinking of your graves?—There! Did you see that?"

He broke off suddenly and pointed to a man who passed them in the dim light.

"Good-night, Moleskin," said Joel Toop.

"Good-night, good-night, neighbours," cried Mr. Cawker; then he vanished into the darkness.

"Did you mark what he had under his arm?" asked Codd viciously.

"A cabbage or two, I think."

"Yes—and whose garden did they come out of? Little enough that man pays for green stuff. To eat a bite he hadn't stolen would be like meat without salt to the rogue."

"You do take such a dark view of your fellow-creatures," complained Joel. "Now, in my case—interested as I am in the female sex—I find it breed a great friendship to human beings in general. If she'll have me, there's little doubt there'll be a free feed to the Jolly Huntsmen on the day of the wedding."

"You've got your eye on a she then? Never thought you'd have gone that far, for all your talk."

"Not a word! I can't say that I've taken more than just the usual preliminary steps that a sensible man would take; but I feel hopeful. In fact, there are very good reasons why I should be hopeful. However, time will show."

"Time will show you're a brace of silly old fools," said Mr. Codd. "This is work you ought to have took in hand full thirty year ago, if you'd been in earnest. You was too busy with your pigs and barrels

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of beer to think of the maidens then; 'tis a poor compliment to any woman, young enough for child-bearing, to offer her the remains of yourself now—with your cough and your gouty old hands. Lord! I might so well go courting as you; which God forbid, I'm sure."

"Women look at a man's heart, and you don't know anything about the matter," answered Joel rather warmly. "You ought to be larger-minded. I don't see that it's much good for you to go to church, Emanuel Codd, if you can say things like this the minute after. We've just heard a very good sermon on charity, I'm sure, yet the first man you meet with a cabbage, you say he's stole it; and then you tell me that a sensible woman would object to gouty rheumatism—not even chronic at that, but merely come and go."

Joel made it clear that he desired no further speech with Mr. Codd. He hastened forward and overtook his brother, who had won a more kindly listener.

"Mrs. Pomeroy here thinks 'tis high time you turned your thoughts to a wife," said Peter. "For my part, I tell her that you've only got to set the good example, and I shall follow very quick after. If you wait much longer, in fact, I shall be first in the field, and you may have a nephew afore you get a son."

"Always such a hopeful disposition—hasn't he?" answered the other cheerfully. "Well, we must begin to think about it seriously. It's no good pretending to less than half a century, whatever we may feel."

"I want for Ruth to come in and have supper with us to-night, if you please," said Mrs. Pomeroy; and Peter saw no objection, but Joel hesitated.

"To be frank, we was going to have a sucking-pig to our meal to-night," he explained. "I'd be sorry for her to miss it—such a dainty feeder as she be."

"A sucking-pig!" said Peter. "First I've heard of it. You'd better come along of us, Mrs. Pomeroy, and join the feast."

"No, no. And I wager that Ruth won't care. We want to have a tell—me and her."

"After all, she would enjoy some of it cold for breakfast quite as well," declared Peter. He took a little secret pleasure in ruining Joel's enterprise; but the other showed annoyance, because a sucking-pig was a great and rare incident.

"Ruth!" shouted the poulterer. "What do I hear? Mrs. Pomeroy says you ban't coming home to supper—this night of all nights."

"No, Cousin Joel. I've promised to bide at Mrs. Pomeroy's, and Ives be going to see me home."

The brothers therefore departed, Peter cheerful and Joel cast down. A cold steak pie was the supper at Vixen Tor Farm, and after the meal Ruth, speaking privately with Avisa, indicated her difficulties. The elder's attitude lightened her mind not a little.

Humour is an attribute of female character that sometimes only develops with age and experience. No young woman knows a good jest from a bad; but life occasionally matures the judgment in that respect: Avisa's sense of humour kept her soul sweet and served largely to adjust her vision. Now she poured laughter upon Ruth's discomfort until the anxious maiden found herself laughing too. Mrs. Pomeroy ridiculed the love-making of the brothers, dared to doubt if they were in earnest, and recommended Ruth to go on her way without care or concern.

"'Tis mostly chatter," she said. "They are as vain as peacocks really, and they want the world to think them gay young bachelors on the lookout for wives. Think no more of 'em, and if either of 'em be so silly as to offer marriage, just say 'no' and leave 'em."

"That's the point," said Ruth. "If I do leave 'em, where shall I go?"

"Come to me—while you look round. Don't meet trouble half-way. There's a good husband under thirty years old waiting for you somewhere, Ruth."

"You mean Matthew Northmore?"

"Indeed not. I mean nobody—at least nobody that can't make you love him. Northmore's all right, but not all right for you if you don't care for him. Drop that now. Tell me about Ives. He've spent a lot of time in the Jolly Huntsmen of late, dear chap. Young things talk to young things. I know how 'twas with me when I was young. The older generation never seemed so close to me in

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heart and sense as my own—though 'tis only the silly idea of youth. But youth cleaves to youth. Has Ives said anything that be worth my knowing? I don't ask for curiosity, but only for love. This girl throwing him over has been a hard stroke, and I can't say all he'd like me to say to him, because I'm right down thankful really that the girl did change her mind."

"He's not said much, except that he and she were as good as tokened. He's also told some rude things about her green dress and about Samuel Bolt, and so on. All silly talk. But the surprising point to me was he should have taken it so much to heart; because three months ago he was not for one maiden, but all. I felt terrible startled the affectionate way he used to talk about girls in general, and many I don't believe he even knew to speak to."

"Why be startled?" asked Mrs. Pomeroy; "I used to like all the boys when I was his age; and all the best boys liked me, I believe!"

Ruth laughed.

"Well they might," she said. "You'd a way with you, I warrant!"

"He'll do better than Jill, please God. I should dearly wish for to see him married to the right one; but I'm in no hurry. The sort he fancies now be the silly pink and white sort; for I can tell you he's mighty particular, though you may not think so. He loves 'em bright and highly coloured, like the bird chooses the cherry. But presently I'm hopeful that he'll see more than skin deep."

"I wish he'd stand to work and not waste all his time, if I may say so," ventured Ruth. "'Tis only because I—I respect him so much that I presume to——"

"I understand, my dear. 'Respect' ban't the word. His mother will be very quick to respect him when he gives her the chance. Ban't respect makes people so kind to him for all his reckless silliness. 'Tis another word. 'Tis the same thing that made 'em kind and good to me when I was no better than a young wild kitten. You can't quite understand yet, because you've never been so fiery. Life tamed you very quick—worse luck. But don't take life too serious, Ruth. Laugh oftener. When you want to laugh, mind you do. There's a lot must be well worth laughing at up to the Jolly Huntsmen. And don't you fear to laugh at Ives. Laughter often be a good tonic for an unhappy young man—better'n beer anyway."

"I shall never laugh at him," said Ruth solemnly.

Then the evening ended and young Pomeroy, at his mother's wish and with no very good grace, saw Ruth over the half mile of dark moorland that separated the farm of Vixen Tor from Merivale.

Lizzie Pomeroy asked her mother's opinion of Ruth after the girl had gone; but the elder committed herself to few words and hid much that was in her mind.

"She's a nice, sensible young woman in my opinion. Life's been sad with her and made her a thought careful and anxious for her years; but she'll get younger as she gets older, I hope. A very nice maiden indeed. Wish there was more of that sort in these parts."

"I like her too," declared Lizzie. "If Ives would fall in love with her now, mother!"

"Don't you take to matchmaking at your time of life, my dear. Ives won't ask advice in that matter."

"But wouldn't she suit him and be just the wife for him?" persisted Lizzie.

"No—not yet," answered Avisa. "If you want the unkind truth, my pretty girl, Ruth is too good for our dear chap at present."

"Mother! I'd never thought to hear you say that."

Mrs. Pomeroy smiled.

"That's because you don't know much about your own mother yet, Lizzie. But you will. That's a joy I'm content to wait for. But 'tis the best that can fall to the lot of some parents: when their children begin to know 'em. Not that it always happens. They tell 'tis a wise father that knows his own son;' and 'tis a wise daughter that knows her own mother, I dare say."

"We know you for the dearest mother ever any boy and girl had," declared Lizzie fervently. "And Ives do know it quite as well as me, when he's not in one of his silly tantrums."

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"Then I'm a happy woman and ought to be very well content with both of you," answered Avisa.

CHAPTER V

KING TOR

One evening in early spring, Jill Wickett and Samuel Bolt climbed up the hill east of Walla Valley, and ascended those wide and shaggy slopes of wilderness that rise upward to King Tor. Near this elevation men have scratched in Dartmoor's bosom for stone, and great quarries still yield their wealth of granite; while upon the commons beneath appear many evidences of a neolithic people who haunted these uplands and sequestered deserts when the world was younger. Cairns, parallelitha, ruined lodges and other aboriginal monuments lie round about this region; and from King Tor's summit also appeared the winding waters of Walla, dancing over the Moor, sinking to the lowlands, and glimmering through the first verdure of spring woods. In the valley, larches spired with the light behind them, and Vixen Tor rose gloomy against the grass slopes round about it. Jill's eyes rested on the farm beneath the Vixen; then they turned to her lover's cottage standing beside the road that ran, like a white thread, through Merivale. Anon a flash of water again attracted her attention to the home of the Pomeroys, where sinking sunshine caught a streamlet and set it glittering. Far distant, under the increasing glory of the west, Cornwall lay like a cloud, and her lulls and vales, mingling with the magic of the air, rolled unsubstantial as the pageant of sunset above them.

Jill and Samuel proceeded toward the summit of King Tor, while Mr. Bolt chattered volubly in a thin but cheerful voice. He stood at the threshold of life's romance and his cup of joy was brimming. So much happiness almost rendered him incoherent. The woman listened but showed only a little kindred emotion. It might have been suspected that the enthusiasm of her companion somewhat wearied her.

Samuel Bolt was full of the future, and now his flood of ideas, together with the steepness of the path, made him pant. Finally he became breathless and stood still to recover. He was a high-shouldered and undersized man with a kind and gentle face. His watery eyes lacked virile force and his expression was one of child-like hope and trust. A nondescript, brown moustache and small flat whiskers adorned his rounded countenance. His cheeks were rather highly coloured and smooth as a baby's. His brow was also unfurrowed. He smiled a great deal and his laugh rang shrill. Samuel had an emotional nature. Friends said of him that he was all heart and charity; indifferent folk, for he had no enemies, declared that he narrowly escaped being weak in his head. His business was to drive a steam roller where roads were being mended round about the neighbouring parishes; and his pleasure was to play a little wooden flute.

Now he coughed and grinned through the water in his eyes.

"Pat me on the back, Jill," he said.

The girl obeyed, but a smile, with which she answered his, was fleeting and wintry.

"Don't talk no more. Keep your wind for the hill. Us'll hear some more of your great opinions when we get to the top," she answered.

The words indicated very accurately her attitude to her sweetheart, and also revealed something of the maiden's nature. They were hard, almost contemptuous; but she uttered them in a pleasant voice, and they brought no pang to Samuel.

Jill Wickett was a handsome woman cast in the grand mould. Her hair, of a shade between red and yellow, like a bright sponge, though a hot and unrestful colour, was of superb abundance. Her eyes matched it; but her eyelashes were pale as straw. Eyes and mouth and a rather thin nose all told of temper. She was freckled and her skin belonged to that clear order common with light or red women. A great indifference as to attire marked Jill. She trusted to her curious face, fine form and wonderful hair. Her clothes were poor and untidy. Even in these her courting days, she was a slattern. The hem of her old gown was frayed, and beneath it a blue petticoat

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hung down behind and swept the earth. Her shoes were large and the right one had a piece of string in it instead of a lace. Two buttons from the neck of her bodice were gone, and the garment itself gaped half an inch at a seam in the back. She walked with an easy, swinging stride, and went up the hill more swiftly than her lover. Indeed, she reached the top of King Tor two minutes before Samuel. Then she chose a comfortable natural seat and reclined amid the boulders; sighed after her exertions; pushed her sand-coloured locks out of her eyes and looked down at her lover's figure toiling upward. For the first time she noted that his knees were a little bent inward, and the accident added to the physical meanness of his appearance. She frowned and turned her eyes away from him impatiently.

Soon he sat beside her and panted rather hard. She noticed a wheeze in his throat as he took long breaths, and it irritated her.

"How you do puff!" she said in a discontented tone of voice.

"Well I may. We ain't all got your wonderful parts. 'Tis more like a bird going up a hill than a woman of ten stone to see you," he declared amiably. Then he continued: "Mother said, only back along Sunday, that to see you in a hurry—why, 'twas like a flying creature—so swift can you travel."

"She never have seen me in a hurry, because I never be in one," answered Jill.

"You be in a hurry to marry me, I hope. Can you believe that 'tis little more than eight months off, my precious? Every morning when I wake up, I say, 'Thank the watching Lord I'm one day nearer my Jill.'"

"You didn't ought to be so fond. I'm not half what you think me."

"Don't you say that! You'm a thousand times better than anybody knows—even me. Trust mother to tell—such a judge of characters as her. But I do wish you'd button up they front buttons to the neck afore you see her. She's got such an eye for a button."

"You mind your own business. Anyway my buttons ban't your business. This here dress have shrinked since I washed un. You don't want me to choke myself, I suppose."

He regarded her plump neck with admiration; then he bent over and kissed it.

"Bless your beautiful skin—like roseleaves. But can't you let the neck out a bit?"

"No," she said shortly. "Ban't worth while. Shan't wear it much longer. I'm making up that stuff as you brought me, and 'twill be ready pretty soon. But I like print best myself, for all that. 'Tis cooler."

He blinked and smiled at her. Then he came closer and put his arm round her waist.

"Could sit like this for evermore," he said.

She was not responsive; but presently a more gentle expression came into her eyes and she rubbed her ear against his.

"You'm a good chap," she declared. "But I do wish you was shorter and sharper with me, and with your mother, too, for that matter."

"What an idea! The two living creatures I love best in the whole world. Not very likely. Mother—well, you know her. An unkind word from me would kill her, I reckon. Have you seen her new house now I've hanged the wallpaper in the front parlour?"

"No, I haven't."

"Very nice it looks. She almost shed tears of joy and wonder when 'twas done and I let her come in and see. Honeysuckle is her favourite flower, and I found a paper all crawled over with huge bunches of honeysuckle. Ninepence a piece it cost, yet I couldn't resist it. 'Twas worth anything to see her joy when I took her across to look for the first time."

"When do she go in?"

"By the end of June 'twill be ready."

"Then, when she's gone, you'll set about your own house?"

"Of course. I mean to have it just to a hair as you want it. A few things of mother's, such as blinds and little trifles, I'd wish to keep for memory's sake. Anyway, we can't better 'em. But 'twill be your home and all must be to your way of thinking. I seed a couple of brave pictures to Tavistock last time I was there—proper painted pictures—one a windmill with the sun setting, and only eighteen shillings, frame and all complete. I want for you to have a few rich, fancy

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things like that in your parlour. Mother's got a surprise for you, too. But I mustn't say anything about that. That reminds me, would you like some young gillyflowers? I've got a good packet of seed for mother's garden, and I can scatter a bit round our own, if you like 'em."

She did not answer. Her eyes were looking down below upon the farmhouse that shone with white face under the great crags of the Vixen. Samuel followed her glance.

"I had speech with that rash young chap a bit ago. Mother and his mother be old friends, you know. He's felt losing of you cruel, my darling dear. Never should have thought he could feel so much about anything. Threatenings and slaughters he breathed out against me! But they laugh who win."

"What did you say to him, Samuel?"

"Why, after he'd called me dirt, and scum, and the trash of the earth and suchlike, and asked me how I dared come between you and him, I just said to his face that he ought to know better than speak so coarse to a harmless, honest man. I said, 'She've made open free choice betwixt us, and you'm a very mean sort of chap to try to bully me.' I said, 'The thing is done now and you know her well enough to know she ban't changeable.' With that he answered, and I just marched off and left him."

"And—what? What did he answer?"

"No matter—'twas a very ungentlemanly way to speak of any female—least of all you."

"I know what he said well enough. He told you I had changed once, and—perhaps would again."

Samuel stared.

"My stars! How did you know that?"

"Because I know him. I know just what he thought, and what he said, and what he swore when I took you. Not that I ever was really tokened to him for a second—you know that, Sam."

"My mother figured him up pretty well, I believe. She says he'll never come to good—too light-minded. And he won't be a good husband for any one female, owing to his large liking for 'em all. So my mother says. Now I never felt the call of the female in my nature till I met you, Jill. Then it drew me, like the moon draws the sea. From being a hopeful and patient man, I growed that fiery and short and fierce, you'd never believe! If I'd been a dog, you'd have said I was going mad. Mother found it out. 'You'm in love,' she said all of a sudden one day. I was terrible astonished to hear her, for I'd thought 'twas hidden."

Jill pursued her own reflections.

"Ives Pomeroy said that I should change again—eh? And no doubt he thinks so. But he thinks wrong—as usual. He don't know how to treat a woman—for all he's so mighty fond of 'em. Wanted for me to say I was sorry to him! A likely thing—and him in the wrong of course."

"Of course he was, I'll warrant. A very wrong-headed chap, most times."

"And no great catch when all's said and done—only renter—an' just the fashion of man to forget to pay his rent some day. That lazy, too. He don't know what work means—very different to you, Samuel."

"Don't think no more about him. 'Work!' He never did a day's honest work in his life, poor chap. But I can't say hard things against him. 'Twouldn't be Christian, seeing what I've won and he've missed."

"A blustering overbearing man, and don't know the hard edge of the world at all yet. 'Twould do him good to be hungry and thirsty a bit," she said.

"He'm hungry and thirsty both—for you. A surly sort of man. For my part, I never could see what the women saw in his face—to say it kindly," declared Samuel. "A hang-dog countenance he've gotten in my opinion. A sulky look in his eyes and a curly forehead—for all the world like a young, bad-tempered bull."

But the girl did not answer this criticism of Ives Pomeroy. Whatever might be her view of the other's mental peculiarities, his face was good to her. The curly hair, the glance of sulky power, the imperious mien and commanding gesture—all were agreeable. Her nature enjoyed to reflect upon these things, and now it did so, while the placid and genial inanity of Samuel's countenance pointed the mental picture by force of contrast.

"Mother—" he began again; then a

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sudden spark of self flashed up from the unfathomed depths of Jill.

"Do leave your mother alone for a bit, there's a dear. I'm getting a thought weary of your mother—not she herself—but her on your tongue from morning till night. We'm very good friends, and always shall be, I hope. Still—give the subject a rest. Tell about your uncle down to Plymouth for a change."

Mr. Bolt was fluttered and a little alarmed. He withdrew his arm from Jill's waist.

"Tired of mother!" he said. Then he spoke as firmly as he could and tried to blink some fierceness into his mild eyes. "That won't do, Jill. I can't hear you talk like that and suffer it. When once you come to know the wonders of that woman, and especially all she've done for me from my birth up, you'll never be tired of the subject. Anyway, I can tell you this: she's never tired of hearing me tell about you—never. I'm very sorry you spoke that."

Samuel's tone rang with reproach and Jill yawned into his face as she expressed a sort of contrition.

"All right—all right," she answered. "I didn't mean nothing. Don't be so serious about it. Your mother and me understand each other very well. She's kindness made alive."

Samuel grew calm again and put his arm around her once more.

"Uncle's no better and no worse," he said.

"Hope to God the man's not going to have a long illness, anyhow. I know what them long illnesses mean only too well. They eat up all the money, like a cat laps milk."

"I've sometimes wondered, when he goes, whether you'd like for me to take over his business myself instead of selling it."

"'Twould suit me very well," she answered with awakened interest. The subject pleased her. She sat up and grew animated.

"I'd love to leave this dreary hole, I can tell you. And the shop down to Plymouth would be a godsend, I'm sure."

"Of course, mother—" he began, then broke off abruptly. "Not that we must count on chickens before they are hatched, however."

"I ban't that sort, I assure 'e," she answered. "Needn't think I'm a hopeful woman—very far from it. I've had everything in my life to make me take the black view, and I always do, and always shall do. But if you've told me truth, your uncle's dying pretty brisk of something inside; and he's got none so near as you, and he's saved three thousand pound, very near, and he's told you the money's to be yours under his will."

"Exactly how it stands," declared Samuel. "And I've been a very good nephew to him so far as I could. I shall be sorry when he goes; but a doctor to Plymouth gives him little more than six months; and when I was last along with the poor man he said, 'I shan't send you no wedding present, Sam, because long afore your first child's born I shall be under the earth and all I have will be yours.' I said I hoped not; but no doubt 'twill be so. The dying ban't deceived."

"Do he want to see me?"

"He didn't say so. But I'm very wishful he should. Perhaps we might go down Easter Monday and cheer him up? There's a cheap excursion from Tavistock."

"I should like to see the shop. What is it? Pens and ink and stationery and such-like?"

"Just so. I'm really rather doubtful if a man so ignorant as me could undertake it. We should have to keep on the young lady in the shop, Jill."

"Oh, no, we shouldn't! I'd soon larn the ways of it."

"Couldn't have you cooped up behind a counter. You'd have to look after the house. And there's what we should have to do about mother, too. That's a puzzler, for she'd never live in a town."

Jill reflected and smiled to herself. Then something moving in the red sunset light upon the heath below attracted her attention.

"Who be they downalong?" she asked.

Samuel screwed up his eyes.

"I see 'em. 'Tis Miss Lizzie Pomeroy and her young man going homeward," he said.

"The schoolmaster from Sampford Spiney?"

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"Yes—she've been lucky. He's a learned young chap, and good-looking as well."

"Wonder what he saw in that little bantam hen?"

"She's small, but a neat, trim maiden. And got her mother's sense—so my mother tells me."

"A little, pin-tailed creature! I don't call her a woman—she's no more than a slip of a child."

"There's few with your splendid round shape. A regular queen among 'em you be."

Jill's thoughts were on the schoolmaster. He read the lessons in church sometimes. He was tall and wore fine clothes. She wondered why Lizzie Pomeroy pleased him.

"The big chaps often take little women," Jill said aloud, pursuing her own thoughts. She remembered at the same moment that she stood two inches taller than Samuel.

"Me an' Ives Pomeroy was the same height to a hair," she remarked thoughtfully.

Samuel felt a slow, growing oppression of mind. The general trend of conversation had discouraged him.

"Let's be going," he said. "'Twill be dark afore we reach the road."

Jill rose immediately.

"You can see me as far as the bridge, Sam."

"Ban't you coming back to supper?"

"Not to-night. I'm wanted at home."

His face fell and she exerted herself a little to cheer him. At the sound of loving words he was soon happy and enthusiastic again. Together they reached Ward Bridge over Walla. Then they climbed the hill beyond, and the moon already began to throw a faint grey light before Samuel kissed Jill fervently, called down the blessing of Heaven upon her, and departed.

She went slowly forward to her home at Sampford Spiney. Then suddenly came a figure in the dark and stopped the way. A man jumped from a broken place in the hedgerow and stood against her. For a moment Jill was alarmed; but when she recognised the intruder upon her peace, fear changed to anger.

CHAPTER VI

A STORMY SUPPER PARTY

Ives Pomeroy stood in the middle of the road, and when Jill moved to pass him, he prevented her.

"You've got to speak a word or two to me afore you go on," he said. "I saw you in the valley with that moon-faced fool and reckoned you'd be coming this way presently. I've kept off you as long as I could, but there are some things that happen I will have explained, and the way you've treated me be one of them."

"I wasn't in the valley with no moon-faced fool. So you can take that back to begin with," she answered. "There's fools of all sorts and all colours; and don't think I'm afraid of answering your questions, because I'm not."

"That's all right then. 'Twouldn't be much like you, or me either, to be afeard of anything. Perhaps you'll sit here 'pon this log of wood for a minute and listen to me."

She obeyed. Then she put her chin in her hands and her elbows on her knees.

"Speak what you've got to speak quickly, please," she said. "I can't bide here all night."

"Why for did you throw me over for Samuel Bolt?"

She made a gesture of impatience.

"Is that all you've got to say? Don't you know the answer as well as I do?"

"I don't, else I shouldn't ask you."

"If you look into your own mind, you'll see the answer very quick."

"No, I shan't. So perhaps you'll speak."

"The reason is that I don't trust you. There's a deal too much of the Jacky-toad* in you for me, and a deal too much pride. Proud as a peacock—Lord knows what for. I don't see that you've got much to be proud of except your face. And that wasn't your making. All you be doing for it is to spoil it by glowering and frowning at the world, as if all people were your enemies. You don't know how to please a woman. You're a bully really; and I won't marry a bully anyway."

*Jacky-toad. Will-o'-the-wisp.

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"So that's it? I'm not a bully, and very well you know how I treated you. I was as good a lover as ever you be likely to have. Nothing was too hard. I'd have went through fire and water for you, and you know it. But, damn it all, us wants something for our worship. When you wronged me cruel and wouldn't say you were sorry——"

"I didn't wrong you cruel."

"You did; and wouldn't say you were sorry. So that showed you weren't sorry. You tell me to look in my mind—you look in yours, Jill, and you'll see a dirty, cowardly, mean piece of work. You'll see a woman who scraped a quarrel with a straight man because she wanted to be rid of him."

"That's a lie. I never wanted to be rid of you till you showed me a glimpse of the truth about yourself. Then I knowed you would be selfish and hard and soon grow sick of me."

"Wanted to be rid of him," repeated Ives. "For why? Because she'd found a chap as owned a cottage and had an uncle as would leave him oceans of money presently."

"Ives! How can you dare to say that?"

"Because it's true. You think nobody's got any sense or cunning but yourself. You think you can hoodwink everybody. But it takes more than a woman to throw dust in my eyes. I know injustice when I see it. Samuel was dead struck on you and got his old mother to have you to tea when he wasn't there. Then she tells you all his noble qualities and vartues, and how the cottage is his own, and how his uncle to Plymouth be dying and will leave him a fortune. And then—though you'd never have given the sheep-faced creature a thought afore—you have a row with me and—and——"

"Stop!" she said, rising. "If you could think so badly of me as that, you never loved me at all, and I'm very thankful I've escaped from you. I didn't throw you over and you've no right to say I did. 'Tis all the other way, God knows. You was rude and unkind to me, and ordered me about, and wouldn't say you were sorry, so I soon felt I was nought better than a dog to you. You turned your back on me in the public road, and walked right off and scorned me as if I was dirt. What woman was going to stand that? I'm not made of stone. I'm not a patient, spiritless creature to be a beast of burden for any man. I'll give everything to the chap I love. I'll pour out my heart and strength and soul for him; but I will have his heart and strength for mine. I want to be happy, not miserable. I want to be mistress of my home when I've got one, not a downtrodden rag of a woman kept by a man to cook his food and bear his children. You've shown enough of yourself to me to prove yourself a tyrant to females, so there's an end of it. Now I'll go."

"Go to hell for all I care," answered Ives furiously. "A girl to preach to me as if she was my grandmother! And all lies, too. I see it very clear: you're marrying a fool for his money; you're marrying a ninny-hammer as you can twist round your finger, and blind, and play with and laugh at. No honest woman would do that. See what his love be worth compared to mine."

"I mean to. He don't talk so loud as you, or roll his eyes so much; but he stands to work and understands what a woman wants, and knows how to worship 'em."

"'Worship 'em'!—like a silly dog pawing your gown, I suppose. Fawning like a cur—going on his knees for a kiss—bleating his nonsense in season and out. You know whether he makes love like what I did!"

"Of course no other chap be so clever as you. A wonderful masterpiece of a man, quite throwed away to Merivale. Nobody can love a woman like you. Anyway, you've had enough practice. And—and I'll ax you not to speak to me no more, whether or no. The woman that'll make you happy's a worm, as'll do nought but crawl and cringe and tell you day and night what a grand person you are."

"Talk—talk—and all to try and hurt me, you spiteful toad! Just because I didn't give you a new gown to go to church in!"

She passed him and walked rapidly away.

"You'll wish your cake was dough again yet!" he shouted after her; but she let him have the last word, and he was far the angrier of the two when they parted.

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A last oath he hurled into the darkness after Jill; then he returned home and burst stormily upon the supper party assembled there.

"I've had it out with her," he began. "'Twas just as I thought. I told her straight why she'd gone to Samuel Bolt—because he'd got a rich uncle going to die. She couldn't deny it, but talked a lot of drivel about my temper. However, she knows I've seen through her. I've given her a proper dose of the truth to-night; and I've got to say a word to Bolt, too. Then I wash my hands of the blasted pair of 'em for evermore."

A visitor sat at the board, and he looked somewhat uneasy before this storm. Arthur Brown, the studious young schoolmaster of Sampford Spiney, who had recently taken a walk with Lizzie Pomeroy, was a man of three-and-thirty. He had been educated in London, and he knew the elements of most branches of learning except human nature. Passion was foreign to his character. He liked life to be quiet, "genteel" and methodical. Lizzie had wakened interest in his heart by reason of her wonderful neatness, by her manners in church, where she sang in the choir, and by her shyness. He prospered with shy women best. Those who were not shy awakened that emotion in him.

Arthur Brown was sententious, sensible, careful of his money, and ignorant of the world. He disliked Ives Pomeroy cordially and had secret hopes that after marriage he would be promoted to some school nearer a city and pursue life a good deal further from his wife's family. He cared not for the country except as a theatre for field botany. When he walked abroad his eyes were always on the earth or in the hedge. He never lifted them excepting at public worship. He knew the rafters of the church at Sampford Spiney better than the face of the sky. He was a man who found it easy to be correct, honest and upright; and he had a natural instinct to dispense his opinions. Lizzie loved him, considered him the wisest and greatest spirit that the world had shown to her, and wished a thousand times a day that her brother was more like him.

Now, as Ives rattled on Mrs. Pomeroy nodded gently, with that characteristic inclination of the head which often answered for speech with her and took the place of much more than mere affirmative. Then her boy fell moodily upon his supper, and Arthur Brown, who usually showed uneasiness when Lizzie's brother was present, endeavoured to change the subject.

"Can I do anything in London for you, Mrs. Pomeroy?" he asked Avisa. "I am going up for two days in the Easter holiday. There is a May Meeting I want to attend, and it will just fit in. We of the educational world are beginning to——"

Ives interrupted him.

"I said to her, in plain words, that she might go to hell in her green dress for all I cared, and Bolt along with her. And I also said that she'd live to be sorry she ever married a fool for his money."

"Hush, my dear. Arthur be talking," answered his mother.

"Talking—what's the use of talking?"

"There's nought you can do in London for me, but I hope you'll enjoy it—being born to the manner of cities," said Avisa.

"Thank you—thank you. It rubs off the rust, Mrs. Pomeroy. The School Union is a great organisation. I may very likely be asked to address them at Exeter Hall—if we have time. There's a lot in method—when one is teaching. I myself have made experiments on the immature mind during the last five years. We do too much by rote and not enough by sense. The thing is first to train the budding natural instincts. We begin at the wrong end, in fact."

Mrs. Pomeroy smiled.

"You're right. 'Tis a fault of the age, my dear. They beginned at the other end—with a birch—in my young days. And I do think the old generation of men was quite as wise and a lot tougher than the chaps you be turning out."

"Everything is changing. Economical considerations, so I read——"

"Be you going to get Lizzie her tokening ring when you'm in London?" asked Ives like a pistol shot. "Because 'tis about time she had it."

Mr. Brown was naturally disturbed.

"Certainly I am," he said. "Don't think that my delay meant any disrespect to your sister. Very far from that. But we both attached little importance to an

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outward and visible sign of—of the inward and spiritual compact."

"All the same, there's a right way and a wrong way of courting, and she ought to have it—oughtn't she, mother?"

"She's going to have it," said Mrs. Pomeroy.

"And I may say it will be of considerable value," added Arthur Brown. "It happens that a fellow-schoolmaster of mine has a brother who is a jeweller. He is called Mr. Harold Wilkinson, and he is in a pretty rising way of business in the Tottenham Court Road. I shall go to him for Lizzie's ring; and on Thursday week, the fifteenth day of May, that ring will, God willing, be upon Lizzie's finger; and I hope it will become an heirloom in the family."

He spoke with arid correctness. Then all rose from the table.

Old Mrs. Pomeroy retired immediately after the meal; the lovers spent an hour in the parlour alone before Arthur returned to his lodgings at Sampford Spiney; there remained at the table Mr. Codd, his mistress and Ives.

Then Emanuel went out and Avisa was left alone with her son. He sat by the fire, and presently took his pipe out of his pocket. His mother cleared the table.

"Are you better to-night?" he asked presently.

"Yes, dear—quite the thing again. 'Twas nought."

He smoked for five minutes, and she waited for him, knowing that he must storm a while longer before peace came. Then his torment of mind burst forth again. He swore and flung his clay pipe upon the hearth so that it broke into many pieces.

"I wish to God you wouldn't be so deadly calm, mother! Don't you know my blood's boiling in me at this damned trick? Can't you feel a bit? Can't you——?"

"Young blood should boil," she said. "Only don't let it boil over. There's none be so sorry for your sorrow as I am. There's none long and pray for your steadfast, settled happiness like I do. But such things as be steadfast and settled and sure don't come to the likes of you at your time of life. There's no sight of land for you yet, Ives—only the wild sea, I reckon; and your lighthouse the stars."

"Everybody be against me—even her. And I could have sworn that she was a good woman and sensible. Show 'em money and out comes the naked truth about 'em! I hate the whole pack of 'em now. Never again will I have ought to do with 'em. You be the only one of 'em worth a damn."

She laughed and came to him and kissed his hair.

"Bless your curly, silly head! Wait a bit; turn to work—'tis the best balm of life and the only thing you can trust to stand between you and misery. Work and you'll come back to yourself again presently. Oak-rinding will begin after Easter, you know—not ours, but the neighbours'. You can always have as much as you please for the asking, and you like it. I'm hopeful you'll put a lot of time into it, Ives."

"'Oak-rinding'! And me torn to pieces!"

"Stripping bark be good tonic work, your father used to say. Try it. Try toil that'll bring you home dead beat and ready for nought but bed. Show the chaps what you can do. Nobody knows but me, Ives. A good few men round about here doubt if you can stand to work at all: Matthew Northmore, for one. Show 'em what you can do."

"Northmore! I could tie the man in a knot. Look at my arms alongside his. All the same, 'tis only human I should smart for this. All my hopes dashed and—and 'tis a very cruel thing, mother, when you think you've found your life's partner and the identical woman to make you a happy man, to find her a greedy, lying minx like that."

"So 'tis, then. Seek a woman to make you a wise man—not a happy one. Though happiness and wisdom ought to be the same, I suppose."

Ives broke off suddenly. His waning tribulation turned upon others, and he declared a new grievance.

"If that man don't bring Lizzie back a proper ring from London I'll have a row with him."

"Better you let 'em go their own way. They understand one another very well."

He expressed scorn.

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"A frosty business. Call that love! He's too close-fisted to be any good at loving. Does he ever kiss her? Blessed if I think he does. If you went in the parlour now suddenly you'd see 'em sitting six feet apart talking about Exeter Hall!"

She laughed and stroked his head.

"We ban't all built of your clay—a fortunate thing, too. They be beautiful to see, as you'd say if you was older. A perfect understanding betwixt them."

"I lay you didn't go courting that way, mother!"

Mr. Codd entered breathlessly.

"Looking out from my winder, I seed somebody moving in the garden," he said. "Be quick, Ives, and you'll catch 'em. They was near the lettuce frames—bent on no good, I promise you!"

Ives had already disappeared; but a moment later he returned with a woman.

"Wrong as usual. 'Tis only Moleskin's daughter. She went along into the garden in the dark and missed the road to the house."

Mary Cawker thrust an anxious face into the light. She was an ugly, careworn woman of thirty.

"Comed down for a pint of milk—can't get it anywhere our way," she explained. "Thought perhaps you'd pardon me being so late. Mother's a bit queer and I want to make some rice pudden for her."

"Hope 'tis nothing of any account," said Mrs. Pomeroy. Then she took Mary's jug and went to the dairy.

"I suppose your father will be to Bellivor Tor for the hunt day to-morrow?" asked Ives.

"Sure to be there. You'll always find him where there's free meat and drink going. He fetched home a whole bottle of purple wine last year."

"Few people know what a clever man he really is," said young Pomeroy.

"Miss Cawker very well knows what a wicked man he is," declared Codd. "And she knows where he ought to be; and she knows where he will be before the end of it. You can't defy law and order for ever, especially when you get over sixty years old."

The woman's face grew clouded.

"God knows I wish he could be changed," said Moleskin's daughter. "But there—'tis in his blood, the hunger for killing things."

"Hard at the fish now," declared Ives.

"Yes. Nobody kills such heavy trout as he do."

Mrs. Pomeroy brought the milk, and Ives went as far as the garden gate with Mary Cawker.

"Here's a bit of green stuff if you'd like it," he said carelessly. "If your mother's ill she might get good from a fresh lettuce or two. Can you carry them?"

"In my apern, and thank you kindly, Mr. Pomeroy."

He gave her a generous load, and she told him to restore the light to the frame—a thing he had quite forgotten to do.

"Look here," she said with some emotion in her voice: "one good turn deserves another. Don't you see too much of my father. He'm cruel bad company for young men, though I say it. But I know. Keep clear of him, or he'll lead you into mischief so sure as you're born."

"I can take very good care of myself."

"He'll use you. He'll use you to get his chestnuts out of the fire. More than one have suffered so."

"If he can use me he's welcome to," declared Pomeroy scornfully. "No man ever used me: I'm not that sort. I can see through a brick wall as far as most people, Mary."

A gleam of light flashed from the house behind them and Ives heard Mr. Brown's voice bidding Lizzie "good-night."

"Here, I'm going to hide," he said. "I ban't up to that chap to-night. Too good and wise. You needn't fear to look. He won't cuddle her—much too proper for that."

As a matter of fact, Arthur Brown raised his hat to Lizzie and said, "Good-night, dear one!" Then he came down the garden path. But Mary Cawker had gone, and young Pomeroy hid behind the corner of a woodstack until the schoolmaster went out and latched the garden gate behind him.

CHAPTER VII

THE SPORTSMEN

Just before Easter the weather turned very cold, the wind settled in the north

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and snow showers swept the Moor with mantles of whiteness. By day the sun was strong enough to melt these falls, but at night the cold conquered. There came an evening when it snowed heavily for an hour; then the clouds cleared and their masses caught the sunset and cast its radiance down upon the world beneath until the candid wilderness glowed with roseal wonders of light. After dark more snow fell, and when day came Ives Pomeroy looked out from his window at five o'clock upon the return of winter. The young leaves of spring trembled under their burden; in the yard one sheet of snow nearly an inch deep covered all things. Only the track of a sheep-dog and the trail of a bird's feet marked it. But the sun soon rolled up behind King Tor, pierced the sulky fog-banks that hung low upon the waste, and woke them to a dazzling glory of gold. The snow began to glitter and run. It swiftly vanished from the snug southern-facing places, and was already melting upon the Moor when young Pomeroy, with his fishing-rod and creel, started up the river.

By appointment under Great Mis Tor he met Moleskin, and the two tramped some miles onward, where Walla runs small and is little fished. It was the elder sportsman's custom only to seek those remote streams beyond the attention of common anglers.

"A nice bit of colour in the water," he declared, as they set up their rods; "a worm will find 'em to-day; and come presently, if it grows warmer, us'll try a fly; but I doubt that's little use."

He discoursed of sport.

"Peel be running already lower down," he said. "If us only have a fair drop of rain I reckon there's a very good summer of fishing afore us. 'Tis not to be named, in my opinion, alongside of shooting; but a man must be busy, and if the trout only ran heavier they'd be useful to market."

Presently they parted. Moleskin began fishing and Ives went up stream half a mile before he wetted his line.

Mr. Cawker was a past master in the delicate art of angling with Stewart tackle and a worm. He wasted little time, and his knowledge enabled him to choose the right water. The river was slightly coloured, but he took no risks, and kept as carefully out of sight as though Walla ran crystal-clear and at summer lowness. The trout were moving, but this fisherman had no need of fingerlings, and for some time he disengaged each victim and restored it to the river. Then came something heavier, and where the water fell over a ledge of stone, boiled in a granite pot beneath and then foamed and bubbled away over a second fall he hooked a better fish. It made one grand run and rush, leaped the lower fall and then came to Mr. Cawker's hat. He carried no net, but wore a withered wide-awake with a hole the size of a penny in the crown. Dozens of good trout had been landed in it; and now a half-pounder twisted and bounded on the bank. Its olive and silver, flecked with ebony and scarlet, pleased Moleskin. He beamed upon it, broke its neck and baited his hooks again.

Considerable success attended his sport, and when, two hours later, he met Ives, the younger man was also in good temper. He had by no means succeeded to the same extent, for he lacked the patience and the rare skill of the poacher; but he had killed a pound trout, and this enabled him to view Moleskin's two dozen respectable fish without envy.

They sat together in the sun, ate their sandwiches and talked of fur, feathers and fins.

"There's a baggering otter up the river," said Moleskin. "I see the marks of him, and I do hope as the otter-hounds will be this way early in the season, for the sooner he's killed the better for sport."

"He'll work down stream after the big fish."

"May or may not. Better out of it altogether. I be going to try down along, between nine and ten o'clock, in Squire Serpell's water at Oaktown some evening soon. Won't name no particular evening, as these things leak out; but I dare say if you was down in the beech-hanger by eight-thirty you might see somebody busy there."

"You'll get catched in Oaktown woods, sure as death, Moleskin, afore you've done with it."

"Not me. At my time of life woods is safest. More like to get catched in the open. But I know all about Serpell's water as well as the coverts. I've spent

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seven hours in holes under the banks up to my knees in the river, and men all round hunting and swearing. 'Tis what I know saves me at a pinch. Not one of Serpell's keepers has my close understanding of the place. I'll tell you another thing worth hearing: they hope the head of game down there this year be going to beat anything ever they've yet done. Hundreds and hundreds of eggs is bought, so Billy Westover tells me—the under keeper that old Gregory got sacked last year. Billy don't love 'em, and he's very glad to let me into their secrets, which come to him through his wife's brother. There'll be some splendid sport for the gentlemen this fall. You know my radical opinions on that subject."

"I'm the same," declared Ives. "Serpell's a hard, grasping old devil, and sweats all his people cruel at his tailor's shop in Plymouth."

"Certainly he does. Such men ought to pay toll to the workers—men like us, who live by the sweat of the brow. For my part, I'm a free-trader to the backbone, and all for liberty in these matters. I hate a selfish man. Large, generous vices, such as drinking and love and suchlike, I don't object to, because nature's responsible for 'em, and them as work hard have got to be thirsty. But as to hoarding money, and making other folk toil to keep you in idleness, and grinding the face of the poor—why, my gorge rises at it. A regular anarchist I am when I read the newspaper and see how one-sided the world is."

"I'm the same," declared Ives. "I hate the quality, as we call 'em—a damned bad quality most times, if you ax me."

"Capital! You never said a truer word. Well, in the fall of the year I may mention Oaktown pheasants to you again. Ban't my way to count my chickens afore they are hatched, let alone another person's; but a very grand lot of birds there ought to be; and since you'm the only chap in these parts with a head on his shoulders and right principles——"

"You can trust me all right, Moleskin."

"I know it. Wish there was more like you."

Ives tried to conceal his pleasure, but failed. He was proud of the poacher's praise and did not perceive that a very crafty old man began to need help in his enterprises.

They talked a little longer, then appeared a figure horseback, and Matthew Northmore approached them.

"Now there's a very different fashion of chap to what you be," said Moleskin. "Stiff and starched, and narrow as the grave. A regular right-down Tory, him. Why for? For the most foolish reason possible. Because his father was afore him! You'll hear a lot of silly men say they'm this or that because their fathers was; and when they give that reason for their opinions you may take your oath they be poor creatures, if not actually weak in the head."

"My father was a Tory, too, for that matter."

"Exactly; but you ban't. Because you've got a larger build of mind and better education. You and me think for ourselves; this here horseman lets the dead do all his thinking for him."

Matthew Northmore rode alongside of them. He liked neither fisherman, and was passing with a slight nod when Moleskin stopped him.

"We were just saying what a pity 'twas Bellivor Hunt Week gave such bad sport this year, Mr. Northmore. A good company, and none better mounted than you on that wonnerful bright bay. Why, a meet this side of Moreton wouldn't be a meet if you wasn't there 'pon that hoss. But certainly the harriers have had very poor speed of late. Where be the hares got to these last few seasons?"

Northmore pulled up, stroked his pale beard, and looked very coldly at his questioner.

"Like your cheek to ask that question. Yes, sport was bad; and, since you begin it to me, I'll tell you this: you are more likely to know the reason than most people."

He showed anger and irritation. The growing scarcity of hares on Dartmoor was a sore subject with Matthew.

"Well, I never!" cried Mr. Cawker. "You sportsmen do let your hot minds run away with you something terrible! As much as to say you thought I knowed what becomes of the hares."

"I don't think about it. How does it happen that Tavistock Market's always

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got hares in season, and yet every harrier pack tells the same story?"

"Them hares to Tavistock come from Belgium, I believe."

"You know better, and so do the poulterers. They come from Dartmoor."

"Then you and your friends ought to look sharper," declared Ives. "No use grumbling and accusing people if you can't prove nothing."

Northmore flashed a hard glance at him.

"You're young," he said. "Too young to take good advice, I'm afraid, though I know you pride yourself on a lot of wide knowledge. But you offered me some advice last time we met at the Jolly Huntsmen, and I'll give you a little in exchange for yours. A man is known by the company he keeps."

"What then? Who be you to judge? I'd sooner be seen with an honest free-trader than a whey-faced, narrow-minded chap like you. Sport, indeed! You and a few others round about seem to think that hares and birds and fish and everything on God's earth was only made for you to hunt and shoot and catch. You'll learn different some day. And if I choose to shoot Dartmoor hares I shall. That's not poaching, anyway."

"There's no such thing as poaching," declared Moleskin. "'Tis just a silly word invented by the rich against the poor. Sport be sport. And nobody's going to convince me about it. Besides, 'twill be time enough to talk when any man catches me out in it."

"They'll catch you presently—the sooner the better," said Northmore harshly. "You're a blackguard, and you know you are. And if ever I get the chance to help 'em catch you—or any of the young men you lead wrong—I shall do it."

"You Christian men!" cried Moleskin. "And a sportsman, too! I'm sure I wish you had larger opinions. Just to show you the difference betwixt us, I was coming to you only to-morrow to offer to do you a good turn."

"Then don't. I won't have you at Stone Park."

"Charity, charity—where's your charity, hare-hunter? I was coming—what for, d'you suppose? To offer to trap your rabbits. All free, gratis and for nothing. Up over at dawn a bit backalong I saw the rabbits on your grass in hundreds of dozens. 'That poor man!' I said. 'Little does he know how they vermin be treating him while he lies in bed of a morning sleeping the sleep of the just!' But if you order me off, well, you must look to it yourself, neighbour."

"'Hundreds of dozens'! I've hardly got a rabbit in my ground now."

Moleskin smiled.

"Then no doubt they was monkeys, or perhaps kangaroos. My eyesight ban't what it used to be, worse luck. Still, I thought I knowed a rabbit from a sheep."

"Come on, Cawker," said Ives. "Us don't want to be talking here all night."

"Will 'e buy a few good trout, Mr. Northmore?" asked Moleskin, changing the subject and showing the contents of a battered creel.

"Poached, too," answered Matthew. "For 'tis poaching, as I always hold, to use natural bait on these streams. A paltry thing. Artificial fly ought to be the law."

"Caught with the gardener's fly all quite correct and regular," said Moleskin. "You won't take a couple of pound of 'em?"

"You'll call it poaching to breathe the air next," cried Pomeroy. "Such a narrow-minded man never comed on the Moor yet! Threatening and rating your betters—all because your blasted hounds can't catch hares! Come on, Moleskin; what's the sense of wasting your words on such as him?"

"A fool and his folly are never parted," answered the other. "If it wasn't so I'd take the trouble to talk to you; but you'll need a smart lesson or two before you're a decent member of society, and I hope the smart lessons will come along before you've gone to the dogs for good and all."

"Go to hell!" shouted Ives in a rage. "You dare to preach to me! And mind this: never you interfere with me or there'll be trouble."

But Northmore had ridden away, and he did not answer these promises.

Moleskin laughed, brought a box of brandlings from his inner pocket, and began to bait his hooks anew.

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"Wise in his own conceit, that long-faced chap," he said. "He'm in love—that's the naked truth; and the state often makes a man as vicious as a trapped rat—specially if it ban't going right. If Ruth Rendle took him, you'd find he'd have a large mind about things in general very quick. It might not last, but for a bit he'd be much nicer to deal with. As things are, he's nasty. Calls himself a sportsman. Lord forgive him, he don't know the meaning of the word."

Moleskin winked the eye with a fallen lid, then lighted a pipe and proceeded with his fishing. But Ives found himself in no condition to resume the pastime. His temper called for more active physical operations. Therefore he put up his rod and set off to walk swiftly homeward. One consolation softened his fiery mood: his mother would have a proud trout for her supper. She would also be expected to praise the fisherman responsible for such a wonder.

(*To be continued*)

A SENTIMENTAL HORSE, A FLIRTATIOUS WREN, AND AN ERUDITE ELEPHANT

THE idea of the modern animal story, which imputes to animals human emotions and intelligence, is no new thing. There are cases on record of the punishment of animals for offences against the communities in which they lived, and some of these instances clearly imply belief in the moral responsibility of the offenders.

A recent magazine article* records two remarkable instances of this kind. The first happened in Burgundy, in 1379. On September 5th of that year (to be precise) a young Burgundian swineherd was killed by three sows, apparently because they feared he meant harm to their young pigs. The sows were promptly arrested as principals in the crime, and all of the other members of the herd were held as accomplices. It took *nine years* to settle this case, for it was not until September 12, 1379, that the Duke of Burgundy pronounced final judgment, that only the three guilty sows and *one young pig* (it doesn't appear what the pig had done) were to be executed. The other pigs were set at liberty, "notwithstanding that they had seen the death of the boy without defending him."

The other case was the trial of the flies of Savoy, in 1587. The Italians, having got rid of the Frenchmen at about that time, seem to have turned their attention to the flies, chiefly because they appeared to believe that vineyards were cultivated for their especial benefit. Accordingly, all of the flies in the kingdom were solemnly placed on trial, the issue being whether they ought to be exiled. How the flies managed it, doesn't appear, but, at all events, when the case came up for trial before the Mayor of St. Julien, their advocates were on hand and argued with great force and eloquence that God had made the flies before He had made man, that He had duly blessed them, and that, therefore, they had a moral and legal right to occupy the vineyards of the commune. To this the learned district attorney replied that the Bible and common sense taught that flies were created to be of use to man, and not to cause him loss, or to annoy him. The flies' counsel

*The Growth of Modern Ideas on Animals. By Countess Martinengo Cæsaresco (*Contemporary Review,* January, 1907).

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retorted that though man could *command* animals, he could not "persecute, excommunicate or interdict them." The Mayor took the case under advisement, and finally hit upon a compromise, to the effect that a tract of land should be set apart for the flies, upon which they should not be disturbed; and a certain district was indicated for that purpose. But the watchful counsel of the flies, after having inspected the land allotted to his clients, reappeared before the Mayor and protested that the flies had got the worst of the compromise, because the land assigned to them was totally unfit for their use or occupancy. Unfortunately, we don't know how the flies finally fared, because right here the record ends.

In the light of these proceedings, it ought to be easy to get a sympathetic viewpoint for the animal stories of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton and the Rev. W. H. Long and Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, and the others of their school, at which the usually gentle and benign Mr. Burroughs mocks with ever-increasing scorn and incredulity. Take, for example, one of Mr. Roberts's recent stories, "A Stranger to the Wild: The White Wanderer."* The "stranger" is a "white Spanish stallion of Barb descent," who swims ashore from a vessel wrecked off the Gaspé peninsula (Gulf of St. Lawrence), and thereafter has a series of adventures with the animals of that region, whose queer, not to say rude, ways keep his soul more or less harrowed up for several days. We are taken into the heart of hearts of this horse at once. "Reared as he had been on the windy and arid plateau of northern Spain, the wanderer was filled with great loneliness in these dark woods of fir and spruce;" but he liked the woods better than the ocean, anyhow, for "as soon as he stood on ground that was not only firm, but dry, he shook himself violently . . . and turned a look of hate and defiance upon the element from which he had just made his escape." Presently he was frightened nearly out of his wits when "a strange voice, hollow, yet muffled, cried across the open space, *'Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, woo-hoo-hoo.'*" Mr. Roberts hastens to explain that his hero "had never heard the voice of the great horned owl, and his apprehensive wonder was excusable." But when the horse saw the owl flying over him, a few moments afterward, "by some quick intuition he knew that this visitor was the source of the mysterious call." Which is to say, he had horse-sense enough to know it was only an owl.

The "White Wanderer's" next adventure was with a buck, an animal the like of which, Mr. Roberts tells us, he had never seen before, nor heard tell of. (There are lots of deer in Spain; but no matter about that.) He tried to make friends with the buck, but the buck—shame on him!—actually attacked the distinguished stranger,—"struck at him with those keen-edged, slim fore-hoofs." The normal and logical way for a buck to fight is with his antlers, with which weapons he could make it very disagreeable for any member of his tribe, short of a unicorn. But Mr. Roberts's buck fought with his hoofs, and, of course, was promptly kicked to death for his pains. The encounter, however, had a strangely depressing effect upon the sensitive stallion, and he was immediately seized with a longing to get away from "the oppressive mystery of the woods." As Mr. Roberts puts it:

"Then the loneliness of his spacious pasture all at once quite overwhelmed him. He did not want the company of the caribou by any means, or he might have followed them as they turned their backs toward the sunset; but it was the dwellings of man he wanted, the human hand on his mane, the provendered stall, the voice of kindly command, and the fellowship of his kindred of the uncleft hoof."

If there is such a thing as horse-pathos, this must be it.

Meanwhile, we are told, this highly sentimental stallion "in some way had got it into his head that men might be found by travelling toward the southwest." Accordingly he headed in that direction, and after a series of further adventures, all more or less shocking to his æsthetic and social ideals, he finally got out of the woods, to behold a scene which, with the accompanying (horse) emotions, can be

**Century Magazine,* December, 1906.

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adequately presented only by an artist like Mr. Roberts.

"The cluster of roofs was homelike to his eyes, hungry with long loneliness; the little white church with shining spire and cross was very homelike. [You see, being from Spain, this was a good Roman Catholic horse.] But nearer, in the very first pasture-field . . . was a sight that came yet nearer to his heart. There in the corner of the crooked, snake fence stood two bay mares and a foal, their heads over the fence, as they gazed up the hill in his direction. Up went the mane and tail, and long and loud he neighed to them his greeting. Their answer was a whinny of welcome, and down across the fields he dashed at a wild gallop that took no heed of fences."

What, then; does the Roman Catholic Church in northern Spain encourage polygamy!

It doesn't signify particularly that Mr. Roberts has written stories very much like this about the adventures of other domestic animals in the forests—a bull, for instance. This latter story he called "The *Alien* of the Wild," and it was published in his book *The Watchers of the Trails,* which, oddly enough, he dedicates "To My Fellow *of the Wild,* Ernest Thompson Seton." It seems a bit unfortunate that the *native* bull should have pre-empted the designation "alien" before the *Spanish* horse turned up, and had about the same experiences. Still, that is a small point. And, anyhow, what's sauce for the bull should be sauce for the horse. Furthermore, it certainly is interesting to know about the play of the emotions of animals in strange environments.

But Mr. Roberts will have to look to his laurels as an animal psychologist if Mr. Henry Holcomb Bennett writes many more stories like his "A Flirt in Feathers."* This astonishing bit of "observation" is about the female Carolina wren. The female bird of any species, Mr. Bennett is convinced, is likely to be a shameless coquette. "With true feminine skill," he declares, "she varies the wile to suit the individual whom she wishes to attract. The pose which proved successful with one she changes for the next; the twittering which drew one young and giddy fellow she alters to a soft and pleading note for one more staid, and her air of forward confidence is put off for the benefit of a reluctant suitor, who, seemingly, is an advocate of the theory of the clinging vine." He proceeds to demonstrate this proposition by telling how a certain lady Carolina wren played fast and loose in a most brazen-faced manner with two gentlemen wrens, while he stood by, unobserved, but observing.

The performance began (quite properly) by male wren number one taking a bath, after which he adjusted his clothes and then called. The female answered. Then male number two called, and the female answered, Mr. Bennett says, with "a call entirely different from the one with which she had been answering the first male. Not only did she give a different call in her first answer to male number two, but she kept it up, varying her answers to the calls of the two males. To male number one she replied as she had at first; to male number two she gave a different call, never mixing her replies, but piping one set of notes to one of her admirers and another set to the other. . . . Whether or not she reasoned that the same answer to both males might prove discouraging to one of them, as a woman sometimes reasons that impartial favors discourage nearer individual approach, while a varying attitude incites, it was impossible to tell; but reasoning by analogy, it seemed amusingly probable that the same reasons, or the same feminine instincts, impelled her course of action." Finally the usual thing happened: the males came together and got into a fight, whereupon the female cleared out. Then the males flew away in opposite directions, "neither of them," says Mr. Bennett, "following the little flirt whose feminine instinct brought them into conflict, but letting her remain alone, as sometimes happens, under similar circumstances in other than bird society."

Now, here is a most commendable addition to the literature of animal psychology. In the first place, there can be no sort of doubt what was in the mind of that bird any more than there can be

**The Independent,* December 6, 1906.

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about the prompt and reverent identification of the Catholic Church by Mr. Roberts's horse. And, furthermore, if we are to analyse and classify the emotions of animals, by all means let us point morals from them for our own spiritual improvement—just as Mr. Bennett has so deftly done in the case of that wretched little wren.

A matter of twenty years ago, there was published in the Sunday supplement of a New York newspaper (*The Tribune,* I think) a story of how an elephant came very near proving his intellectual superiority to his owner and educator, himself a very learned professor. The professor had taught the elephant to impart his thoughts by means of a system of shorthand, which he wrote on a blackboard with a bit of chalk held in his trunk. It wasn't long before the professor began to regret having taught his elephant this means of communication, for he found, to his dismay, that the stories he had read about the elephant's remarkable memory were true. The brute never forgot anything he was told, or read (for he had learned to read also), and presently he began to catechise the professor, and repeatedly "stumped" him. As ill luck would have it, the professor was obliged to go away at about this time, and while he was gone the elephant got into his library (picked the lock with the key to his trunk, Mr. Seton might tell us) and got down the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* the entire twenty-four volumes of which he had committed to memory before the professor returned. Immediately the elephant presented himself to the professor, and addressed him somewhat in this wise:

"Now, look here; I have been your servant for a good many years, because, presumably, you are my intellectual superior. The time has come, however, for you to prove that superiority. You may begin by naming the popes in chronological order, with the dates of birth and death, and the period of the papacy of each."

The professor began, soon stumbled, and presently fell down hard.

"Very bad; in fact, practically a flunk," remarked the elephant. "You may now demonstrate the binomial theorem *backwards.*"

Again the professor was "stuck," and he failed on several questions in higher mathematics, astronomy and comparative philology, all of which subjects the elephant had at his trunk's end, meanwhile becoming more and more arrogant and supercilious. The professor saw that he must resort to desperate measures.

"Very well," he said; "I admit that you have proved your mental superiority thus far. There is one test, however, I should like to submit to you, and if you pass it I will surrender. Do you agree?"

"Agreed," said the elephant.

The professor then took from a shelf a small volume, bound in black and much thumbed, and handed it to the elephant.

"Read that," he said calmly.

The elephant slowly turned the pages of the little volume, while the expression of perplexity on his mobile countenance deepened. Presently he asked:

"Do I begin to read at the end of this book or at the beginning?"

"At the beginning, of course."

Again the elephant pondered the pages.

"Do I begin at the top of the page or the bottom?" he asked.

"At the top, to be sure."

"Read from left to right, or from right to left?"—evidently in despair.

"From the left to right, stupid!"

Whereupon the elephant uttered an ear-piercing squeal, rushed out of the library and jumped over a precipice, thereby incontinently breaking his neck.

And, we are told, the book which had proved too much for the poor beast was a copy of Browning's *Sordello.*

Why not?

George Gladden.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE RELIGION OF NUMA.*

The successful student of the religious life of a people must possess a most comprehensive knowledge of that people, combined with an historian's recognition of the importance of the interrelation of events and a philosopher's appreciation of the psychological influences controlling human action. Other powers, however, not always coexistent with scholarly traits are needed, if one intends to place in an attractive and convincing form the fruit of profound study and to weave into a consistent story the details which are the product of such investigation. This interesting little book on Roman religion impresses the reader as the work of a student who has knowledge of the facts, is also appreciative of the lesson to be drawn therefrom, and with distinct literary ability writes in an entertaining way on a subject so profound. With knowledge gained as a pupil of Georg Wissowa and as a student in this field for several years, Mr. Carter prepared his book under the inspiration of the Eternal City, where he was serving as Professor of Latin in the American School. The title of the book is *The Religion of Numa,* but this is the subject of only one of five essays which tell the story of the religious life of the Romans "from the time when their history begins until the close of the reign of Augustus." The first essay, however, on Numa and the second on the Reorganisation of Servius deal with a period antedating Roman history. The first three centuries of the Republic are considered in the chapter entitled the Coming of the Sibyl, and the essays on the Decline of Faith and the Augustan Renaissance bring the book to a close. These five essays correspond to five periods in the history of Roman society and record the changes which mark the development in the religious life of the people. Animism, or the psychological condition among primitive peoples which produces a belief in the existence of spirits in everything material and immaterial, is the starting point in Roman religion; for many of their gods, perhaps all, were originally only powers or potentialities of things, individualised and provided with names. Hence there is lacking the personal element, and this accounts for the absence of a native Roman mythology. This early period is conveniently described under the title, *The Religion of Numa.* The Romans spoke of their early gods as *Di Indigetes,* i.e., the indigenous gods, as opposed to *Di Movensides,* or newly settled gods. We have knowledge of the former from the calendars inscribed on stone, dating in the latter days of the Republic, containing records of old festivals. These calendars and the information they give us as to the *Di Indigetes* form the basis of the study of Roman religion. The story of its development is almost entirely the record of the introduction of new gods, and the influence which these strange divinities have on Roman society. In the Servian period a city-state has taken the place of the primitive pastoral community. With the consequent introduction of political interests, the beginnings of trade and handicraft and the appearance of various rival social classes there enter also new cults appropriate to the new duties which this expansion implied. This principle that the State might take unto itself new gods was, nevertheless, fatal and, as Mr. Carter says, "well had it been for Rome if she could have shut the gate of her Olympus." Through the introduction of the Sibylline books, Greece sent to Rome a number of new deities. Superstition followed, and when the Great Mother was brought from Pessinus, there came the orgiastic worship of the East, all the elements were present which finally brought the downfall of true religion. "Greece gave her gods to Rome when she herself was weary of them, her tired gods, exhausted by centuries of handling, long ago dragged down from her Olympus, and weary with serving as lay figures for poets and artists and being forever rigged out in new mythological garments or jaded with the laboratory experiments of philosophers who tried to interpret them in every conceivable fashion or else to do away with them entirely. It is no wonder that it did not take the Romans more than a century to come to the end of these gods, to find that the only one among them who could satisfy their religious desires was the least Greek of them all, the *Magna Mater,* and having found this to go forth, to take to themselves more like unto her, in a word, to crave the sensational cults of the Orient." The growth in superstition

*The Religion of Numa and Other Essays on the Religion of Ancient Rome. By Jesse Bendict Carter? New York: The Macmillan Company.

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was met by a sceptical philosophy which, while beating back its foe, destroyed the religious spirit and left the scepticism so prevalent in the later days of the Republic. Augustus, recognising the necessity of using at least the form of republican institutions and of restoring in appearance the conditions of earlier days, re-established religion as an aid to his plan. He revived the Fetiales and the Arval Brotherhood and gave much attention to the priesthood of Vesta. When he restored the worship of the *genius* of an ancestor he opened the door for the cult of the living emperor, which was one of the customs brought to Rome from the Orient. The Augustan Renaissance is the last feature of the Roman religion, and when this disappeared weird theories of philosophy and orgiastic cults such as that of Mithras took its place, and with these Christianity fought its battles.

This in outline is the story of the development of the Roman religion as set forth in this attractive book. The impression made by these essays is very pleasing, but there is a suggestion at times that the readiness in writing which the author possesses may have caused a certain looseness of statement. The words of the first sentence of the preface imply that the author regards the earliest period as historical, although in his first page he refers to legendary Numa and to the semi-historical names of the Tarquins and Servius. Again in his chapter on Servius he declares him to be a veritable character in history, while "Tarquin the younger has the marks of a wooden man whose *raison d'être* is to explain the transition from the kingdom to the republic. In describing the founding of an ancient city the furrow of the plough is called the *pomerium;* this was the space either within or without or on both sides of the furrow and later of the city wall. Finally the Tarentum in the Campus Martius was not an altar but, as is stated elsewhere, "a hallowed spot." Notwithstanding this criticism, it may be said that such books as this, which set forth the living and inspiring results of scholarship, are too few. It will serve as a companion rather than as an introduction to Mr. W. Warde Fowler's *Roman Festivals,* which, although a mine of information, will never accomplish in this field what a book like this will achieve.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton and Company:

The Tree of Heaven. By Robert W. Chambers.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Authors and Newspaper Association:

Graham of Claverhouse. By Ian Maclaren.

A picture of Scottish chivalry of the romantic period which Scott made so popular in his novels. John Graham, the embodiment of manly beauty, kinsman of the famous Montrose, is the dominating figure in the story, though Lady Jane Claverhouse, his fiancée, comes a close second. Her character is by far the finest and most heroic in the book. From the beginning to the end there is no cessation to the lively incidents which make the last novel of Dr. John Watson most interesting.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Art Principles in Portrait Photography. By Otto Walter Beck.

Advocating art in photography. The power and force of lines, the suitable backgrounds, light and shade are explained with accompanying illustrations.

Peace Given as the World Giveth. By John Bigelow.

Written by a man who has entered on the tenth decade of his life with a great deal of experience in the diplomatic corps. He believes that the peace of Portsmouth has proved an "international calamity" and that Russia has just cause for her uprisings.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Slim Princess. By George Ade.

Just because in Turkey beauty consists principally in being fat, the poor "Slim Princess" is decidedly out of it. This state of body is due to a fondness for physical culture, instilled in her by a revengeful tutor, and the pickle-eating habit. However, a young steel magnate from Pennsylvania falls in love with her tender charms, and she marries him and removes to Washington, where slimness is not so unfashionable. Written in comic opera style.

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The Mayor's Wife. By Anna Katherine Green.

The mystery in this case centres about a sudden overwhelming terror which envelops the wife of a successful mayor who is in the middle of his campaign for governorship. An intelligent young woman is employed by the mayor to watch his wife carefully, act as her companion, and if possible to solve the secret which threatens the happiness of his home. The house in which they live is reported to be haunted, and the mayor's wife confesses she has seen a ghost. But later this proves to be a subterfuge to throw them off the track. The final explanation is quite satisfactory and rational, being quite free from the improbable climax which so often mars a good detective story.

What I Have Done with Birds. By Gene Stratton Porter.

These are intimate studies of the different birds with whom the author has become acquainted. Beautifully illustrated with photographs.

The Bodley Head:

The Escorial. By Albert F. Calvert.

One of the Spanish series, being a description of everything pertaining to the Spanish Royal Palace, Monastery and Mausoleum.

Calvert and Hatch:

Dreams, Rhymes and Fancies. By Walter Reese.

Verse.

G. W. Dillingham and Company:

Champion. By John Colin Dane.

An autobiography of an automobile. A treacherous woman, a truthful woman, and a beautiful American become entangled in this tale of love and adventure and intrigue.

The End of the Game. By Arthur Hornblow.

Mentioned in the June BOOKMAN.

The Dodge Publishing Company:

The Golden Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics. Edited by Charles Welsh.

Containing all of the most familiar and the most appealing of the older class of Irish verse, together with some of the songs of the newer Irish poets.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Measure of the Hours. By Maurice Maeterlinck.

A collection of essays, some new and some recently appearing in magazines. Mr. Maeterlinck suggests for every old subject some different point of view, and clarifies the vision for the new.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Diary of Delia. By Onota Watanna.

The amusing chronicle of an Irish servant-girl named Delia. Impudent and quick-tempered, but warm-hearted and loyal, she is typical of her class. A tangled love affair which Delia manages according to her own peculiar lights, will be full of interest to the romantically inclined. Every day of her diary begins with the entry, "Aroze. Washed. Dressed."

The Awakening of China. By Dr. W. A. P. Martin.

A realistic picture of the recent transformation of the Chinese Empire. This transformation, the author states, is not political but social, and concerns nothing less than the changing of a dynasty.

Navigating the Air. Published under the Auspices of The Aero Club of America.

Here are recorded the personal experiences of men who are used to aerial navigation. It is a summary of all that has been discovered about this new science.

The Industrial Republic. By Upton Sinclair.

A contemplative study of the America of 1917. Mr. Sinclair believes that in this work he has solved some of the problems that are confronting us of the twentieth century.

Carmichael. By Anson North.

A deadly Canadian family feud, its various phases and final outcome, are portrayed here.

Nimrod's Wife. By Grace Gallatin Seton.

Detailing the proper dress and equipment for women in camp life. It is Mrs. Seton's story of her life in the open, while her artist-author husband collected material for his books.

Duffield and Company:

Business and Education. By Frank A. Vanderlip.

Full of information and advice on affairs financial, industrial and educational, this volume is the only collection that has ever been made of the author's speeches and addresses.

The Sin Eater. By Fiona Macleod.

Pharais. By Fiona Macleod.

New editions of Fiona Macleod's works which have long been out of print.

Paul Elder and Company:

Psychological Year Book. Gathered by Janet Young.

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The forenote explains the purpose of the book: "Psychology is for all ages. Psychology is practical; it justifies religion, ennobles our faith in God. Those who believe and practise its teachings will certainly be profited."

The Philosophy of Hope. By David Starr Jordan.

The Philosophy of Hope has been previously published under the title of *The Philosophy of Despair*. When the plates were destroyed in the great San Francisco fire it was decided to change the title to one more significant of the author's purpose.

The Ministry of Beauty. By Stanton Davis Kirkham.

Preaching the divine gospel of beauty. The author believes that beauty is the beginning and the end of the universe, the common language of the soul.

Where Dwells the Soul Serene. By Stanton Davis Kirkham.

On the title-page there reads this foreword, "Spiritual poise arises from the inner controlling conviction that Love is the one defence against all that aims at man's integrity to himself."

Funk and Wagnalls:

The Traveller's Handbook. By Josephine Tozier.

A guide book to the traveller to whom economy is an object. It contains information on foreign money, letters of credit, selection of the line, passports and the most common modes of metropolitan travel in France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Egypt, and England. Directions concerning a motoring tour in England are also given.

Harper & Brothers:

The Long Trail. By Hamlin Garland.

A boy smitten by the gold fever determines to travel the "Long Trail," far beyond civilisation, in search of Alaskan gold. Dominated by this purpose, he wanders hundreds of miles, enduring all sorts of hardships, now with one set of companions, now with another. Among his comrades is "the Colonel," who is following the "Trail" with the intention of finding two rascals who foully murdered his brother in the Middle West. One of these men is mercifully drowned before "the Colonel" catches up; the other is disposed of by being tortured in some terrible way of which the reader can only guess. A happy conclusion is reached when the boy gains a mine and goes home rich in experience and gold.

The Princess and the Ploughman. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

A love idyll of modern life. The ploughman falls in love with the princess, who is a charming American girl. Their romantic adventures are brought about in rather an unusual manner.

Stolen Treasure. By Howard Pyle.

Stories of daring and adventure written for children and yet not in so juvenile a vein but that older people will enjoy reading them.

Strange Stories of 1812. By W. J. Henderson, S. G. W. Benjamin, Francis Sterne Palmer and others.

Telling of the battles fought on sea and land during the second war, when the United States freed itself thoroughly from foreign control.

Strange Stories of the Civil War. By W. J. Henderson, Robert Strachleton, John Habberton, Captain Howard Patterson, U. S. N., L. E. Chittenden, General G. A. Forsythe, U. S. A., and others. Illustrated.

Supplementing the dim war records of that great international struggle, with many tales of exciting adventure.

Henry Holt and Company:

Alice-for-Short. By William de Morgan.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Young in Heart. By Arthur Stanwood Pier.

A delightful book of essays written by one who is manifestly one of "the young in heart." He loves all kinds of sports and tells about them in a sympathetic manner. One of his good stories is about a youth who laboriously translates Cæsar's Commentaries for the glory of his family, and when finding to his grief that the Commentaries had already been translated, finds consolation in a baseball game.

The Goddess of Reason. By Mary Johnstone.

Poetic drama. The period is the time of the French Revolution; the hero, a hated aristocrat, and the heroine, "The Goddess of Reason," a girl who is a quasi-divinity among the Terrorists. They meet and love each other. Vengeance is quickly visited upon them by the infuriated people.

Reed Anthony, Cowman. By Andy Adams.

An autobiography of a true cowman. He is an ex-Confederate soldier, who, after the Civil War, goes to Texas, and beginning by owning a few cattle and a small piece of land, works and waits until they become many acres and herds. There are many touches of humour in the book, as Reed's occasional pilgrimage home to count the babies, and his horror at finding his partner was formerly a Yankee major.

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Charles H. Kerr:

Landmarks of Scientific Socialism. By Frederick Engels.

A translation from the German. Some of the chapters are on "Natural Philosophy," "Morals and Law," and "Political Economy."

John Lane and Company:

The Lonesome Trail. By John G. Nierhardt.

Previously published in various magazines, these are grim pictures of the far Northwest. The Indians of the Omaha and Poncha tribes, French half breeds, gamblers and ranchmen are all actively engaged in this tale of life and adventure.

The Wingless Victory. By M. P. Willcocks.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

As Ye Have Sown. By Dolf Wyllarde.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

J. B. Lippincott and Company:

The Woman. By Fogazzaro.

This is written with its keynote tragedy. The Donna Malombra, the "Woman," is mad. At first her insanity takes only light forms, but later it becomes hideous in its intensity. The figures move slowly but all the more surely to the ultimate end to which the "Woman" is dragging them, death and dishonour.

Four Seasons in a Garden. By Eben E. Rexford.

A book full of practical suggestions, taking up in regular order the care of the lawn, flower beds, home and greenhouse plants, and is decorated and illustrated in a pleasing manner.

The Truth about the Case. By M. F. Goron.

Previously published in *Pearson's Magazine,* these are a series of stories supposedly being the memoirs of the ex-chief of the Paris detective force, and consisting of thirteen exciting episodes in which M. Goron always unmasks the villain and saves the beautiful heroine.

Heroes of the Navy in America. By Charles Morris.

The different men who have attained honour and distinction in the United States Navy, from Nicholas Biddle, the commander of the first American frigate, to Dewey and Hobson are spoken of here.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:

Fifty Flower Friends. By Edith Dunham.

A story of fifty wild flowers charmingly told. It is illustrated by Mr. Beecroft, who is a noted botanist and artist.

Heart Melodies. By Mary Allette Ayer.

A holiday book containing short selections in prose and verse. It is the third volume of the kind that Miss Ayer has compiled.

The Macmillan Company:

Individual Training in our Colleges. By Clarence F. Birdseye.

A study of the conditions of college life in a modern American college. Statistics show that the student spends only five per cent. of his whole college year under the supervision of the professors and instructors, either in lecture or recitation room. The question to be answered is, what does he do with the rest of his time?

Races and Immigrants in America. By John R. Commons.

The race question in America on all sides is taken up here. The Negro, the Slav, the Italian and Ruthenian types, and the relations that city life, crime, and poverty bear to these dwellers in a new country are dealt with in a new and interesting manner.

The Coming of Philibert. By Sara King Wiley.

The fortunes of two princes told in dramatic verse. One prince mounts the throne, the other is reared in solitude. Finally they meet in a struggle for the hand of the beautiful Clementia. By a stratagem Conrad is killed and Philibert succeeds him as reigning monarch.

The Church and the Changing Order. By Shailer Mathews.

While this is not essentially a treatise on theology, Professor Mathews tries to bring to immediate notice the crisis which the church is facing now, in one of its periods of development.

True and False Democracy. By Nicholas Murray Butler.

A discussion of the socialist ideal, the relation of education to democracy, and of several other leading questions of the day.

The Metaphysical Publishing Company:

Practical Health. By Leander Edmund Whipple.

Concerning the different influences of thought action, both in sickness and in health.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Grasshopper Land. By Margaret Morley.

The author in her foreword says: "This book is not for children. It is for their grandfathers and grandmothers who were once boys and girls in the country, and who may be in danger, after all these years, of forgetting about

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grasshoppers. If the children persist in reading so old a book they must not grumble at the long words, but quietly hunt them up in the dictionary, or else wait until they themselves are grandfathers and grandmothers, when they will understand it all quite easily."

McClure, Phillips and Company:

England and the English: An Interpretation. By Ford Maddox Heffer.

Though not intended primarily as a guide book this will be valuable to those who contemplate a trip to London. It contains a discussion on nearly every familiar type in London, and shows an extensive knowledge of the prevailing conditions there. London is here declared to be the greatest city in the world.

The Open Court Publishing Company:

The Story of Sampson. By Paul Carus.

The place the Sampson legend occupies in the different religions is dealt with here. The problem of the Sampson story, its historical background, his birth, life and adventures are each accorded a section of this very interesting book.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Long Labrador Trail. By Dillon Wallace.

A thrilling description of the great exploration conducted by Mr. Wallace. The difficulties attending an exploration in the dim wastes of Labrador, the streams to cross, the tangled brush and undergrowth to cut through, and their only means of transportation, the dog teams, are described here in an idealistic manner.

L. C. Page and Company:

Tenants of the Trees. By Clarence Hawkes.

Chronicles of our feathered friends who inhabit the trees.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Story of the Child that Jesus Took. By Newman Smyth.

The story of a child who saw the face of Jesus in the days when He came down to the Lake of Galilee.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Sinner. By Fogazzaro.

A romance portraying the Italian world of fashion and completing the trilogy of Fogazzaro's novels brought out by Putnam. The hero, Piero, is an artist with wonderful dreams of fame and fortune. While his wife, who is unfortunately insane, is confined in an asylum, Piero falls in love with a very beautiful woman. However, when the wife on her death-bed regains her mind, Piero repents, gives up his evil ways, and devotes himself to the religious exercises of his faith.

Napoleon. By W. H. P. Phyfe.

A description of the crypt of the tomb which holds what remains earthly of "The Little Corporal." It is said that Mr. Phyfe is the only American who has been granted the privilege of personally examining this crypt, and in his preface he gives a detailed description of the ceremonies attending the removal of Napoleon's body to Paris from St. Helena in 1840.

The Country House. By John Galsworthy.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Alcohol: The Sanction for its Use. By Dr. J. Starke.

On the frontispage it says: "Dr. Starke's treatise is a revision of the most generally accepted views concerning alcohol, but it is not that alone. It is not only a criticism of old demonstrations of scientific advances, but it is also a popularly intelligent picture of the conditions under the moderate use of alcohol on the basis of modern scientific facts and demonstrations."

Fleming H. Revell Company:

A Ministry of Reconciliation. By Charles F. Aked.

A sermon on the text, "And gave unto us the ministry of reconciliation," by the clergyman who has recently come from England to assume the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, commonly known as Mr. Rockefeller's Church.

W. B. Saunders:

Personal Hygiene. By Walter L. Pyle.

A manual on how best to develop and keep perfect health, both mentally and physically.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Pickwick Ladle and other Collectors' Stories. By Winfield Scott Moody.

Interesting to all collectors who enjoy a rare find, these stories concern the experiences of a young couple who aspire to furnish their home with rare antiques. The most interesting story of the lot, "The Roseback Plate," has to do with the purchasing of a beautiful specimen of Chinese art during the Russo-Japanese conference.

The Romantic Revolt. By Charles E. Vaughn.

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One of a series of twelve volumes on the periods of European literature, edited by Professor Saintsbury. A great deal of space is given to matters of philosophy and political economy.

The High and Puissant Princess Marguerite of Austria. By Christopher Hare.

A comprehensive biography of Marguerite of Austria from her birth, through the fifty years of her tempestuous life, until her death in 1530. The great influence she exerted when in the height of her power, and the place she held in the hearts of her people, are sympathetically touched upon here.

A Bird's-eye View of American History. By Leon C. Prince.

A brief though comprehensive review of the annals of American history from discovery of America by Vespucci through the many years of struggle, the birth of the new nation, through the Civil War up to the present time.

The Militants. By Mary Andrews.

Nine stories supernatural and otherwise, ranging from "The Aide-de-camp," a love affair between a red-haired Virginia girl and a Yankee officer, to one verging on the melodrama, in which the heroine steals diamonds in order to send her dying mother to Bermuda.

Thermodynamics and Chemistry. By Dr. Walther Nernst.

A résumé of the investigations carried out by Dr. Nernst and the outcome of lectures delivered at Yale University in the fall of 1906.

The Evolution of Matter. By Dr. Gustave Le Bon.

A translation from the third edition. Dr. Le Bon is well known to the public through his works on psychology.

Short Cruises. By W. W. Jacobs.

Mentioned elsewhere in this issue.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Kingmaker. By Armiger Barclay.

An amusing tale consigning soldiers of fortune to their proper place in the world.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Star of Valhalla. By Myra Gross.

A "Quo Vadis" of the North. The central figure is that of a Christian girl who is captured by the Vikings. She typifies the Christian of the tenth century as opposed to the more stern religion of the Norse, which demanded human sacrifices.

Worry. The Disease of the Age. By C. W. Saleeby.

A collection of enlarged essays on the cause and nature of worry, and giving certain rules whereby it can be cured. The author treats "Worry" as an entity, and he tells how "Worry" may ruin one's digestion and temper, and raise havoc with one's family relations. Worry is an effect produced by over-exhaustion and over-stimulation, and can be cured by plenty of fresh air and healthful recreation.

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

Light. By Joaquin Miller.

In his preface Mr. Miller explains that this poem was written among the scenes described, and he says it has been his aspiration to picture not only the grandly beautiful Arctic Empire, but also the tropical islands that live in a sea of everlasting summer.

Gillette's Social Redemption. By Melvin L. Severy.

Written not for the reader seeking only amusement, but for the man or woman who is interested in the social changes Mr. Gillette has introduced and advocated.

Practical European Guide. By M. D. Frazer.

Suggesting especially trips in Ireland and giving details of any number costing from between $250 and $1,100. It will be especially valuable to any one wishing information concerning routes.

A. Wessells Company:

Christian Rome. By Grant Allen.

One of the series of Mr. Grant Allen's historical guides. These books do not profess to supply mere practical information, but to aid you to gain a historical conception of the place which you are visiting.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June:

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Three Men and a Maid. Fraser. (Clode.) $1.50.
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Cruise of Shining Light. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

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NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Weale. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Sister Carrie. Dreiser. (B. W. Dodge.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Shulamite. Asken. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
4. The Country House. Galsworthy. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Thalassa. Baillie-Reynolds. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Jenifer. Thurston. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Veiled Lady. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Through the Eye of the Needle. Howells. (Harper.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The World's Warrant. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Adventuress. Stanton. (McBride.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Garden Month by Month. Sedgwick. (Stokes.) $4.00.
2. Beside Still Waters. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
3. The Warblers of North America. Chapman. (Appleton.) $3.00.
4. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00.
5. Flower Guide. Reid. (Clarke.) 75c.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Veiled Lady. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Cruise of the Shining Light. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Castle of Doubt. Whitson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Felicity. Laughlin. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Barnes, American. Gunter. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Unseen Jury. Root. (Stokes.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Felicity. Laughlin. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Felicity. Laughlin. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Jerry, Junior. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Windfall. Craddock. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. The Ministry of David Baldwin. Colestock. (Crowell.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. His Courtship. Martin. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Beside Still Waters. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Partners of Providence. Stewart. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

DENVER, COL.

1. Phantom Wires. Stringer. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Partners of Providence. Stewart. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Slim Princess. Ade. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Felicity. Laughlin. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Tree of Heaven. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Jerry, Junior. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Catherine of Calais. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
4. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Sinner. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Price of Silence. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Cruise of the Shining Light. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.

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NORFOLK, VA.

1. Jerry, Junior. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. General Lee, 1861-1865. Taylor. (Nusbaum.) $2.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. His Courtship. Martin. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The End of the Game. Klein. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Stolen Throne. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Tree of Heaven. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Graham of Claverhouse. Maclaren. (Authors and Newpaper Association.) 50c.
3. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Sampson Rock of Wall Street. Le Fèvre. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Where the Trail Divides. Lillibridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Sister Carrie. Dreiser. (B. W. Dodge.) $1.50.
6. Jerry, Junior. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. His Courtship. Martin. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

1. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Training of the Human Plant. Burbank. (Century Co.) 60c.
4. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Psychic Riddle. Funk. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.00.
6. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Iron Way. Carr. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound. Meany. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
6. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.

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SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Square Man. Faversham. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Tree of Heaven. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Great American Pie Co. Butler. (McClure, Phillips.) 50c.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Madame de Treymes. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.00.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (Musson Book Co.) $1.25.
2. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Phantom Wires. Stringer. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Briggs.) $1.00.
5. At Scotland Yard. Richards. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
6. The Great American Pie Company. Butler. (Musson Book Co.) 50c.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Slim Princess. Ade. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Mayors Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Madame de Treymes. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.00.
2. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
4. Beside Still Waters. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
5. The Cruise of the Shining Light. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Training of the Human Plant. Burbank. (Century Co.) 60c.

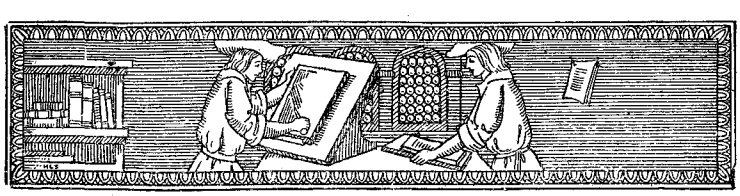
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50..... 136
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25..... 134
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50..... 108
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00..... 103
5. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50..... 88
6. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50..... 66



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